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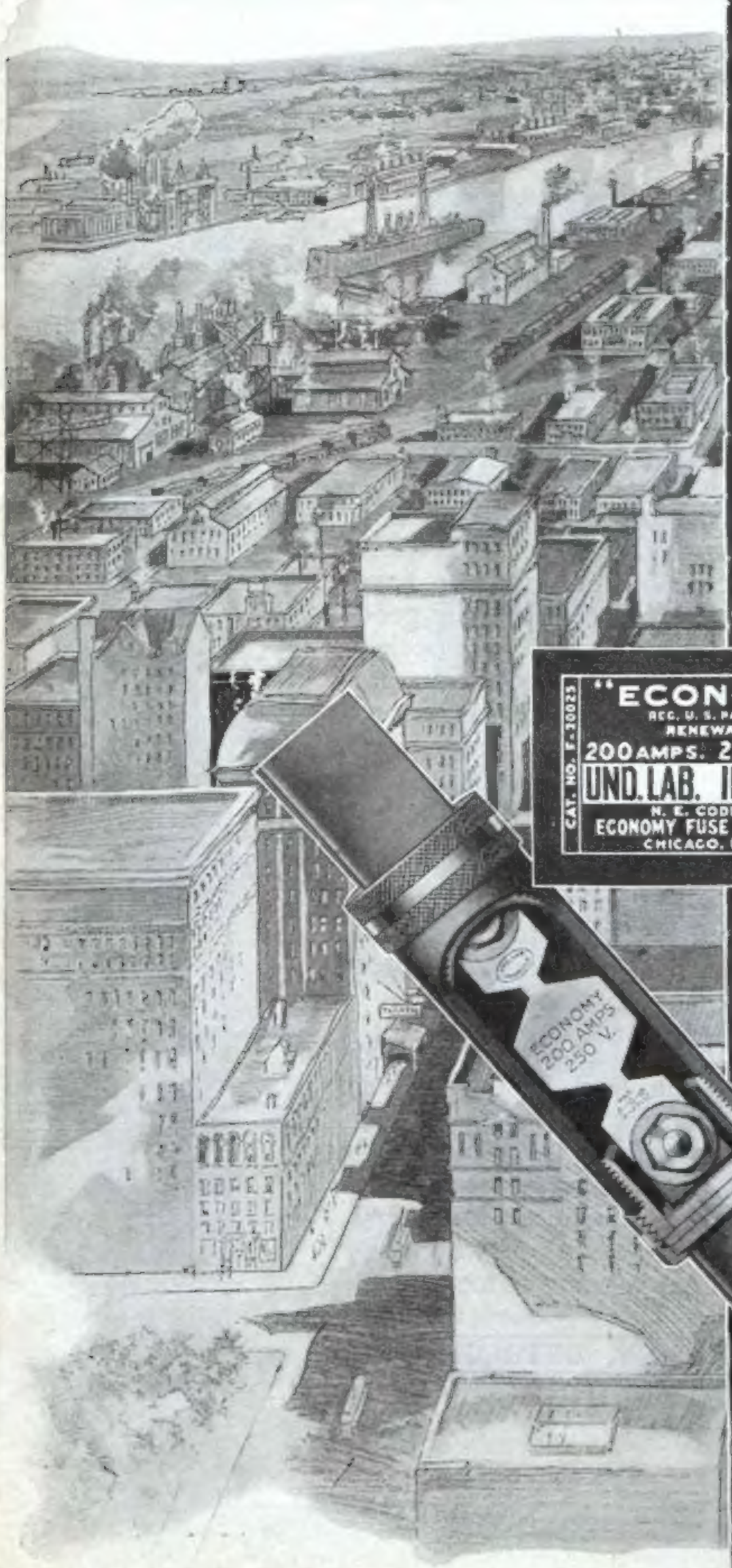

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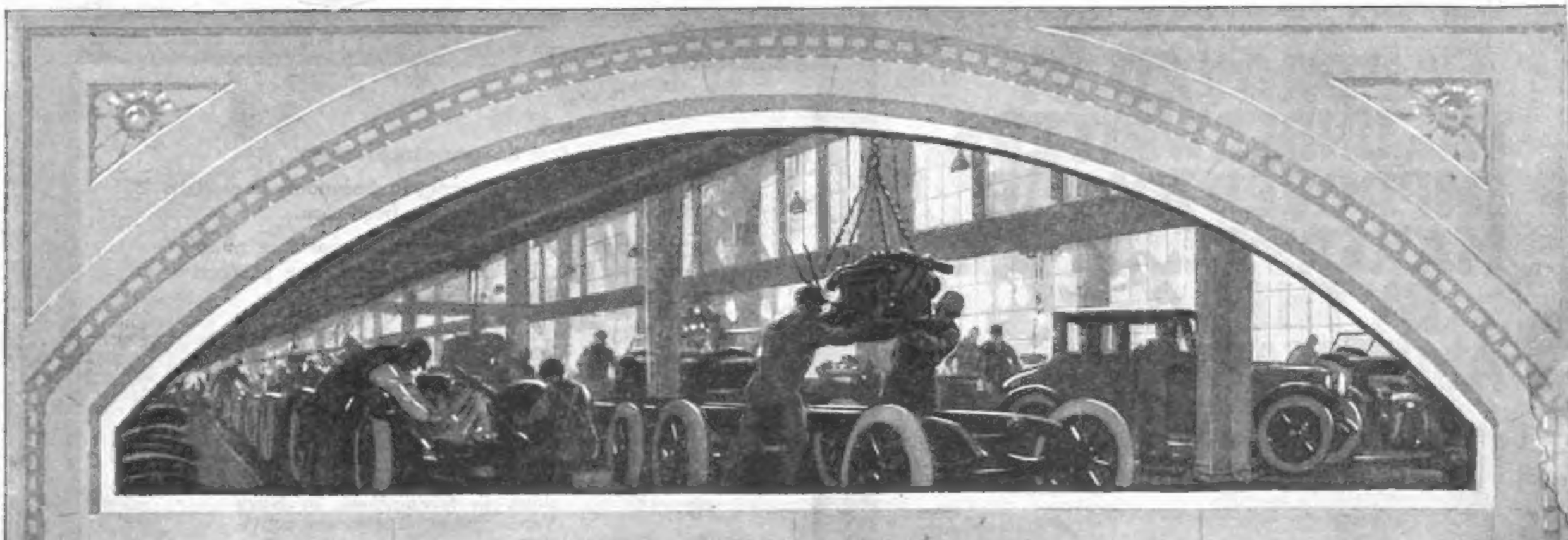

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Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars

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SOME NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL READJUSTMENT—By Herbert Hoover

THAT some readjustment of our industrial and economic relations is necessary needs no argument, for the world is seething with the problem. If any evidence were needed the coal strike, in its stoppage of critical production and the ultimate suffering that will follow, is sufficient. Moreover, the attempt to solve great human and economic problems by governmental use of the courts instead of seeking solution from the legislatures is indeed further evidence of need for careful thinking.

The problems are difficult enough in themselves. They are great tangled skeins that do not lend themselves to the dissolving influence of any simple formula. They cannot be approached in the single aspect of the relations of the worker to the employer, for they involve intricate problems of social economics in the stimulation of effort and intelligence, the elimination of waste, the better distribution of wealth, the control of speculation, extravagance, checks to domination of groups, and the progressive development of government to keep pace with the economic ingenuity of our citizens.

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The Melting Pot

WE ARE doubly afflicted, not only by the problems themselves but by the injection into them of phrase makers and dreamers of everything outside common sense. The world is aflame with attempts to impose new philosophies upon social and economic life. These new philosophic ideas are all of European origin. They are the creation of intellectual dilettanti—the parlor operators of the past fifty years. They rise from cogitation over the worst social systems of Europe, whose prime basis is a division of the population into rigid classes, the lower ones steeped in centuries of misery and exploitation from which there is but little escape, regardless of abilities. Thus, in parts of Europe these theories feed on righteous discontent, are fertilized by injustice, and their practical application is murder, flame, loss of production and subsequent starvation. These disintegrating forces have to a minor degree penetrated our national soil, and in our soil they find their major adherents among the ignorant immigrants, who have not yet heard of our institutions or will not in one generation understand them anyway. Our vaunted melting pot requires the flux of a generation in our common schools.

The United States has been for one hundred and fifty years steadily developing a social philosophy of its own. This philosophy has stood this period of test in the fire of common sense; it is in substance that there should be an equality of opportunity—an equal chance—to every citizen. This view—that every individual should within his lifetime not be handicapped in securing that particular niche in the community to which his abilities and character entitle him—is itself the negation of class. Human beings are not equal in these qualities, but a society that is based upon a constant readjustment of the relative influence and rewards of individuals in the community, upon the basis of ability and character, is a moving, virile mass—it is not a stratification of classes. Its stimulus is competition.

National Welfare

IT IS the essence of democracy that progress of the mass must rise from progress of the individual. It is the only road to a higher civilization. Its conception of the state is of one that, representative of all the citizens, will in the region of economic activities limit itself in the main to the prevention of economic domination of the few over the many. It is true that our Government in these latter particulars sometimes lags behind the fertile economic inventiveness and greed of some of our citizens, and it requires constant progress in legislation and enforcement to keep pace with them. On the whole, however, it has moved surely in its corrective influence, and our institutions have demonstrated themselves capable of meeting their tasks.

This dominant idea of establishing and preserving an equality of opportunity has during these one hundred and fifty years carried us on a far different road of social and political ideals from that in Europe. We have no frozen class distinctions. We have developed a far better distribution of necessities, comforts and wealth than any other place in the world. We have a willingness to abide by the will of the majority, a sense of neighborly obligation and a higher sense of justice, of self-sacrifice and of public conscience; and out of these we have certainty of ultimate solutions. For all I know, it may be necessary to have revolutions in some places in Europe in order to bring about these things, but it does not follow that such philosophies have any place with us. Our plan does not enable us to take our neighbor's home overnight, but it does enable us to build one of our own.

I am one of the adherents of this American philosophy from a conviction that only along this line lie the moral and physical welfare of this nation and its usefulness in regenerating the rest of the world. Adherence to this idea, however, requires some militancy against imported social diseases that tend to infect it; and, of more importance, it requires a jealous care that with our advancing economic development the state should also advance in its safeguards against domination—that is, in the preservation of our fundamental ideal of equality and opportunity. Latterly, with the growth of large units of industry, the loss of the old mutual responsibilities of employed and

employer, the import of many ill-digested foreigners, and generally out of contact with Europe, we have given class terms to purely economic meanings, with much superficiality. The assumption of class distinctions between labor, capital and the public is a foolish creation of false class consciousness and is building for us the very same kind of foundations upon which Europe rocks to-day. All panaceas of Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism, Capitalism or any other "isms" are based on the hypothesis that class division necessarily exists in the United States, and thence they launch into logical deductions after the acceptance of this false premise.

When all is said and done, labor, whether with hand or mind, is the only excuse for membership in the community. Capital is nothing but the savings of the nation, represented by tools of production and service, whether it be land, factories, homes, railways or schools; its managers are laborers themselves and must be sifted out by competition in accord with their intelligence, skill and character. Capital is not money, for money is nothing but the token by which we barter goods and services. There is no quarrel with capital itself; the quarrel is over the distribution of its ownership and the profits that rise from it.

If we are to consider industrial problems it is not enough to have an understanding or an acceptance of a social philosophy and a social ideal. We must also have an understanding of the economic factors that make for progress and the safeguards of such a philosophy. Nor can economic forces be divorced from social forces, for the human animal is human, and the "economic man" of the old economists has not yet been discovered.

Some Basic Propositions

THERE are a few propositions of mixed social and economic character bearing upon present problems that, though many of them are as old as our country, are yet pertinent to these times and useful to reiterate when the attraction of economic novelties tends to divert us from the foundations of experience. I believe these propositions may be summarized as follows: That the object of all national economic policy must be to maintain and improve the standard of living of the whole population. Upon this enhanced standard only can the higher opportunities of life be built. Living entails not only necessaries but also luxuries, in the sense of greater comforts of life.

That the standard of living is the direct quotient of the amount of commodities and services that are available among the total population. Therefore the standard cannot be maintained or improved unless there is a maintenance and increase in the production of commodities and services up to the maximum need of the entire number. There is no equality of opportunity to the consumer with deficient production. The maximum production cannot be maintained unless there is combined and coördinated action in effort, intelligence and skill of all elements in production, whether workers, tools or manager; unless there is an elimination of waste, whether it be due to the support of nonproducers, oversized armies and navies, to extravagance, strikes, lockouts or lack of skill in either labor or administrators; unless every member of the community works up to his maximum abilities and ceases to agitate for a reduction in effort below his real capacity, for there is no equality of opportunity if some are to work six hours and others twelve hours; unless the physical, moral and intellectual welfare of the producer is properly safeguarded as to hours, conditions of labor, opportunities of education, and so forth.

That the human animal labors under the major impulse of securing for himself a direct share in consumption of commodities and services, either to-day or in savings for old age and protection of his dependents after death. His minor impulse is the joy of craftsmanship and a spirit of service to the community. Socialism will be possible when in the dim future the latter becomes the dominant impulse—and then it won't be necessary.

That the development and selection of abilities and character for leadership, direction and invention in industry cannot be obtained by the benevolent state—or the politician. The infinite variety of hand and brain can find its maximum development, equality of opportunity and position only through the fire of competition.

That capital is constituted solely of the savings of the community, dead or alive, above its daily consumption, and these savings are represented in the main by the tools for production and service, together with the stock of consumable goods on hand. Production cannot be increased without an increase in capital, and an increase in capital depends upon our rate of savings. The major impulse to savings is their future earning power—their yield of interest. Without this stimulus the tools of production and service will not be maintained or increased. Increase and improvement in many of our tools of production entail large risks in possible loss of savings or delay in returns from labor. The major impulse to such activities must be the hope of unusual returns. In the dream state we should provide an exact proportion of the total production to each member, corresponding to his effort, economies, ability, character and risk. We should divide the ownership of the accumulated tools of production and their annual accretion by the same rule. No such ideal will ever be attained short of the millennium—but we can provide safeguards that will constantly re-create the offer of an equality of opportunity to possess them with the revolution of time.

National Consciousness and Public Opinion

SOME members of the community may temporarily get more than their deserts. This illegitimate division of the surplus is the real quarrel of the community. The surplus itself is not an unlimited amount. It is so small a proportion of our production that it is entirely possible to stifle the increase of capital by overpayment of wages; or to stifle labor by too great profits to capital; either extreme will ultimately curtail production or savings—and bring misery upon the whole of us. Balances can be maintained which will correct the distribution of this surplus.

Outside of European "isms," all of which transgress these primary principles, a number of definite policies have been put forward these past few years for the further improvement of our industrial relations. Such policies must stand not only the test of their bearings upon the equality of opportunity and the economic principles that safeguard it but also must stand practical application in this complex social organism of ours. These policies do not all depend upon governmental action for their consummation. A large part of our national accomplishment comes through provision for the expression of the national conscience in expressed public opinion—a corrective at times more potent than a policeman, and always more constructive. In reviewing a few of these policies below I am not here advocating them but attempting to analyze their bearing upon the principles for which I contend. The possibility and degree of their application must be thrashed out by debate of the whole people and ofttimes by tentative experiment.

(Continued on Page 145)

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BEFORE long two bank accounts will beat as one," Trudy said to Mary Faithful. "Tra-la-la-la-la," humming the Wedding March while the office force of the O'Valley Leather Company listened with expressions ranging from grins to frowns.

"Sh-h-h! Mr. O'Valley has just opened his door." As she was private secretary and general guardian to Steve O'Valley, president of the concern, Miss Faithful's word usually had a decisive effect.

But Trudy was irrepressible. Besides boarding at the Faithful home and thus enjoying a certain intimacy with Mary, she was one of those young persons who hold a position merely as a means to an end—the sort who dress to impress everyone, from the president of the concern if he is in the matrimonial or romantic market to the elevator boy if said elevator boy happens to have a bank account capable of taking one to all the musical shows and to supper afterward. Having been by turns a milliner's apprentice, assistant in a beauty parlor and cashier in a business men's restaurant, Truletta Burrows had acquired a certain chicness enabling her to twist a remnant of chiffon or straw into a creation and wear it in impressive contrast with her baby-blue eyes and Titian-red hair. In the majority of cases where a girl has neither family nor finances she must seek a business situation in order to win a husband. Trudy went after her game in no hesitating manner.

She had no intention of becoming one of the multitude of commercial nuns who inhabit the United States of America this day—quiet women with quick eyes, a trifle cold or pensive if analyzed, severely combed hair, trim tailor suits and mannish blouses with dazzling neckties as their bit of vanity—the type that often shoulders half the responsibility of the firm. Whether achieving a private office and a nervous stenographer who is disappointed at having a lady boss is to be preferred to a house-and-garden career is a question for debate.

Neither did Trudy propose to shrivel into a timid slavelike type of person kept on the pay roll from pity or by reason of the fact that initiating a novice would be troublesome. Such a one was Miss Nellie Lunk, who sat in a corner of the hall making out requisition slips and taking care of unwelcome visitors—a pathetic figure with faded eyes and scraggly hair, always keeping a posy on her old-style desk and crocheting whenever there was a lull in work. Thirty years in business was Miss Lunk's record, twenty-five in Mark Constantine's office and five in the employ of Mr. O'Valley, that lovable piratical Irishman who achieved his success by being a brilliant opportunist and who, it would seem, ran a shoestring into a fortune by a wink of his blue eyes.

Trudy knew that Miss Lunk lived alone—the third story back where she cooked most of her meals, while a forlorn canary cheeped a welcome. She possessed a little talking machine with sentimental records, and on Sundays she went to a cafeteria for a good hearty meal unless cousins asked her to their establishment. Some day Miss Lunk would find herself in a home with other no longer useful old people and here she would stay with her few keepsakes, of which the world knew nothing and cared less, the cousins dropping in at intervals to impress upon her how care-free and fortunate she was!

In conclusion Trudy had decided not to accept the third choice of the modern business woman, which, she decided, was Mary Faithful's fate—to give your heart to a man who never had thought of you and never would think of you as other than a reliable and agreeable machine; as someone—should Florida and a certain Gorgeous Girl named Beatrice Constantine beckon—who would say:

"Yes, Mr. O'Valley, I understand what to do. I arranged the New Haven sale this morning. You were at the jewelry store to see about Miss Constantine's ring. So I long-distanced Martin & Newman and put it through. If the ring is sent in your absence I know what you have ordered and can return it if it does not comply with instructions—platinum set with diamonds, three large stones of a carat each and the twenty smaller stones surrounding them. And a king's-blue velvet case with her initials in platinum. And you want me to discharge Dundee and divide up his work. Yes, I gave the janitor the gold piece for finding your pet cane. I'll wire you every day."

And after Steve O'Valley had swung jauntily out of the office, secure in his secretary's ability to meet any crisis, to have to sit alone in the almost garish office and eat her heart out because she was not going to Florida too—Trudy's imagination pictured there a someone petulant, spoiled and altogether irresistible in the laciest of white frocks and a leghorn hat with pink streamers, at whose feet Steve O'Valley offered some surprise gift worth months of Mary Faithful's salary while he said: "I ran away from work to play with you, Gorgeous Girl! See how you demoralize me? Even your father frowned when I said I was coming. How are you, darling? I don't give a hang if I make poor Miss Faithful run the shop for a year—as long as you want me to play with you."

Having the advantage of studying Mary Faithful's position both from the business and family aspects Trudy had long ago decided that she was not going to be like her. In no way did she envy Mary's position.

He Offered Her His Hand in Marriage in Short Order

Since her dreamer of a father had died and left dependent upon her a four-year-old son and a wife whose chief concern in life was to have the smartest-looking window curtains in the neighborhood, Mary went to work at thirteen aided by a remnant of an education. Possessions spelled happiness to Mrs. Faithful, poetical dreams had been Mr. Faithful's chief concern, and as an unexpected consequence their first child had been endowed with common sense.

With Mary at the wheel there had been just enough to get along with, so they stayed on in the old-fashioned house while Mrs. Faithful bewailed Mary's having to work for a living and not be a lady, as she could have been if her father had had any judgment.

Mrs. Faithful had become quite happy in her martyrdom as she was still able to maintain the starched window curtains. After a conventional period of mourning she began to relive the past, her husband's mistakes, her own girlhood and offers of marriage—such incidents as these sufficed to keep her from enjoying the present, while Mary rose from errand girl to grocery clerk, with night school as a recreation, from grocery clerk to filing clerk, assistant bookkeeper, bookkeeper, stenographer and finally private secretary to Steve O'Valley, one of the war-fortune kings. And she had given her heart to him in the same loyal way she had always given her services.

At home Trudy noted that Mary worked round the house because she liked the change from office routine, deaf to the complaining maternal voice reciting past glories in which Mary had no part. If the parlor furniture with its tidies and a Rogers group in the front window sometimes got on her nerves she forced herself to laugh over it and say, "It's mother's house, and all she has." She concerned herself far more with Luke, an active, fair-to-middling American boy somewhat inclined to be spoiled. Mary had taken Luke into the office after school hours to keep a weather eye on him and make him contribute a stipend to the expenses.

"If a man won't work he should not eat," she informed him as she proportioned his wage.

Recalling Mary's position at home—though Trudy rejoiced in her own front room and the comforts of the household—she shrugged her shoulders in disapproval. Certainly she could never endure the same lot in life. For if one man will not love you why waste time bewailing the fact? Find another. Mary could have had other suitors. Mr. Tompkins, the city salesman, and young Elias, of Elias & Son, had both made brave attempts to plead their cause, only to be treated in the same firm manner that Luke was treated when he hinted of making off to sea.

"She'll spend her life loving Steve O'Valley and slaving for him," Trudy had confided to her dozen intimate friends, who never repeated anything told them. "And he will spend his life being trampled on by Beatrice Constantine and after they are married she will be meaner than ever to him. But he will love her all the more. Honest, business men make the grandest husbands! College professors are lots harder to get along with—but business men are as cross as two sticks in their offices and at home they're so sweet it would melt pig iron."

The first plank in Trudy's platform was to marry a business man as nearly like Steve O'Valley as possible. The second was—whether or not she had a stunning home with brick fireplaces—never to spend her days hanging round them. Her most envied friend lived in New York, and her life was just one roof garden after another. She had everything heart could desire—Oriental rugs, a grandfather's clock, a mechanical piano, bird-of-paradise sprays for her hat, a sealskin ulster and plenty of alimony. And in case said business man proved unsatisfactory Trudy had resolved to exchange him for unlimited legal support at the earliest possible opportunity.

But she would not trespass upon Mary's platform, which consisted of loving Steve O'Valley yet knowing of his love for the Gorgeous Girl, as Mark Constantine had named his daughter.

And of course Mary must have realized that though she might earn three thousand a year as private secretary she would eternally lock her desk at six o'clock and trudge home to her mother and the starched window curtains, watch Luke fall in love and scorn her advice, wash her hemstitched ruffles and black her boots and keep her secret as she grew older and plainer of face!

Trudy often tried to decide just how handsome and how plain Mary was; it was a matter for argument because the expression of Mary Faithful's eyes largely determined her charm. She was a sober young person with thick braids of brown hair and surprising niceties of dress, sensible shoes, a frill of real lace on her serge dress, no hint of perfume, no attempt at dressing business décolleté as the rest of the staff not only attempted but unfortunately achieved. She had honest gray eyes, the prophecy of true greatness in her face with its flexible mouth and prominent cheek bones, the sort of woman who would be the mother of great men, tall and angular in build and walking with an athletic stride offset by a feminine cry-baby chin and the usual mediocre allotment of freckles on the usual mediocre nose! Mary Faithful was not pretty; she was a "good-looking thing," Trudy would usually conclude, glancing in a near-by mirror to approve of the way her fluff of pink tulle harmonized with her pink camisole under the tissue-paper bodice.

Indulging in one of these reveries Trudy suddenly realized that she had not added the checks on her desk. She went to work disdainfully, first feeling of her skirt and waist at the back, slipping a caramel in her mouth and making eyes at a clerk who passed her desk.

Mary came out of her office and stopped before Trudy accusingly. "I've been waiting for these," she said.

"It's so grand out to-day—look at that sunshine! May's the hardest month of the year to work; you just can't help planning your summer clothes."

"Miss Constantine is coming to call for Mr. O'Valley and I want his O. K. on those before he gets away."

"Listen, don't you think the diamonds he is buying her are vulgar? A bunch of electric bulbs is what I call it, I certainly would not permit ——"

Mary's pencil tapped authoritatively on the desk, then she signed an order someone brought her.

"Are they going to be married at high noon in church?"

"Yes—June the first."

"Lucky girl! She's older than me; everyone says so. It's only her money and clothes that has built her up. I don't think she's so much. Her nose is as flat as a pancake and she rouges something fierce. I saw them at the theater and I certainly was ——"

Mary took the checks out of Trudy's hand and walked away. Undecided as to her course of action Trudy hummed a few bars of Moving Man, Don't Take My Baby Grand and then followed Mary into her office.

Mary added up the checks without glancing at her caller. Then she said sharply, "I cannot pay out someone else's money for work that is not done."

"Don't get a grouch on; it will spread through the whole plant. When you're cross everybody's cross."

"Then do your work—for it isn't much." She could not help adding, "You think I can smooth over everything just because you board with me."

Trudy giggled. "It's the wedding in the air, and spring, and those diamonds! She never works, she never does anything but spend the money we make for her. All she has is a good time, and what's the use of living if you don't have a good time? I'll have it if I have to steal it. Oh, you needn't look so horrified. Steve O'Valley almost stole his fortune just because he had to be a rich man before Constantine would let him marry his daughter. Anyway, I'd rather have a good time for a few years and then die than to live to be a hundred and never have an honest-to-goodness party. Wouldn't you?"

"You're foolish to-day. If you only wouldn't wear such low-cut waists and talk to the men! Mr. O'Valley has noticed it."

"I can get another job and another boarding house," Trudy began defiantly.

"You wouldn't last out at either. You need this sort of place and our sort of house, you ridiculous little thing. Besides, you have Gaylord at your beck and call"—Trudy blushed—"and you seem to manage to have a pretty good time when all is said and done. I do feel responsible for you because at twenty-three you are more scatterbrained than ——"

"Finish it—than you were at thirteen! Well, what of it? I'm out for a good time and you are always talking about the right time, I suppose. I'll take your lecture without weeping and promise to reform. But don't be surprised at anything I may do regarding tra-la-la-la-la." She burst into the Wedding March again and vanished, Mary shaking her head as she prepared to sign off some letters.

Steve O'Valley opened the door connecting their offices, displaying a face as happy as a schoolboy's on a Christmas holiday. "Miss Constantine is downstairs, I'm going to escort her up," he announced, shutting the door as abruptly as he had opened it.

Presently there came into Steve's office someone who was saying in a light gay voice, "Perfectly awful old place, Steven's—as bad as papa's. I hate business offices; make my head ache. It was Red Cross to-day, and after that I had to rush to cooking school ——"

Steve answered in rapt fashion: "I'll have to talk to Miss Faithful for half a jiffy and then I'm free for the rest of the day ——" opening the door of Mary's office and beckoning to her.

Coming into his office Mary nodded pleasantly at the Gorgeous Girl, who nodded pleasantly in return and settled herself in an easy-chair while Steve rehearsed the things to be attended to the following day since he was not to be at the office. "I'm getting Miss Faithful ready to run the shop single-handed," he explained, telling Mary details which she already knew better than he but to which she listened patiently, her twilight eyes glancing now at Beatrice and back again at Steve.

She Was Glad to be in the Deserted Office Replete With His Belongings and Breathing of His Personality

Outside the hum of commerce played the proper accompaniment to Steve O'Valley's orders and Mary's thoughts and Beatrice's actions—a jangling yet accurate rhythm of typewriters and adding machines and office chatter, pencil sharpeners, windows being opened, shades adjusted, waste-baskets dragged into position, boys demanding their telegrams or delivering the same, phone bells ringing, voices asking for Mr. O'Valley and being told that he was not in, other voices asking for Miss Faithful and being told she was not at liberty just now—would they be seated? Trudy's giggle rose above the hum at odd intervals, elevators crept up and down, and outside the spring air escorted the odor of hides and tallow and what not, grease and machine oil and general junk from across the courtyard; trucks rumbled on the cobblestones while workingmen laughed and quarreled—a confusing symphony of the business world. While Steve hurriedly gave his orders Mary Faithful in almost the panoramic fashion of the drowning swiftly recalled the incidents of Steve's life and of the Gorgeous Girl's and her own as well, forcing herself mechanically to say yes and no in answer to his questions and to make an occasional notation.

The panorama rather bewildered her; it was like being asked to describe a blizzard while still in it, whereas one should be sitting in a warm cheery room looking impersonally at the storm swirl.

First of all she thought of Steve O'Valley's Irish grandfather, by like name, who spent his life in Virginia City trying to find a claim equal to the Comstock lode, dying penniless but with a prospector's optimism that had he been permitted to live *mañana* surely would have seen the turning of the tide. Old O'Valley's only son and his son's wife survived him until their ability to borrow was at an end and work would have been their only alternative. So they left a small, black-haired, blue-eyed young man named Stephen O'Valley to battle single-handed with the world and bring honor to his name.

The first twelve years of the battle were spent in an orphanage in the Grass Valley, the next four as a chore boy on a ranch, after which the young man decided with naïve determination that in order to obtain anything at all worth while he must be fully prepared to pay its price, and that he desired above all else to become a rich man—a truly rich man, and marry a fairy-princess sort of person. And as far as education was concerned he felt that if he was not quite so brushed up on his A B C's as he was on minding his P's and Q's the result would not be half bad. Unconsciously his attitude toward the world was a composite of the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, the cynical wisdom of Omar Khayyam, and plain and not to be duplicated Yankee pep.

As Steve planned it he was to leave his mark on the world and not endure the world's mark upon himself. This straight-limbed and altogether too handsome youngster—his grandmother had been a Basque—possessed the same quality of the fortune hunter as his grandfather, only he did not propose to do his prospecting in the mines of Nevada. Following the general tactics of a Stone Age man—a belief in muscle and great initiative—Steve found himself at twenty-four in the city of Hanover and in the employ of Mark Constantine, a hide-and-leather magnate who was said to be like all hard-boiled eggs—impossible to beat. After Steve advanced to the top notch of his ability he discovered that the only reason he was not considered as a junior member of the firm was because he could not buy an interest. At this same time Beatrice Constantine had become interested in him.

To her mind Steve was different in other ways than merely being handsome and possessed of physical strength. And she considered that if he had a fortune he would be far more wonderful than any of the young gentlemen of her set who wondered which would be the lucky chap to lead Constantine's Gorgeous Girl to the marriage-license bureau.

In the seventeen-year-old patronizing fashion of a Gorgeous Girl she permitted Steve to see that she was interested, and Steve with the romance of his Basque grandmother and the audacity of his Irish grandfather immediately thought of what a strange and wonderful thing it would be if he could by hook or by crook become a rich man all in the twinkling of an eye, and marry this superior elegant little person.

The Gorgeous Girl had never known anything but the most gorgeous side of life. Her father, self-made from a boyhood as poor as Steve's, carved his way to the top without delay or remorse for anyone he may have halted or harmed in so doing. He had wisely married a working girl whom he loved in undemonstrative fashion, and when at the turning point of his career she bore him a daughter and then died he erected an expensive monument to her memory and took his oath that their daughter should be the most gorgeous girl in Hanover

and that her life should be spent in having as good a time as her father's fortune allowed.

He then invited his widowed sister to live with him and take charge of his child.

After this interlude he returned to his business grimmer of face and harsher of heart, and the world was none the wiser regarding his grief for the plain-faced woman in the churchyard. As his fortune multiplied almost ironically he would often take time to think of his wife Hannah, who was so tired of pots and pans and making dollars squeal so that he might succeed and who was now at rest with an imposing marble column to call attention to the fact.

So the Gorgeous Girl, as Hanover called her, half in ridicule and half in envy, developed into a gorgeous young woman, as might be expected, with her father to pay her bills and her Aunt Belle to toddle meekly after her. Aunt Belle, once married to a carpenter who had conveniently died, never ceased to rejoice in her good fortune. She was never really quite used to the luxury that had come to her instead of to the woman in the churchyard. She reveled in Beatrice's clothes, her own elaborate costumes, ordered the servants about, went to Florida and the Bermudas whenever the Gorgeous Girl saw fit, rolled about the country in limousines and secretly admired the hideous mansion Constantine had built—an ornate overbearing brick affair with curlicue trimmings and a tower with a handful of minor turrets. It was furnished according to the dictates of a New York decorator, though Constantine added several large pieces of village color after the decorator had pronounced his work as ended.

Hannah had always planned for a red-velvet cozy corner and Constantine didn't give a dozen damns if they were out of date—a red-velvet cozy corner was going to be installed in the blue drawing-room. A Swiss music box was another thing Hannah had hankered after—spoken of just before she died—so the Swiss music box was given a place of honor beside the residence pipe organ, and likewise some draperies with plush tassels. The decorator, having his check, did not attempt to argue, since his clientèle were not apt to stop off at Hanover and discover the crime.

Aunt Belle saw that Beatrice had a governess, a dancing teacher, more party frocks than any other little girl in Hanover, and later on a French maid and other accessories necessary to being a Gorgeous Girl. In reality a parasitical little snob, hopelessly self-indulged, though originally kindhearted and rather clever; and utterly useless, but unconscious of the fact. She was sent to a finishing school, after which she thought it would be more fun to go abroad to another finishing school and study music and art, traveling summers instead of having a formal début. Most of her chums were doing this and so she went with them. The red-velvet cozy corner and the music box and so on disappeared immediately upon her first return visit. Likewise Beatrice succeeded finally in dissuading Aunt Belle from wearing her jewelry while traveling, though that outspoken lady never could refrain from vivid descriptions of it to her fellow passengers.

After the European sojourn the Gorgeous Girl went in for Hanover society and proved herself a valuable asset. She was nearly twenty-four, almost as slight of figure as a child, as dainty as Watteau's most delicate imaginings, with tiny nondescript features, lovely sunshine hair and big dove-colored eyes with pale-gold lashes. Meantime the question of a husband for this lovely young person was before the household. She had had a dozen offers of marriage, but accepted none of them because she had plenty of time and loads of money and she wanted to make the best of her unencumbered youth as long as possible. Besides, it was now considered great fun to go in for charities; she was ever so busy serving on committees, she never had a moment for herself, and it would take months to plan a trousseau and a wedding and decide about her house. Most important of all was the fact that when she was about to go to the French finishing school she had told Steve O'Valley that if he did not come to her farewell party she would be quite hurt. She felt he did not appreciate the honor in having been asked.

Steve, who would have lain down and let her walk over him roughshod, said simply, "But I'm poor. I'm not in a position to meet your friends."

"Then be rich—and I'll ask you again," she challenged.

"If I were a rich man—would you let me try?"

"See if I wouldn't." And she disappeared before he realized she had practically said yes.

"Of Course Steve's a Wonderful Old Dear—I Wish I Had Asked Him for the Moon. I Do Believe He'd Have Gotten an Option on It"

Characteristically Steve lost no time. He went to her father the day after she had sailed, having sent her a veritable washtub of flowers for bon voyage—and had said briefly: "I have loved your daughter ever since I first saw her. I'm as poor as you were once, but if I see my way to making a fortune and can give her everything she ought to have, will you oppose my efforts to make her marry me?"

The daring of the thing pleased Constantine to the point of saying, "Do you want a loan, O'Valley? I think you'll make good. Then it's up to my daughter; she knows whom she wants to marry better than I do. You're a decent sort—her mother would have liked you."

"I don't want a loan just yet. I want to make her marry me because I have made my own money and can take care of my own wife. I'm just asking you not to interfere if I do win out. I've saved a little—I'm going to take a plunge in stocks and draw out before it's too late. Then I'm going into business if I can; but I'll have to try my luck gambling before I do. When I hang out my shingle I may ask you to help—a little. Self-made men of to-day are made on paper—not by splitting logs or teaching school in the backwoods in order to buy a dictionary and law books—we haven't the time for that. So I'll take my chances and you'll hear from me later."

While Beatrice was skimming through school and taking walking trips through Norway punctuated by fleeting visits home, remaining as childish and unconcerned as to vital things as her mother had been at fourteen, Steve left the Constantine factory and took the plunge.

Good luck favored him and for five golden years he continued to rise in the financial world, causing his rivals to say: "A fool's luck first; then the war made him—the government contracts, you know. He's only succeeded because of luck and the fact of it's being the psychological moment. Worked in the ordnance game—didn't see active service, money just kept rolling in. Well, who wants a war fortune? Some folks in 1861 bought government mules for limousine prices and sold them for the same. Besides, it's only so he can marry the Gorgeous Girl. I guess he'll find out it was cheap at half the price!"

While talk ran riot Steve's fortune multiplied with almost sinister speed. He learned that flattery and ridicule were the best weapons known to man. And while the Gorgeous Girl flew home at the first war cloud to bury herself in serious war activities Steve climbed the upward path and never once glanced backward lest he grow dizzy.

At thirty-two, in the year 1919, he was able to say to Mark Constantine, in the fashion of a fairy-story hero: "I still love your daughter, sir, and I've made my fortune. We want to be married. Your blessing, please." And to himself: "I'll show the worst side of me to the world so wolves won't come and steal my precious gold that I had to have in order to win her; and I'll show my best side to the woman I love, and that's fair enough!"

With surprising accuracy Mary Faithful's keen mind, aided by a tender heart, had pieced this mosaic of business and love together, and as she finished the panorama she glanced at the Gorgeous Girl in her mink dolman and bright red straw hat, the useless knitting bag on her arm and Steve's engagement ring blazing away on her finger, and she sighed unconsciously.

"Don't tell Miss Faithful any more," Beatrice protested. "I'm sure she knows about everything, and it's late—I'm tired."

"All right, lady fair. That's all, Miss Faithful. Good night." Steve dismissed her abruptly.

As Mary left the room he was saying tenderly, "What did you do at cooking school?"

And the Gorgeous Girl was answering, "We made pistachio fondant; and next week it will be Scotch broth. It takes an hour to assemble the vegetables, and I dread it. Only half the class were there; the rest were at Miss Harper's classical-dancing lesson. That's fun too. I think I'll take it up next year. I was just thinking how glad I am papa built the big apartment house five years ago; it's so much nicer to begin housekeeping there instead of a big place of one's own. It's such work to have a house on your hands. Are you ready?"

"Hold on. Don't I deserve a single kiss? . . . Thank you, Mrs. O'Valley." Then the door closed.

Mary Faithful picked up her notations. She tried to comfort herself with the thought that no one should ever have reason to guess her secret. If all honest men steal umbrellas and kisses, so do all honest women fib as to the size of their shoes and the person they love best of all the world!

II

SUNDAY was a much dreaded day in Mary's calendar, partly because she surrendered herself to the maternal monologue of how dreadful it was to have a daughter in business and not a lady in a home of her own, and partly because she missed the office routine and the magical stimulation of Steve's presence. Besides, Trudy was a thorn in Mary's flesh and on Sundays the thorn had a chance to assert herself in particularly unendurable fashion.

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THE CHRISTMAS DRIFTER

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MR. JAKE MILLER, mate of the Gilmore, slung a pair of keen old eyes over the tow of barges which were being boosted round Driftwood Bend toward St. Louis through the crunching drift ice that lay on the Mississip'. "Too dang cold f'r snow," he observed. The corrugations of his seventy-year-old spine were the momentary residence of a crescendo shiver. "Too dang cold f'r snow, an' a red evenin' sky. To-morrow 'll be th' fust snappy Christmas since '81."

He expelled a denatured slug of fine cut from where it had been parked beside an arc of porcelain molars and retired to his stateroom in search of a shot of bottled cheer. From the port half of a pair of rubber boots lying under his bed he fished a bottle of inflammable whisky.

"Whuf! That liquor sure blazes its own trail!"

He replenished the fine cut, munching rapidly for a moment like a red-whiskered old rabbit absorbing a cabbage leaf. When the flavor had accomplished its appropriate reaction he made his way below to the main deck and walked aft to where his ancient accomplice in life, Mr. Sam Connor, sat reading in the warm draft which swept out from the starboard door of the engine room.

Mr. Connor, engineer of the Gilmore, was at the moment completely submerged in a word puzzle originally assembled by Mr. Immanuel Kant. He looked up as his friend approached.

"Git out of this here draft, you ol' fool, before you ketches pneumonia! What you readin' now?"

The engineer held up the book for the mate's inspection.

"All I sees is red letters. What does she mean? What's that other one layin' there?"

The engineer picked up a book which was wedged in the chair beside him.

"The name of this here book by Charles Darwin is Th' Origin of Speeches."

"What is she—a language book?"

"No, it's a book on humans. It explains how once you was a 'rang-utan's relation." The engineer squinted upward at the mate. "By gad, I sees where it's right! You looks a good deal like a ol' baboon's nephew to me."

"Th' bird is crazy!"

"He don't mean you is a baboon's nephew now—he means you was once."

The mate looked out across the little areas of drifting ice which dotted the surface of the river.

"Sam, we don't know as much as baboons or we wouldn't be here. Here you is, goin' on seventy-three, an' me seventy—both of us freezin' to death an' pretty near played out. If we was baboons we'd be swingin' round in some warm country without nothin' to do but loaf an' eat coconuts."

"I don't like coconuts. Loafin' never amounted to nuthin' with me, n'r you neither; you'd be crazy if you wasn't workin'. Work's all we knows."

"Mebbe. I'd like to try it an' find out. You better lay off of them heavy books. Fust thing you know you'll get that egg of yours all scrambled up, foolin' at science an' such. Then you'll have a steady loafin' job."

The engineer grunted his reply and dived deeply into the interior department of Mr. Kant's tomb.

The mate wandered for'd and made his way to the bow of the barge which formed the head end of the tow. Presently from this point his voice roared back through the frosty air:

"Highpocket, run a steam line up to th' cripple an' break out a siphon!"

He looked down an open hatch.

"She's made eight inches of water in th' last hour—th' son of a gun'll be draggin' th' bottom pretty soon," he mumbled. "Calkin 'em with old sisal instead of oakum—no wonder they won't stay tight."

He looked about him at the lines which bound the tow of barges together. He kicked one near his feet to test its tension.

"You're cold now, durn you," he said to the breast line, "but you'll be sweatin' grease when the ice begins to lay a'gin us at th' head of th' crossin'."

He looked up to where the surface of the river melted into the horizon.

"Anythin' a Boy Can Do, I Can Do"

"Driftwood Bend." His eyes fixed on a point at the upstream tip of the gray crescent of Driftwood Bend. "'Bout there's where th' Lily Dale sunk with all th' whisky in th' world Centennial year. Wish I had a barrel of that stuff now. Dang, it's cold!"

Then in the mottled gray of the middle distance his eyes fixed upon a drifting skiff merged in the monotone of ice and water. He regarded it intently for a moment as it approached. He glanced back toward the pilot house.

"Better clear that there skiff," he called to the pilot. "Else we'll have a bull gang out boltin' two or three bucket plank on th' wheel," he added to himself.

The water-logged skiff, now a hundred feet away, was riding low. The mate suddenly brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Crazy or dreamin'!" he exclaimed. "Seein' things!"

From a bundle of rags in the bow of the skiff a little arm thrust upward. "A passenger, by criminy!" He walked quickly to the side of the barge. "She'll never ride the bow wave an' when she goes over ——"

The sentence was never finished. He ran forward quickly to where the white water combed from the bulge of the barge. Near the open hatch he tripped heavily on a capstan bar and fell to the deck. Then on his hands and knees he scrambled to the side. With the lift of the skiff on the surge of water that leaped from under the swell of the barge the mate went overboard.

"The reality of the cosmos is expressed in definite terms derived from the data of human experience."

Mr. Connor, seated in the engine-room door, closed his book.

"Th' hell it is!" he muttered. "I need some coffee."

He got to his feet and was about to wander for'd in search of his midafternoon coffee when he saw the mate go overboard from the bow of the upstream barge.

He jumped back into the engine room and in an instant the wheel of the throttle valve was whirling under his hands.

"Jake's overboard!" he yelled to the pilot through the tube. "I'm backin' strong! I'm over th' deep side! Merry Christmas!"

He leaped from the low guards of the steamboat.

"Th' danged ol' fool! This'll be th' fourth time I've fished him out." He swam strongly toward a point where the mate and a bundle of rags and a cake of ice had suddenly submerged. He was conscious of the shriek of the falls swinging from the davits as a skiff was lowered away from the boiler deck of the Gilmore.

"Gosh, this water's cold!"

Presently after ages of effort the mate's red head lay clenched in the crook of the engineer's left arm. Floating awash and clutched in the mate's left hand was the bundle of rags which had flopped from the capsized skiff. The engineer, breathing heavily, was suddenly aware of a faint crying deep within the soggy bundle, and thus the trio were hauled aboard the skiff which had raced across the water from the Gilmore.

Five minutes later the engineer, rolled tightly in warm blankets, opened his eyes in his own stateroom.

"How's that red-headed damn fool?" he whispered.

Cap'n Dan, seated beside the bed, looked down at him.

"He's full of liquor an' goin' strong. They's a pair of 'em."

"A pair of what?"

"Jake went overboard after a baby."

The engineer closed his eyes.

"A Christmas drifter! Boy or girl?"

"A yearlin' boy—alive an' kickin'."

The old man smiled faintly.

"Feed him heavy an' sign him on th' pay roll." He turned upon his side. "I'm goin' to sleep f'r a hour or two."

That night the Gilmore lay beside the bank in the lee of a ledge of sandstone whose upstream face fended the drifting ice from the boat's hull. Her shore lines ran to a pair of cottonwoods whose twinkling leaves carried the frost of Christmas Eve. From the leaking barge came the gargle of a siphon punctuated by the staccato exhaust of a dynamo engine. In the cabin lights gleamed upon a nondescript crew gathered about the dining table. On the table lay the Christmas Drifter.

In the galley Fat Pat Kelly, the cook, turned venomously upon a waiter who stood near the range.

"Six eggs," he exploded, "an every wan av thim ready to cackle! Shake th' mope free of y'r feet an' round me up six more out of th' captain's crate!"

The waiter started for the door of the galley.

"Wan minute! Wan minute! If these has beaks on 'em—if these is historical rattlers—I'll burn yez to a cinder wid th' rouster's curse."

The cook stuck his head into the cabin.

"Th' Drifter's grub 'll be ready f'r 'um in wan second."

"Warm his milk for him!" somebody called back.

"Ham an' eggs he gets! What would he be doin' wid milk, comin' aboard f'm th' ice of th' river? Ham an' eggs an' mebbe a pound av tinderloin steak."

The cook made his way to the pantry, where on the meat block the sailor man had stretched a pair of blue overalls. The overalls were nailed to the chopping block. The sailor man with heavy cord was engaged in the construction of a pair of diminutive pants. With a sail needle he ran down the final seam. He cut off the thread with a cleaver which lay near by. Traced in the area of blue canvas the stitches of a smaller model showed white against the blue. The sailor picked up the cleaver and began chopping along the seam close to the stitches. Presently the Drifter's overalls broke free from the selvage of their perimeter.

"They'll not fit him," the sailor man grunted to a deck hand who was looking on, "but they'll last him a trip or two."

"With copper rivets it's a cinch," the deck hand replied. "Wait till I fetch some."

Copper rivets were retrieved from a locker in the engine room and presently the overalls were complete. The sailor man carried them into the cabin and shouldered through the group standing about the Drifter.

"Put these on th' little son of a gun an' leave him ramble," he said.

"How come you forgot his underwear?" a fireman asked.

The group was suddenly agitated over the question of underwear for the Drifter, but finally after a volunteer had placed a set of heavy red-wool flannels at the sailor man's disposal that problem was solved.

"I'll chop th' legs off 'em an' make a bellyband in 'em an' reef th' legs with linen twine to where they'll fit th' little squirrel."

The crimson fabric was stretched upon the chopping block and in a little while the sailor man returned with this latest product of his talent. He picked up the Drifter and started to dress him. The engineer stepped forward.

"That boy belongs to me! I'll do th' festoonin' of him! Stand back!"

"How come he yours?" the mate interposed. "I seed him first. We might as well settle this now. That boy's mine!"

In a little while the mingled arguments of mate and engineer were drowned in the partisan clamor of the entire group. The Drifter meanwhile ate his nutritious thumb and enjoyed the noise. Presently Cap'n Dan's voice cut calmly through the tumult:

"It's just as Sam says—you'd both been done up by now if he hadn't got you, but at the same time Jake's got a claim f'r seein' him first. Cut th' cards f'r him. It's the only way to settle it. Is that agreeable to both of you? You don't want no fights to-night. It's Christmas Eve."

"Cuttin' th' cards ain't agreeable to me," Sam said. "I don't mind gamblin' f'r money, but th' Drifter's mine an' I ain't takin' no chances."

"He's just as much mine," the engineer objected. "Both of 'em is mine."

Cap'n Dan essayed a final attempt at pacification.

"Leave it go at that. You can be equal pardners in him until next Christmas. Whichever one of you can best take care of him by then ought to have him."

"I'll sign that," Jake agreed. "Write it out."

Presently after much effort at composition Sam handed a document over to Jake.

"Put y'r mark here."

"What does she say? You know darn well I can't read," the mate objected. The engineer read it aloud:

"One year from date me or you gets the Drifter. It depends on how prosperous the best man is. To witness, we sign our names, so help you God!"

"That's fair enough," the mate agreed.

He made his mark where the engineer had written his name for him.

"Instead of fightin' about who owns him it might be a good scheme to rig up a little Christmas f'r this sailor," a practical-minded pilot suggested.

Cap'n Dan nodded his head.

"He's right! Eight o'clock now. Couple of you deck hands go ashore an' get a Christmas tree an' stand her up in the cabin over by the stove."

"Who's goin' to be Santa Claus?" somebody asked.

Fat Pat Kelly entered the cabin under a second cargo of steak and potatoes and other light delicacies he had prepared for the Drifter.

"The only natural shredded-coconut whiskers owned on board this craft is Kelly's. His whiskers elect him Santa Claus."

"What does Santa Claus do?" the cook asked.

"Wears th' clothes an' hands out th' presents."

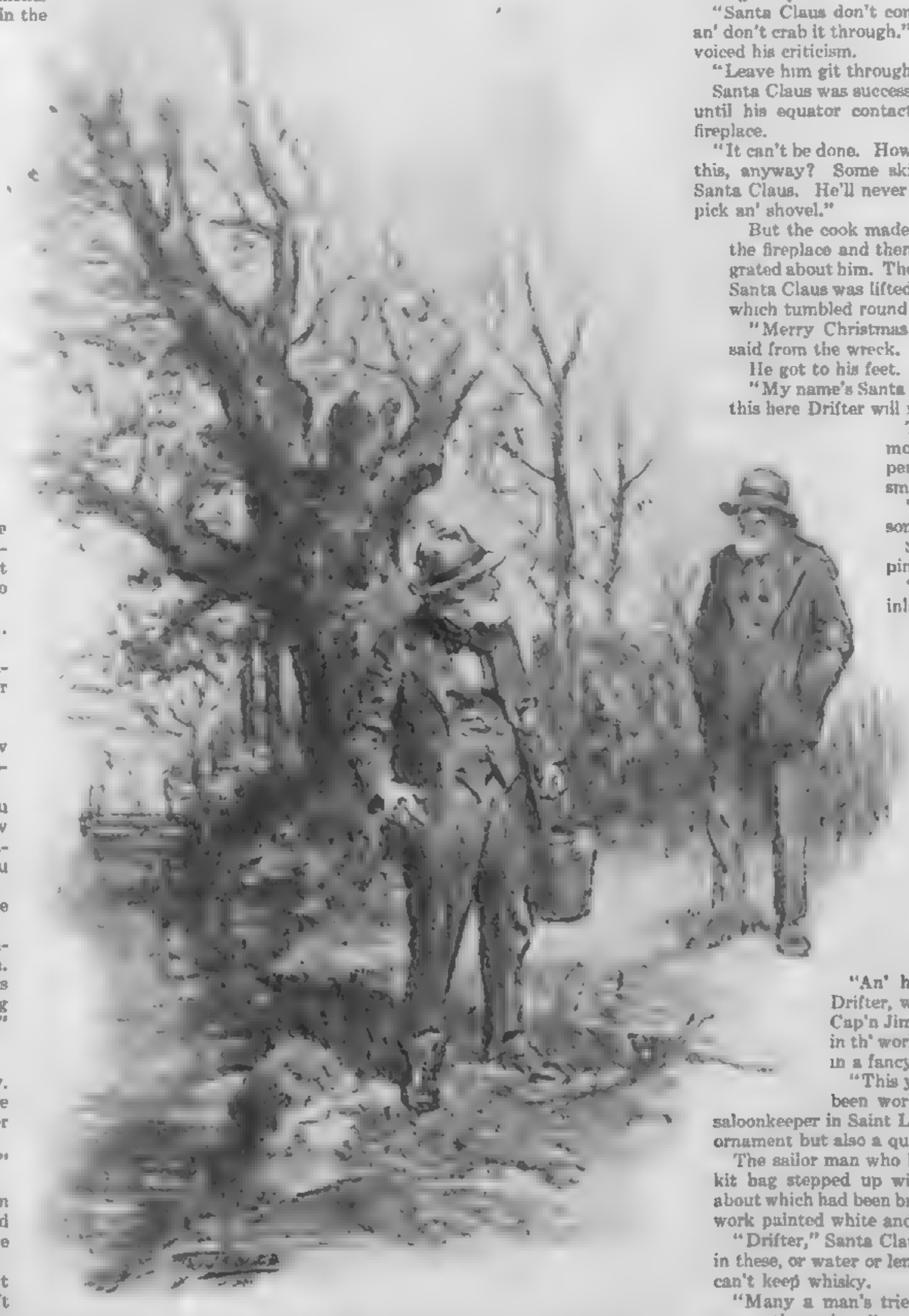
"You've got until nine o'clock to perduce," Cap'n Dan announced. "At nine o'clock the orgies takes place. Scatter an' do your worst."

For a while the cabin of the Gilmore was a scene of mysterious activities. An immense Christmas tree was brought aboard before the two deck hands discovered that it was too large to drag through the cabin doors. They retrieved a second tree whose topmost branches scraped the paint work from the ceiling of the cabin.

The cook meanwhile had retired to the galley, where in a bath of perspiration he busied himself in fabricating a complicated structure of red-and-blue icing surmounting six layers of comparatively soggy cake.

"No Santa Claus ever come aboard a boat before, anyhow," the engineer said. "Go below an' bring me a million of them fire brick an' mix me up a couple tons of mortar."

Against the door of his own stateroom the engineer presently constructed a fireplace and a chimney reaching to the transom of the door. He borrowed some red ink from the clerk and poured it into a saucer in which he bathed a pair of electric globes. A wire led to the fireplace and presently behind rising tissue-paper flames the red globes shed their semblance of firelight. He draped the tree with a string of brilliant electric lights.



"How Come You Walkin' Round th' Middle of December an' No Overcoat On?" the Mate Yelled in Greeting

The Drifter, reposing placidly on the center of the great dining table, regarded the activities about him with wide-eyed wonderment. At nine o'clock Cap'n Dan's voice roared down the length of the cabin:

"Rally round! We're goin' to launch these here festivities right now."

The crew of the Gilmore assembled about the Drifter's table.

"Hang onto Fat Pat Santy, you!" the pilot suddenly exclaimed. "Hold him until you hear them reindeer bells!"

The pilot left the cabin and made his way to the pilot house from which led the signal wires. Presently from the engine room there rose a din of gongs and jingles in which the regular beat of the reindeer's hoofs could be plainly heard.

"Lug him aft where he can hear them bells a minute!" Cap'n Dan ordered.

The mate picked up the Drifter and carried him to a point above the engine room.

"Drifter, them's Christmas bells—you like them bells?"

The Christmas Drifter smiled in reply. The mate carried his protégé back to the cabin.

"All set," he said. "Give her th' gong!"

All eyes were turned toward the fireplace through which appeared Fat Pat Kelly's left leg. You would not have known that it was Fat Pat Kelly's left leg, however, for it was clothed in red flannel to which scattered tufts of cotton had been sewed. Presently his right leg came scraping through to join the left.

"Santa Claus don't come through feet first. Back up an' don't crab it through." A technical-minded deck hand voiced his criticism.

"Leave him git through any way he can."

Santa Claus was successful in emerging from his retreat until his equator contacted with the perimeter of the fireplace.

"It can't be done. How come Fat Pat to be choosed for this, anyway? Some skinny guy ought to have been Santa Claus. He'll never make it without dynamite or a pick an' shovel."

But the cook made it. He heaved heavily against the fireplace and then suddenly the fireplace disintegrated about him. The new moist mortar gave way and Santa Claus was lifted from the débris of the chimney which tumbled round his fat and padded form.

"Merry Christmas to ye, Drifter an' gents!" he said from the wreck.

He got to his feet.

"My name's Santa Claus. Th' givin' of presents to this here Drifter will now take place."

The group hesitated for a moment, but finally the ship's carpenter stepped forward carrying a small package in his hand.

"Open 'em up! Show th' goods!" somebody objected.

Santa Claus removed the wrapping from the package.

"Gents," he said, "I has here a inlaid cribbage board made by th' carpenter which he gives to th' Drifter, wishing him a Merry Christmas."

The next gift was handed to the cook.

"An' here," he continued, "is a handy thing f'r a lad to have."

"I bought her in New Orleans," the donor mumbled, "an' th' Drifter better have it, because I'd get arrested f'r carryin' it in Saint Louis."

The gift in question was a wicked-looking sheath knife with a ten-inch blade.

The pilot came forward with his gift.

"An' here is somethin' worth while, Drifter, wishin' you a Merry Christmas. Cap'n Jimmy Irving, one of th' best pilots in th' world, gives you this pair of pistols in a fancy box."

"This yarn tidy which Highpocket has been workin' on he figured to sell to a saloonkeeper in Saint Louis, so it represents not only a ornament but also a quart of whisky."

The sailor man who had dived to the bottom of his kit bag stepped up with a pair of whisky decanters about which had been braided yards of cord and knotted work painted white and blue and red.

"Drifter," Santa Claus said, "you can keep perfume in these, or water or lemon an' vanilla extract, but you can't keep whisky.

"Many a man's tried it, but them bottles always empty themselves."

(Continued on Page 86)

THE MAN FROM HELL

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IF YOU'D care to read ——" said the family lawyer in a persuasive, genial and unconvincing manner. And he held out a bright bunch of the most expensive weeklies, which—at his wit's end—he had provided for the curiously horrible journey.

Lord Radenham started violently. His eyelids rolled up and he looked into the suave eyes of the lawyer. As quickly he glanced away again. His face, the color of putty and yet hardened and beaten by weather, sagged; he lost his breath. The reluctance, the almost terror of being spoken to suddenly or spoken to at all clutched him. Without a word, with the hand unoccupied in holding the ragged bundle of letters he carried with him, he grasped at the bunch of magazines. His touch on them was extraordinarily insensitive.

The lawyer went to ground behind his newspaper. The express rushed on through a bright bare winter scene laid in shining snow.

Lord Radenham sat without moving. His eyes glanced furtively at the newspaper which hid his *vis-à-vis*. He watched this newspaper with a quiet but muddled cunning. He did not want to read the magazines; he did not want anything save to crawl on his stomach under the seat and lie there hidden from the stupendous fears about him. But the lawyer was an authoritative fellow, not that he didn't speak kindly and coaxingly, rather—rather like—whom? The chaplain! Yes!

All the same, the lawyer had meant Radenham to read the magazines. He might be lurking behind the paper, ready to dart it down at a suspected moment. Lord Radenham watched the paper. It did not even rustle ever so faintly. Slowly, inch by inch then he lowered the bundle of magazines till he had laid them stealthily on the seat beside him. His brow under his new and hard hat was corrugated with a vast and vague anxiety about nothing at all. The lawyer made no sign of awareness.

Again Lord Radenham sat without moving, holding the indescribably ragged bundle of letters.

The train slowed; perceptibly it was pulling up. Then they had reached Horton Junction, the one stopping place in the long swift run.

"Ah!" said the lawyer, lowering his paper and looking from behind it blandly. Then he added swiftly: "No one will get in. The carriage is reserved. The guard will see to it." And he said to himself, "It's shocking! Is this what we beat a man into? Still, justice! Justice!

"A beautiful day for you to come home, Lord Radenham."

Radenham sat quite still. His eyes, two bleak bits of granite, swept and drained of emotions, fixed themselves blankly on the lawyer. After a moment the protecting wall of the newspaper was again between them.

The lawyer was not reading. Even for him it had been a terrible day. But he did not lower the paper till again the train drew up in the station of the big provincial town.

Buttoning his coat, pulling up his muffler, sighing with dire relief, he said: "Well, here we are! Here we are! No small baggage—no ——"

Radenham had, of course, nothing but the clothes he stood up in.

"Well," said the lawyer —— "Ah, here's William! Good day, William. The weather's very seasonable. Brought the car or the horses?"

"Car, sir," said the liveried servant who had met them at the door of the carriage.

"No luggage! No luggage, William," the lawyer added hastily. "We'll find the car out in the station yard, Lord Radenham. This way."

He tried to bustle Radenham along with a great air of cheer.

"Congestion of Christmas traffic," he said, indicating the crowded platform as they went. "Always this congestion. Still, Christmas is a time when —— This way, Lord Radenham."

The servant followed them with a slight and hard smile of contempt on his face, his eye cocked curiously at Radenham's back and their traveling rugs slung over his arm. At the barrier the lawyer gave up both tickets.

Among the many equipages in the yard without the Radenham car was noticeable—a luxurious limousine painted a deep green to match the liveries. It was upholstered in a pale-buff Bedford cord, its fittings within were all of silver and it was entirely beautiful.

The servant who carried their rugs came up neatly behind them and opened the door. He stood holding it open, with an immobile face. The chauffeur from his seat just slued his eyes round till they reached Lord Radenham standing, heavy, on the wide pavement. Radenham's face sagged a very little; he was full of fear and looked unutterably stupid. He stood there in his new clothes, which did not fit. The servants and the lawyer looked at him. He was rather like a lump of putty that they might have to hoist into the beautiful car. After a perceptible pause the lawyer took the situation in hand.

"After you, Lord Radenham," he said with a genial glance, indicating the open door.

Radenham jerked and, moving forward like an automaton, entered the car. The lawyer followed him closely. The servant, leaning in, spread the rugs over their knees and a fur rug on top of those. With hardly a sound the car moved out of the yard into a busy street.

Lifting His Subordinate to His Feet the Butler Half Dragged Him Away

The lawyer looked dubiously and inquisitively at the bundle of letters in Radenham's hand. He cleared his throat.

"Very congested," he remarked conversationally.

Then he looked and saw that Radenham had clutched up two great handfuls of the fur rug and was holding them tightly.

The lawyer thought: "Of course! He's never been in a car before. This is all a very sad thing."

He had a human wish that he was out of it and at home with his wife, talking to his jolly son just home from school for the holidays. However, there was imminent business to mention to the new Lord Radenham before he might take his leave. Besides, in his position of family adviser, a position of trust as it were, he felt he ought to see the man into his house.

They drove along country roads rimed with sparkling frost between hedges topped with snow. Radenham did not move or speak. He was not thinking. The irresistible way in which the car bore them along beat him.

The great house came in sight over the crest of a hill—Radenham Towers. Radenham's eyes, the two bleak slits of granite, saw it and knew. Something in him cowered.

"The old place looks well," the lawyer remarked conversationally.

Between the two gates—the lodgekeeper's children peeking and peering curiously—up the drive; through the hall, past more curious faces of servants; then behind a door; and Radenham was alone in a comparatively small booklined room with the lawyer and still clinging to his only portable property—the letters. There were shaded reading lamps and a large fire, to which the lawyer walked at once.

"A fire is good after a cold drive," he remarked conversationally.

He observed Radenham, whom he had walked straight through the hall without waiting to shed overcoats. Now the lawyer slowly peeled off his own, laid it on a chair and put his gloves and muffler meticulously on top of that; he pulled at his little gray mustache.

"Let me help you off with your coat, Lord Radenham," he remarked conversationally.

When he helped off with the coat he knew that the man was trembling.

"Very sad thing," he thought. "Still ——"

He moved an armchair an inch or so by way of indicating that Radenham should sit down. Then: "With your permission, Lord Radenham, I'll ring the bell. Tea would be a good scheme, perhaps."

After a silence of three or four seconds he rang the bell.

"There are just two or three little matters which—er—press; and I must bring them to your attention this afternoon, Lord Radenham, regretful as I am to—er—trouble you so soon."

A footman appeared, a tall, very young and weedy man. He flickered a glance at Radenham sitting erect in the armchair and addressed the lawyer standing on the hearth.

"Tea now, sir?"

"Tea."

After the closing of the door, a dead silence.

A coal fell from the grate. Radenham jerked violently. The bundle of letters dropped and he fumbled after them. The lawyer bent and busied himself with arranging the lump of coal again on the fire. As he straightened up again he took a privy glance at the man in the chair. He saw a bead of sweat roll down his putty-colored face and drop upon his knee.

"I am a great man for tea," said the lawyer conversationally. A silence.

The door opened and the servant brought a tray laden with old china and old silver. For two minutes he was pottering about behind the armchair, setting the things upon the table—two long, long, long minutes!

Radenham made a movement and wiped his face. He did not wipe it with the silk handkerchief which someone had stuck in his breast pocket, but with the back of his hand.

His hand, ungloved now and raised under the light of the nearest lamp, was dreadful.

The lawyer suddenly took a silver dish from the servant. "That's all."

The footman left the room with another look at Radenham.

The lawyer bent and put the muffin dish himself on the little trivet before the fire.

"With your permission, Lord Radenham. I'm a regular old woman at tea making."

The lawyer poured out tea. He put a cup on the thick arm of the easy chair and a tiny plate beside it. He handed bread and butter and muffins and held them until Radenham helped himself to something.

The lawyer drew a chair up to the table, turned his back on Radenham and drank his own tea. He had a very small, very fogged and dim ideal—and it was right.

"And now, Lord Radenham," said the lawyer, "after that refreshing cup of tea perhaps I may put before you the two or three matters which are imminently necessary. Shall we smoke?"

"Smoke?" said Radenham in a queerly unmodulated voice, which startled the other profoundly.

It was Radenham's first word to him.

The lawyer got up, found the cigarette box and handed it, open.

Radenham peered in.

"Of course," thought the lawyer, "he's never formed the cigarette habit. Fifteen years! Really brings home to one what a very sad thing ——"

"You'd rather have a cigar or your pipe, Lord Radenham?"

"My pipe?" said Radenham hesitatingly. "My pipe?" he said.

And suddenly his eyes were drenched in tears.

Quite naturally, unashamed, as one who has wept daily and wept nightly, he raised his dreadful hand and wiped the tears away. He sighed very heavily. His lip drooped.

"Of course! Of course," the lawyer thought, really very shocked, "they take their pipes away. He hasn't a pipe. Lighted matches couldn't possibly—still——"

With a suave air he replaced the cigarette box and found cigars. He pressed one on Radenham, cut it for him, held the light, took one himself.

"And now," he began again.

Settling himself into the opposite chair, he went on: "During our conversation in the governor's room this morning I really had time to tell you very little, except just the fact that you had stepped, through the almost simultaneous deaths of Lord Radenham and his heir—his nephew and your cousin, the Hon. Brian Cleve—into a—er—really vast inheritance and—er—accruing vast responsibilities. Lord Radenham died yesterday without knowing that two hours before Mr. Cleve had met his death in a motoring accident.

"I was, of course, aware that—er—you became a free man this morning; and I considered it my duty to the family to meet you immediately with the news and to bring you such—er—details of personal comfort as I could, on the spur of the moment."

The lawyer's glance fleeted over Radenham's ready-made clothes. The entirely one-sided conversation in the governor's room at the prison was fresh in his mind. It had impressed him quite horribly—that talk in which only he and the governor participated, Radenham mute as a slug—as patient, as stupid.

"You are, of course, unaware," he went on, "of the—er—philanthropic activities of the late earl. Some twelve years ago he founded a home run on the most modern and sympathetic lines for the incorrigible sons of criminal parents; that is to say, boys of criminal tendencies and of criminal parentage are received, taught, trained, made to play games and so on—a very noble work.

"This home was not endowed by the late earl. He paid its expenses monthly by personal checks. Indeed all his interest in it was most kindly and quite personal. Really it is to be hoped that in the interests of the community—in fact we may say of the country at large, for the home accommodates five hundred boys—you will see fit to continue this public-spirited work.

"My immediate point is that—er—the check for the extra Christmas expenses for the home, as well as for the ordinary expenses, is actually due at this moment and I hope you will—er—at any rate authorize me ——"

The lawyer paused to look inquiringly at Lord Radenham sitting erect in the easy chair. He wished the man would relax, lie back, look comfortable and human. Through the slight blue haze of the cigar smoke he met Radenham's bleak and unanswering eyes. The lawyer considered the ash on his cigar. "The boys usually have a fine Christmas dinner, with games and oranges and presents and—er—nigger troupes and so on," said he, his head a little on one side and smiling robustly.

Lord Radenham continued to look at him. Slowly his forehead corrugated until he appeared actually to be thinking. Seizing on this sign of intelligence, the lawyer continued:

"There are one or two—er—institutions of sport, pleasure, or charity—er—such as the local football club, the Christmas entertainments, the—er—annual gifts to the workhouse—all dealt with by the late earl on a munificent scale. These I have been asked to mention to you so soon after your arrival owing to the exigencies of the—er—season. Christmas is upon us. However, if you would care for me just to inform your agent and trades people, these smaller matters can be attended to without your personal trouble. There remains a more delicate and serious problem—the problem of Mrs. Cleve, your late cousin's widow. A sad position!"

The lawyer mellowed into a delicate sympathy.

"Owing to various catastrophes," said he, "the personal income of Mr. and Mrs. Cleve—derived from certain family sources—had been depleted to a mere nothing. They were, however, naturally in receipt of a most generous allowance from the late earl. Under the melancholy circumstances I should be most glad to be enabled to go to Mrs. Cleve and tell her at once that you see fit to continue a—er—suitable allowance. She is living near you at the Dower House. There are, of course, no children, as you may know."

Still sitting upright, Radenham looked at the lawyer. His forehead corrugated in a painful effort at lucid thought.

"Dazed," said the lawyer to himself. "Can't concentrate. I dare say you have—er—been in receipt of a certain amount of family news?"

"No," said Lord Radenham.

The lawyer glanced at the bundle of letters.

"A limited amount of correspondence, I understand, is permitted," he suggested feelingly.

"Yes," said Lord Radenham.

The lawyer looked at the bundle of letters.

"These ——" said Lord Radenham. Then he halted, groping about in his mind. "I cannot find words very easily," he said. But after a vague struggle he went on: "After a while—there was a letter once a month. The governor—of course he opens it," he said meekly.

The lawyer did not reply.

"An anonymous letter once a month," said Lord Radenham, "from a—from a prisoner's help society. The writer said so. Not much in the letters, but then—they came from outside, you understand."

"I understand," the lawyer replied hurriedly.

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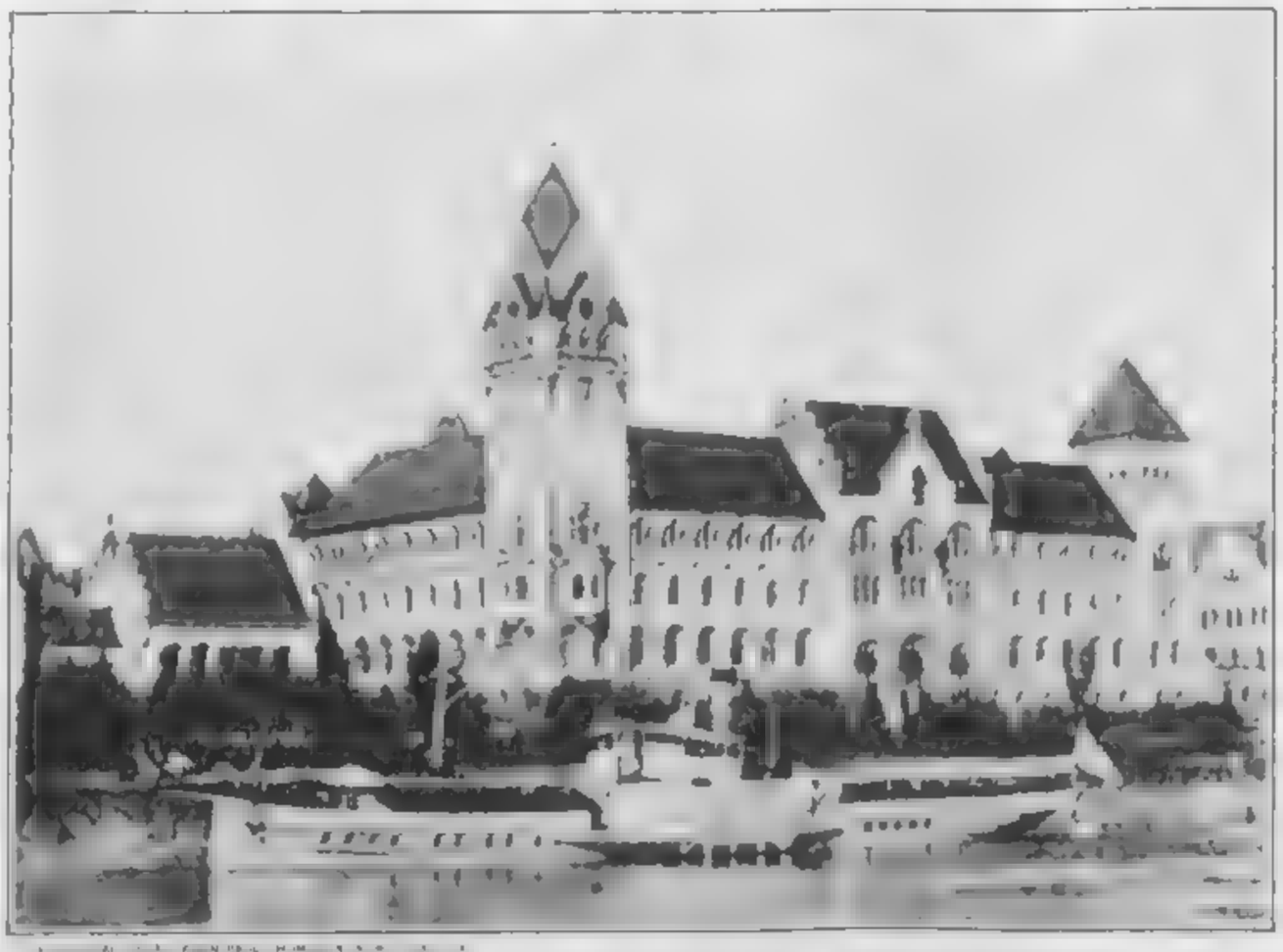
"If Someone Had Loved Me One Minute in All These Fifteen Years I Would Save These Five Hundred"

Allied Penetration in Germany

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



Major General Dickman's 3d Army Flagship Moored Before Headquarters on the Rhine at Coblenz

WHEN you step out of the main railway station in Cologne, the headquarters of the British Army on the Rhine, you are confronted by a signboard bearing this inscription: "Commercial travelers can obtain commercial information from the Military Governor's Bureau at 41–45 Am Hof, First Floor." Go to the bureau and you find it buzzing with British salesmen after German trade.

Journey along the Rhine to Mainz, which flies the flag of the commanding general of the French Army of Occupation, and you discover a highly organized economic section attached to the military forces, which supplies useful and profitable data to the salesmen who arrive each week.

Stop at Coblenz, where the Stars and Stripes float so proudly over the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and the commercial scout is a rarity. The few American business men who trickle in from Paris are obliged to proceed Berlinward by way of Cologne, where rigid passport regulations require them to disclose all their plans.

As I watched the scramble for German business I could not help thinking of a certain June back in the early years of the war when I saw the famous economic conference in Paris. It was a distinguished gathering of Allied statesmen who talked eloquently about a subject concerning which they had little practical knowledge or experience. They projected after-the-war trade in terms of nations and pledged themselves to present a united front. They ordained tariff discriminations, boycotts—indeed every weapon that can be hurled at a commercial foe. Impressive and high-sounding resolutions were adopted. "Self-sufficiency" was the keynote; "No trade with Germany," the slogan. Leagues sprang up in England and France to perpetuate this battle cry framed for peace.

There were two serious flaws in that whole Paris procedure. One was that most of the participants in those memorable proceedings were not business men. The other was that despite the resolutions countries do not do business together. Individuals make trade possible. The sum of their transactions is the total trade of a nation. In the last analysis propinquity and the pocketbook are the uncompromising dictators of economic relations.

The Problem

THE Paris economic conference dealt with a magnificent theory. The needs and the acute self-interest of these present crowded hours are harsh realities. That is why the British and the French manufacturer and merchandiser—in time their American colleague must follow in their wake—are working to get their hooks into Teutonic business.

The problem just now is not so much what Germany can sell as what she can buy. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways. If some of the anxiety and concern expressed about the German recovery in the shape of a flood of German-made goods were concentrated on giving her a dose of her own medicine we should be much farther advanced on the road to reconstruction. England and France recognize this fact, but apparently America is suffering from economic shortsightedness.

What, then, is the status of the Allied penetration in Germany?

In the answer lies a revelation of what must at first glance strike the average reader as a cold and sordid performance. Yet speaking dispassionately the resumption of commercial relations with Germany is an essential step in world stabilization, and if anything ever needed stabilizing it is this strike-mad, disorganized, unsettled world of ours.

Any analysis of the Teutonic capacity to buy leads to the institution upon which much of the commercial integrity of Europe depends. I mean, of course, the German strong box. On the ability of the beaten and discredited Fatherland to fulfill her obligations hang hope and fear. No query is more potent than the one embodied in the words, "Can Germany pay?" Her solvency spells an economic security not confined to her own domain.

Perhaps the best way to appraise the Allied trade offensive in Germany is to take it up in terms of occupied areas. The old adage was "The Constitution follows the flag." Today, certainly so far as the business situation in Germany is concerned, the sample case trails in the wake of the conquering banner.

If you had watched the mighty industrial evolution in England during the war you would not be surprised at the swiftness with which her trade outposts were set up the moment the Armistice was signed. If the British nation realized one thing above all others during these last years of travail and eruption it was her one-time dependence upon Germany for many things. Thirty-five years ago England was one of the workshops of the world. Her steel, her textiles, her cutlery led all the rest. She became prosperous, and like many individuals who become successful she grew careless.

England's Lost Manufactures

SHE manifested this carelessness in the ease with which she permitted the assimilative German to take root in her midst. Consumed with ambition, shrinking from no service however menial, and determined to have the proverbial place in the spotlight, the German himself made an unobtrusive cog in the British production machine. He served his apprenticeship in British mills; took away with him the secrets of British art, craft and science, which included among other things the nucleus of the world's dye industry. At home the German had cheap labor and the will to work. He began to make "British" goods, and they looked so much like the real thing that they were accepted everywhere as such.

This not only put a considerable dent in British trade but it deepened the sloth that now began to fall upon the whole British output. It became cheaper and easier for the Englishman to have his goods made in Germany than in England. Moreover, this state of mind sterilized ambition. When it came to a question of competition in the international markets the sport-loving Briton, whose Friday-to-Tuesday week-end holiday was far more important than a business trip to Hamburg or Lyons, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let the Germans go in."

Cologne From Across the River

When the war broke England sat up and took some notice of her position in such essentials as dyestuffs, lenses, optical instruments and magnetos. She woke with a bang, and her eyes have been wide open ever since. Like the man who has been badly duped she said to herself, "Never again!" To-day the whole empire is bound with bonds of blood and a common sacrifice whose heroism is written from Gallipoli to the Somme. Imperial self-sufficiency is now the full brother to imperial preference.

England turned to the business battles of peace with a chip on her shoulder, determined to carry the fight straight into the heart of the enemy country. She looks upon German trade as a business proposition, and she argues that if she does not grab it someone else will. Now you can understand why there is a British chamber of commerce in Cologne, and why you can find a circular, in German, advertising Sheffield steel in nearly every industrial town in Germany.

England entered upon reconstruction better equipped than any of her rivals. Trade knowledge is power and she dripped with this knowledge. Let me emphasize here what I frequently predicted in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the war—that Britain would emerge from the conflict reborn industrially—a whole new force in the international-business game. Such is her position to-day.

If you want a convincing and really historic evidence of Britain's change with regard to the once despised thing called trade I have only to say that British commercial travelers and other representatives of business houses are now permitted to have passage abroad on every British warship leaving the country. This epoch-making step, which would make some departed Sea Lords turn in their graves, is not only—to quote a British cabinet minister—"a move unique in the history of the empire" but it shows that the mother country is determined to build up her commerce.

The Economic Section

THE moment the British armies camped on the Rhine an economic section under the direct control of the military governor was established. Its chiefs and all their subordinates wear khaki. They are the so-called temporary officers, who correspond to the reserve officers in the American Army in that they are all men, many beyond military age, who unselfishly and patriotically left their desks, laboratories or schoolrooms to do their share in winning the war. Their task only began anew with the end of hostilities, because it was just as important for England to win the bloodless struggle for trade as it was to come out victorious in the sanguinary conflicts of the battlefield.

This economic section has a tremendous significance in that it shows that England is linking the government and business. One reason why the German empire that was marched so triumphantly to its conquest of the universe of trade was that the imperial government stood squarely behind its business men. Instead of impeding them, as was the favorite national sport in America for years, it encouraged and subsidized them in every way. It is a form of paternalism both progressive and profitable.

F. W. King, Acting President, American Association of Commerce and Trade

The functions of the economic section of the British Army have been twofold: One was to make an appraisal of Germany's resources, natural and developed, in their relation to any further military effort; the other was to aid the British manufacturer and his salesman. The first operation was a part of the army program and had practically ceased by the time the Versailles conference broke up. The second, however, is a going concern and getting stronger every day. It is with its activities that we are concerned. How do they work? Let us take the concrete example of an English commercial traveler who arrives in Cologne seeking German orders. At the station he receives a yellow slip on which is printed a map showing the location of the leading hotel—the military governor's bureau of commerce and information, as it is called—and the mercantile inquiry office, which is conducted by the Cologne town administration.

The British Army always does its job thoroughly, as you will now see in the arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the visiting salesmen. In the suite of rooms in the Dom Hotel, dear to Cologne sojourners of other days, is the military governor's reception officer, who assigns our friend to billet and rations. Every British commercial traveler must register, and then becomes for the time being a civilian part of the army.

The bureau of commerce and information is not far away. Even if the visiting trade emissary has no sense of direction he has many willing guides, for the reason that Cologne is policed by British Tommies. Arriving at the bureau he finds himself in a two-story brick building, one of many commandeered by the army. Half the lower floor is given up to a large reception room and outer offices, where all possible data about German needs are assembled. Rooms are assigned to the French, Belgian and American governments, but they have small part in the trade play. To use the army phrase, it is a British show. It is assumed that the visitor has something definite to sell or wants to buy. In either case he is required to fill out a blank on which he writes his name, his Cologne address, his firm name, his requirements. There is also a space for firms recommended. If he is a leather manufacturer he is at once given the names of all German leather concerns needing the material. If on the other hand he is in the market for leather he is handed a list of firms, local and otherwise, who can supply his wants.

PHOTO: BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hohestrasse, Cologne

"How are the names of these German firms secured?" you may ask. The answer is easy. Shortly after they opened up shop in Cologne the British announced through the newspapers—in all occupied areas the press is under a strict military supervision—that all German concerns could file a statement of their needs as well as their resources in merchandise or material with the bureau. Those letters are all on file. In five minutes the British traveler can depart with the names of half a dozen or more firms with whom he could do business. There in a nutshell is the whole system.

Arthur E. Dunning, Secretary, American Association of Commerce and Trade in Berlin

At the bureau I was shown hundreds of letters from German tradesmen and manufacturers that were part of the office records. One German wrote: "I am greatly in need of furniture for my office. Can you put me in touch with a reliable British house?" The next day a British furniture salesman arrived, and this man's need was at once supplied. I have given a very elementary illustration as to how the scheme works.

The result is an almost constant stream of British salesmen flowing in and out of the bureau of commerce and information. They not only supply merchants and manufacturers in Cologne but throughout the whole British area, which is considerable.

The bureau of commerce and information represents only one aid to British business in Germany. Over in the Hohestrasse, the Broadway of Cologne, you will find a well-equipped British chamber of commerce in Germany, as it is officially called. It is affiliated with the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom.

England's Trade Experts

THIS organization does two specific things: The first is to secure every possible German order for British concerns; the second is to expedite the movement of merchandise in and out of Germany.

In the personnel of the chamber you get a hint of just how England proposes to run her foreign trade henceforth. Practically every member of the staff lived or worked in Germany before the war. One of the secretaries with whom I conversed was caught at Düsseldorf in August, 1914, and interned at Ruhleben for the entire duration of hostilities. Men of this type know the German game backward and will prove to be invaluable business getters.

In this same connection it is worth mentioning that hereafter England will employ no more German consuls. One reason why British as well as American foreign trade suffered before the war was that the governments permitted Germans to act as consular or trade agents. Their first interest was for their own nationality. They were part and parcel of the whole world-wide German penetration scheme. Eliminate them and you remove a serious obstacle to overseas expansion.

Closely allied with the British chamber of commerce in Germany will be the clearing house for Anglo-German trade, which was in process of organization when I visited Cologne. The idea was first suggested by the delegations from the Department of Overseas Trade of the Board of Trade, the Federation of British Industries and the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, who visited the occupied area last summer to investigate the trade outlook.

The clearing house is the natural result of the abnormal conditions that prevail in Germany. The high cost of production in the United Kingdom and the low value of the mark create a situation which offers a very tempting opportunity to other nations to snatch from Great Britain part of her export trade by purchasing cheap German-made goods and sending them to foreign markets in which British merchandise is not available. Hence the argument is made that it is better for British trade to use German

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RED FOAM

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Noah Latimer Stumbled Over Something Across the Walk. He Lighted a Match and Stooped Over

THE little hill town was so quiet that one could hear the wind rustling the leaves of the cottonwood trees in front of the Travelers' Inn four blocks up Main Street. And Arnold Driscoll as he came from the post office and went down the walk with a bunch of letters in his left hand seemed a part of the stillness—a tall, straight man with brown hair, and grave eyes with a touch of violet in them. In the two blocks he passed within speaking distance of five men, and only one of them nodded to him. But Driscoll was unaware of any slight; he was even unaware that he was the most unpopular man in town.

In the drug store across the street Noah Latimer and the druggist played checkers while three loafers watched the game. "There goes Final Doom," remarked Noah, glancing across the street at the same time that he jumped three of his opponent's men.

"Who do you mean?" asked the druggist.

"Driscoll," said Noah, reaching for a black checker to crown a newly made king. "He always reminds me of the Day of Doom. He ain't got no more expression than an Egyptian mummy—nor feeling neither."

"Did he ever look at you?" asked one of the bystanders, who worked—occasionally—at the Driscoll quarries.

But Noah failed to reply. The druggist had got him into a corner, and his mind was fully occupied. In a moment, however, after extricating himself by sacrificing two men for one, he remarked: "This here Driscoll has to work so hard it has soured him on the world. They say he goes down to the quarries nearly every morning and stays a whole half hour; then he is downtown to his office about an hour in the afternoon. No man can put in a whole hour and a half every day of hard labor, sittin' on a chair with only one cushion in it, without feelin' the strain."

The rest laughed, all but the bystander, who remembered one of those half-hour visits down to the quarry.

Noah straightened up and yawned. He had beaten the druggist after all.

"Guess I'll quit. Want to go down to the garage and see the stage come in. They are lookin' for Andy Freeman in to-day. There is a man for you! If there ever was a prince Andy is one. Makes as much money as the next one, but there ain't nothing stuck up about Andy. Did you hear that one that Andy told about the widow and the man with a one-eyed mule?"

Buckeye Bridge looked out south on a winding little river whose banks were lined with trees; and north of the town the wooded Ozark hills rose in a semicircle. On Saturdays in the busy season, during court week, spring and fall, or in the heat of a presidential election, the little town took on some movement and color. But most of the time it sat in brooding stillness—waiting. In the spring it waited for planting to be over; in the summer it waited for the rush of harvest to pass; and in fall it waited for the farmers to do their winter trading. But all the year it waited from week to week for the coming of Andy Freeman.

Freeman was the traveling representative of the Norman Farm Machinery Company. He made Buckeye Bridge twice a month during the winter, and every week during the farming season. He was a big blond man with light curly hair, large blue eyes, and a complexion as pink as a baby's. He was a hearty eater and a great laugher, and if ever an outsider owned a town Andy Freeman owned Buckeye Bridge. Andy was just getting out of the stage when Noah Latimer arrived at the garage.

"Hello there, you cockeyed beer-guzzling pie eater," Freeman hailed roughly, and Noah grinned on the bystanders with vast pride at this familiarity.

"Say"—Andy turned from instructing the driver where to leave his heaviest grips, and put one arm over Noah's shoulder and the other over the garage man's—"have you fellows heard the story about ——"

Almost magically the circle of listeners was filled, and four or five heads were stuck over their shoulders so as not to miss a word.

There was a slapping of backs and loud guffaws, Andy's the loudest of all, as the story ended, and Freeman broke loose from the circle and started up the street. In three blocks he shook hands five times, struck three other men resounding whacks on the shoulder, and called and waved to half a dozen on the other side of the street.

That evening at the Travelers' Inn while Andy was waiting a second order of pork chops the landlady left the dining room to attend a ringing telephone in the hall.

"Mr. Freeman"—she stuck her head in at the door—"you are wanted on the phone. It's"—she grinned banteringly—"some female."

"Oh, go on." He pushed her into the dining room in playfulness and shut the door.

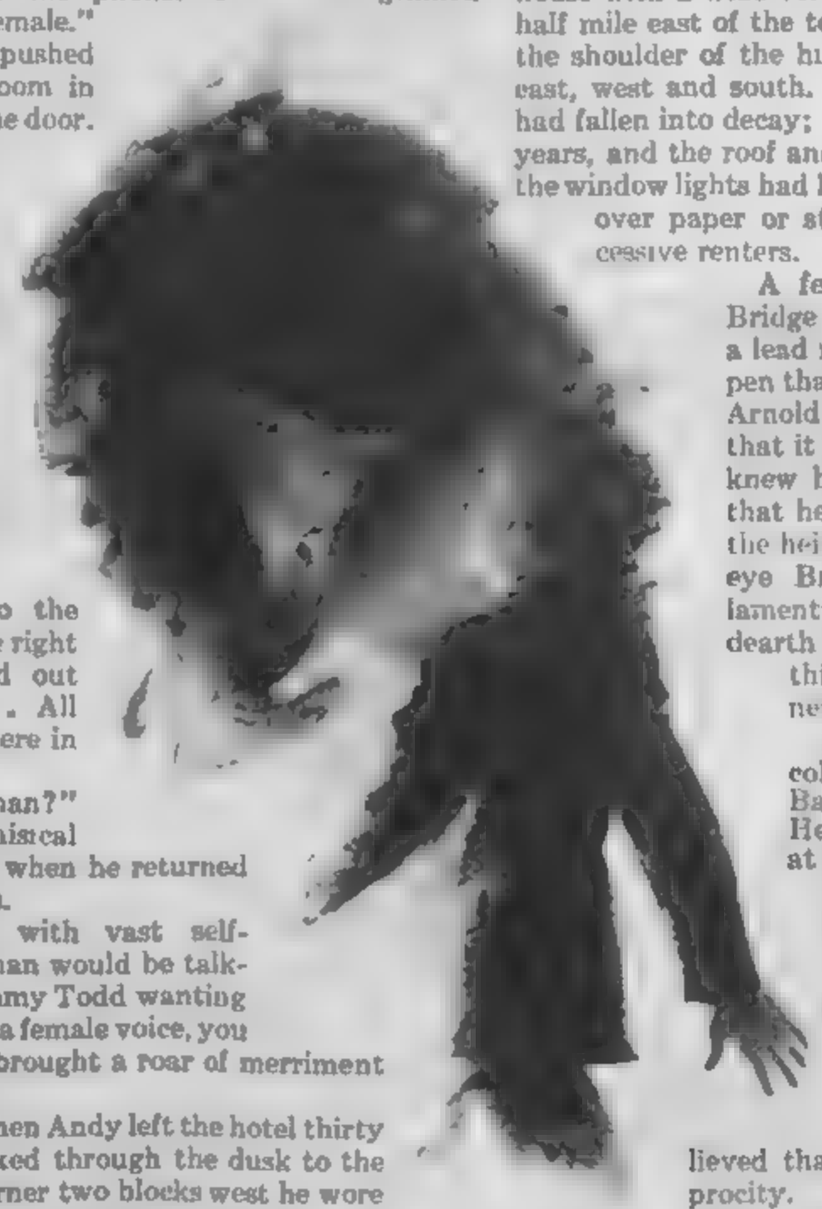
"Hello, sister." He had instantly recognized the voice; it was Johnny Murphy, the sweet little Christian wife of the owner of the pool hall.

"Auction off a cake at the church social to-morrow night? Sure I will. Is it your cake? I'll bet it's sweet all right, all right. Bid it in myself. Hadn't I better drop round to the church for a little while right after supper and find out what I'm to do? . . . All right, I'll meet you there in half an hour."

"Nowwasn'titawoman?" bantered the lackadaisical landlady with a smirk when he returned to his fresh pork chops.

"No," said Andy with vast self-depreciation; "no woman would be talking to me. It was Jimmy Todd wanting a plow. Jimmy has got a female voice, you know." Andy's wink brought a roar of merriment from the whole table.

But, nevertheless, when Andy left the hotel thirty minutes later and walked through the dusk to the brick church on the corner two blocks west he wore a new white tie and had a freshly scented handkerchief sticking from his side coat pocket.



"Mob!" Gasped Mollie. "They're Forming a Mob. Don't You Hear Them?"

II

DRISCOLL remained in his office until nearly five. Usually, as Noah Latimer had said, he spent only about an hour during the afternoon at his desk. But to-day there was an unusual amount of mail to attend to.

"That is all." He had finished dictating a reply to the last letter on his desk, risen and reached for his hat.

His stenographer, a young man he had brought with him from beyond the physical and mental confines of Buckeye Bridge, looked up from his notebook and asked amusedly: "Going to the church to-night, Mr. Driscoll?"

"No." Driscoll's expression was indifferent, but his eyes met the young man's and inquired the reason for the question.

"Church social, you know," informed the young man. "Be a lot of fun. Andy Freeman is to auction off a cake, and they say he is as good as a side show."

Driscoll put on his hat and went out of the door gravely, without any comment. He took the road that turned east from Main Street and led up the shoulder of the hill to the old Banning place. Banning, a Southern planter who had pioneered in the Ozarks, had owned three hundred acres up and down the river, and had built a big two-story frame house with a wide veranda and tall pillars on the road a half mile east of the town. It was set high enough upon the shoulder of the hill to command a magnificent view east, west and south. After Banning's death the house had fallen into decay; it had not been painted for twenty years, and the roof and pillars were rotting, and many of the window lights had been broken and covered by pasted-over paper or stuffed with wads of cloth by successive renters.

A few months before, while Buckeye Bridge still waited for a railroad, a factory, a lead mine, an oil well—anything to happen that would bring an industrial boom—Arnold Driscoll had come, but so quietly that it was a month before the town even knew his name. Then it became known that he had bought the Banning place of the heirs; and a few weeks later the Buckeye Bridge Sentinel, which was always lamenting under double headings the dearth of enterprise in our fair city, had this paragraph in the column of local news:

It is rumored that Mr. Arnold Driscoll, who recently purchased the old Banning place, will remodel the house. He also plans to open a stone quarry at the bluff north of Spring River.

The fact of the matter is that when this appeared the house was almost remodeled, and fifty men were working at the stone quarry. But Driscoll had not subscribed for anything in Buckeye Bridge, not even the Sentinel, and the editor of that worthy sheet believed that news is purely a matter of reciprocity. In justice to Mr. Driscoll it should be mentioned that he also had failed to ask Buckeye Bridge for any sort of subscription to his own enterprises.

As Driscoll climbed the hill to his house he was the only figure on the road. There was only one house between the fringe of town and the Banning place, a fairly new six-room

bungalow which some ill-advised tourist had built quite near the big house on the hill—built for the view and abandoned a few months later for more solid reasons. It was still unoccupied.

Driscoll seemed wrapped in a deeper stillness than usual as he entered the front door of his big old house and climbed the stairs.

The lower part of the house he had left almost untouched; but on the second floor he had remodeled a large south room, making the two outer walls toward the view mostly glass, the two inner ones mostly bookshelves. There were soft rugs on the floor, two big leather chairs, an old mahogany table and a fireplace. Opening from this large room were a sleeping chamber and a sunny breakfast room. Driscoll lived alone in the big house, save for Aunt Clarissa, a negro mammy seventy years old, who cooked and kept house for him. This situation had been gravely discussed by a number of worthy women in Buckeye Bridge, and it was the consensus of opinion that it was not seemly. Several of these worthy censors had spoken to Aunt Clarissa about it—spoken plainly. It really was not right for any woman, no matter what her age, to live alone in a house with a man. But Aunt Clarissa had merely cackled and declared that she never had paid no 'tention to white folks' foolishness, and she was too old to begin now.

It was a warm October evening and Driscoll sat leaning back in a big chair in front of his open south windows. The sun still touched the wide fringe of trees along the river below, and threw into a revel of color a million autumn leaves. Scarcely without stirring he watched the dusk gather along the river and the light vanish from the hills beyond. The bell in the brick church began ringing musically out over the stillness of the valley and hills. The fixed tensity in his face relaxed, he smiled a slow dry smile, got up, changed his coat, put on his hat and went out.

III

A COUNTRY town is a weird mixture of credulity and distrust, of sympathy for physical sickness and cruelty for mental suffering; of patriotism and tax dodging, of model citizens and character assassins; of religion and obscenity.

Buckeye Bridge boasted four churches; but the brick church with the belfry two blocks west of the Travelers' Inn was so eminently in the lead that it looked on the straggling others as religious pariahs who meant well but had not got inside the gate.

The social was at the brick church with the belfry, and the main room was almost filled by eight o'clock, for word had passed swiftly that Andy Freeman was to pull off something.

There were two men in the audience whom no one in Buckeye Bridge had ever seen in a church before: Arnold Driscoll, sitting in the extreme back seat at the right of the door, and Matt Murphy, in the extreme back seat at the left of the door. That Arnold Driscoll, a man of seemingly steady habits, should stay in the town for months and not once go to church was one large element of his unpopularity. It could mean only one of two things: either he was an infidel or was cherishing some deep, dark, secret sin. As for Murphy, it could be explained. There was a perpetual war on between the church and Matt's pool hall, which was counted the one last stand of evil and idleness in the town. That Matt was an open enemy of the church made the active devotion of Johnny, his wife, all the more conspicuous. She was a thin little thing with black eyes and a piquant face, and her activity in the cause together with the lost state of her husband made much sympathy for her.

There was a short program of music and recitation, which the audience aloughed off as soon as possible. The main business of the evening was to get to Andy Freeman and the cake, and the refreshments that were to follow.

The Ladies' Aid had held a cake-baking contest and the first prize had gone to Johnny Murphy. Her cake was to be auctioned off first, to set a standard of prices for the rest.

When Andy Freeman rose, big, blond and smiling, there was an outburst of applause. The brick church being so preeminently in the lead could allow itself a little latitude in the way of worldly expression.

Andy ran his fingers through his light curly hair, and stood slowly batting his lashes; tears, real tears, showed in the corners of his eyes, and his voice was low pitched and husky.

"Friends, you don't know how it moves a rough-neck sinner like me to be shown such friendliness by you good people. A traveling man's life is a hard life; and I've done lots of things I'm ashamed of, but thank God I've never lost respect for good Christian people. It's people like you that keep the world from going to the devil.

The Sheriff Shook His Head Regretfully. "Looks Bad, Driscoll. I'll Have to Take You Both"

"And thank the Lord for good women. Us men are all sinners—ain't that right, boys?" He winked at the back rows, and the men laughed appreciatively, proud of the accusation. "But when we go wrong there's always some dear little woman to lead us back to the straight and narrow.

"That's what makes a traveling man's life so hard—being away from home so much—and there ain't no place like home. It's what makes our country the greatest and grandest nation on earth—the homes. And no matter where I go nor how many wrong things I do, I always know there is a dear little woman waiting at home to greet me with a smile and a 'God bless you, Andy!' I tell you she's a peach, that little woman is, and no man is going to go far astray with a wife like her.

"But now we got to sell these cakes. That reminds me of the story ——"

Then Andy became very amusing. He kept the crowd in an uproar of mirth. He knew all the stories in all the drummers' joke books, and even at times told some too new for publication.

He had a merry time auctioning off Johnny's cake. He made a speech about the fairy hands that had made it; he openly winked at Johnny, and passed some familiar badinage with her as to what she had put in the cake.

And he sold it for seventeen and a half dollars!

During the speech Matt Murphy, at the left of the door, had listened closely, laughed occasionally. During the sale of the cake he leaned forward, sort of humped over, and looked down at his shoes under the seat.

Arnold Driscoll, across the aisle at the right of the door, had sat through it all gravely attentive, but with no trace of amusement or other emotion on his face. Yet his peculiar violet eyes never left Andy Freeman.

When the last cake was sold and the proceeds announced—one hundred and forty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents, an unheard-of amount for a Ladies' Aid social—there was wild clapping of hands. The clapping continued until Andy leaned on the pulpit and lifted a large, fleshly soft, right hand for silence.

"My friends"—there was emotion in his tone again—"now we've all had our laugh and our good time, but let's don't forget where we are. This is the house of God.

"And let me thank you one and all for your most friendly greetings to me. I have an announcement for you, which I hope will give you as much pleasure as it does me.

"I spoke to you of that dear little woman at home"—someone in the back of the church noticed Arnold Driscoll stir for the first time, and lean forward and lay a long white hand on the back of the seat in front—"well, I'm going to bring her to Buckeye Bridge to live. I've picked this town as our home just because there are so many of you good people here; it's the sort of a place any man wants to have his family in."

There was very enthusiastic applause as he paused a moment.

"I've leased," went on Andy, "that purty little bungalow up on the road east of town; and when we move in I hope all you ladies will call on the missis."

Matt Murphy had lifted his head, and looked relieved. But Arnold Driscoll rose and slipped out so quietly that he was scarcely noticed.

IV

THERE were people in Buckeye Bridge who liked Arnold Driscoll. His stenographer liked him, and so did the foreman of the quarries. The sheriff had a good word for him, and the banker declared he was all right. But his staunchest supporter was Tom Shannon, the town's leading lawyer and the county attorney; and Tom was the best judge of human nature—even that sort that gets on juries—in the county.

Yet, as Noah Latimer explained to the druggist while he deliberated between a center rush and a flank attack on the checkerboard, there was a reason. Of course old Dodson would like the devil if he kept a deposit in his bank with three 0's tied to its tail; and the sheriff's son was timekeeper at the quarry; and Final Doom had given Shannon a lot of work first and last, making out papers and seeing to titles and the like. Of course Shannon was a purty good judge of men, but he wasn't at all particular. Tom was right fond of several men that he'd sent to the pen for hoss stealin'.

But regardless of whether the town liked Arnold Driscoll or not, he grew more and more into their consciousness. Almost daily more men were added to the fifty already at work in the quarry. Practically every man who applied was given a job, and at wages that astonished him into dreams of flivvers and fancy shotguns. Moreover, a constantly growing stream of motor trucks and six-mule teams, with machinery from the railroad eighteen miles away, passing through the main street of Buckeye Bridge on the way to

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THAT VILLAIN HER FATHER

By LEONARD MERRICK

HENRI VAUQUELIN was a widower with one daughter, to whom he had denied nothing from the time she used to whimper for his watch and drop it on the floor. So after she left the convent, where she had been educated, and told him how much she was missing her friend Georgette he said gayly, "*Mais, ma petite,* invite mademoiselle—whatever her name may be—to come to Paris and stay with us for a month."

His gayety was a trifle forced, however. Though he was happy to give his daughter a companion, he was pained to learn that his own companionship hadn't been enough.

"For I have done all I could," he mused. "The fact is that though I feel fairly young, I am not. That's what's the trouble. To a girl of twenty-one a father of forty-five is an ancient for the chimney corner. I must see about finding her a husband—I shall have a talk to Madame Duvivier about her son the first time I am in the neighborhood."

And after Blanche had flung her arms round his neck and darted forth to send the invitation to her friend he surveyed his reflection in a glass and noted that his mustache was grayer than he had thought.

When the indispensable Georgette arrived in a costume that became her admirably and sat at dinner in a dress that became her more admirably still, replying to him with composure and point, he was surprised at the girls' attraction for each other—and his surprise did not diminish as the days passed. Though not actually more than two or three years older than Blanche, Mademoiselle Paumelle was in tone much older. Blanche was an ingénue; Georgette was a woman—except in moments when she romped like a schoolgirl, all spontaneity and high spirits.

"She is a queer compound, your chum," he remarked when she had been with them for a fortnight. "Alternately thirty and thirteen!"

"You don't like her, papa?"

"Oh, yes, she is well enough, and not bad looking. I am relieved she did not turn out to be ugly—that would have depressed me. But it is a trifle confusing to be uncertain whether I am about to be addressed by a woman of the world or a madcap from a nursery."

"She used always to be a madcap till she lost her mother—you see, she is not very happy with her stepfather. It is that that has changed her so dreadfully."

"I find nothing dreadful about her," said Vauquelin a shade sharply. "On the contrary, it—I suppose some people might find it rather fascinating. I merely observe that she is different from any other girl that I have met. What's the matter with her stepfather?"

"She tells me he never stops talking."

"His topics must be pretty catholic. This *jeune fille* from the country appears to know more of politics, finance, society and sport than I who have lived in Paris forty-five years."

"How you do exaggerate, papa!" rippled Blanche reprovingly.

"At any rate, I do not exaggerate the years," deplored Vauquelin. "Well, if she is not happy at home, why not ask her to stay with us for two months? She is not in my way, you know."

But Mademoiselle Paumelle declared that it would be impossible for her to prolong her visit. Blanche reported this to him with wistful lips, and he said: "I'll see if I can persuade her—I will speak to her about it in the morning when you go to take your music lesson."

On the morrow—"Blanche tells me that she is greatly disappointed," he began. "She will miss you terribly when you leave us, mademoiselle. I wish you would think over your objection."

"It is infinitely kind of you, Monsieur Vauquelin. I fear that a month is the very most I can manage."

"Even to do us a service?"

"Ah, a service!" She smiled. "You will find plenty of people ready to do you such services."

"Not plenty of Mademoiselles Paumelle. I am in earnest. It is *triste* here for Blanche alone with me. I have done my best for her. I am not consciously selfish—I have sat at home when I wanted to go out and gone out when I wanted to stop at home. I have taken her to the Français and pretended to enjoy myself, though I could have wept with dullness, and the question of her clothes has absorbed me more than the affairs of France. But I am old. All my tenderness for her cannot alter that."

"Girls Quite Young Marry Men Much Older Than You"

"You do not seem old," said Mademoiselle Paumelle.

"Don't I?" said Vauquelin, regarding her gratefully. "Look how gray my mustache is getting. And yet, do you know, when we're all laughing together I feel as young as ever I was."

"Your manner is young. The face alters ages before the manner."

"I am forty-f—er—over forty and Blanche is twenty-one. What will you? I must get her married soon. It is my paramount desire. I rather fancy that Duvivier and she may not dislike each other—the gentleman you saw the other evening."

"She was doing her hair from seven o'clock to eight and he sighed when he handed her the lemonade."

"Your observation is invaluable. I must have a chat with his mother soon. It would be an excellent match. In the meantime she stands in need of the companionship and counsel of a young lady like you—she needs it most urgently. If your stepfather can spare you ——"

"Ah, my stepfather could spare me forever," she put in. "There are others to listen to him."

"And if you are not bored here ——"

"Bored! I am having the time of my life."

"*Eh bien.* Remain for two months, I beg. Be merciful to us. I need your advice myself. There is a matter that is harassing me. I cannot determine whether her new jumper tunic should be beaded, silk broidered or fringed."

"If it is telling on your health ——" Her eyes laughed into his.

"You yield?"

"I weakly wobble."

"There is further the consuming question of a simple evening dress—what it should be made of."

"I succumb. Tulle would be all right, or Georgette."

"It shall be Georgette—we shall not lose you so utterly when you go."

"Oh, you are—priceless!" she pealed.

Vauquelin reflected: "She has three sterling qualities, this girl—she is pretty, she is nice and she looks at me as if I were a young man."

During the next six weeks Vauquelin developed a zest for the Français that was astonishing. And not for the Français only, or for the Opera Comique and concerts and cinemas. Blanche had never applauded her papa so ardently. He would be seized with captivating whims for expeditions and picnics and moonlight runs in the car. His frolicsomeness passed belief.

Not till the six weeks were over and Madamoiselle Paumelle had departed bearing Blanche with her did his spirits fall. And then there would have been no buyers. The middle-aged gentleman was plunged into melancholy, the worse to bear from the fact that he was conscious of being comic—trying to throw dust in his own eyes.

"It is frightful how I miss Blanche," he would soliloquize at the elegiac dinner table.

But the eyes were fixed sentimentally on the place that had been Georgette's. And as the date approached for Blanche to return and his heart sank before the necessity for resuming his capers, "It is clear," he told himself, "that the affection I entertained for that Georgette Paumelle was almost parental."

The fatherliness of his feelings for her, however, did not avert increased regrets at the graying mustache and he abandoned his shaving mirror, because it magnified the lines about his nose and mouth.

Blanche on his knee again had plenty to tell. She described the stepfather as a "trial," and his maiden sisters as "cats." She had enjoyed herself because Georgette and she had been together all day, but it must be hideous there for Georgette alone.

"She isn't going to stick it much longer. She is miserable with them."

"How distressing that is!" said Vauquelin. "To whom does she go?"

"Well, she has money of her own, you know—she can live where she likes."

"*Mais—comment donc?* She cannot live by herself—a *jeune fille, bien elevée!* What an idea! Her people would never sanction it."

"I think they would be rather glad to get rid of her," said Blanche, choosing a chocolate with deliberation.

"But—but it is monstrous! To live like a Bohemian, she! It is unheard-of, terrible. Is she out of her mind? Listen, *ma chérie,* if her plight upsets you so violently she can make her home with us."

"Ah, papa!" cried Blanche in ecstasy. "It is the very thing I thought of, but I was afraid it was too much to ask you."

"Now when did I ever refuse you anything?"

"But such an enormous favor!"

"Not at all, not at all. I shall adapt myself to the arrangement well enough."

"But, papa, it might get on your nerves in time."

"Not at all, not at all. There is my study for me to retire to—I shall not see more of her than I want to."

"You promise that?"

"I can swear it."

"Oh, it will be adorable! I only wonder if I am being selfish to let you do it."

"I insist," said Vauquelin with a noble gesture. "Say we entreat her to agree, that we shall be wounded if she declines. Say our flat is her home for as long as she will honor us—the longer the better. I will write a few lines to her too. Be tranquil, my sweet child; I do not sacrifice myself. Is it not my highest joy to indulge you?"

After many letters had been indited to her Mademoiselle Paumelle was prevailed upon to come; and after many remonstrances had been made to her she ceased to speak of going. But for the fact that her gifts to the girl were expensive it was as if she were a member of the family. Blanche was relieved to note that her papa was not driven to the seclusion of his study often—and never did he withdraw to it when Blanche was absent to take her music lesson. As he had predicted, Vauquelin adapted himself to the arrangement plastically. He approved it so much, especially the tête-à-tête during the music lessons, that when six months had flashed by he resented an incident which reminded him that it couldn't be permanent. A Monsieur Brigard, an old comrade, arrived to propose that Blanche should espouse Brigard's boy."

"My friend, I have other views for my daughter," replied Vauquelin firmly.

But the arrival dejected him, in the knowledge that when Blanche should marry Georgette would have to go.

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Dollar-a-Year Men on Politics

By ARTHUR BULLARD

DECORATION BY WILSON KARCHER

"WHAT! You decided to run for Congress?" The loud jeer drew my attention to the group before the club fireplace. "Yes." The reply came from a man named Thornton. "And so did a lot of us—at first. But running for Congress is playing the game according to the rules—and it's the rules we must change. We all learned that from our experience in Washington. We must change the rules of the game if we want an efficient Government."

Thornton had a right to use the word "efficient." I dropped my newspaper and drew into the circle to listen. Most of us had been doing some kind of war work, several were still in uniform, all were in the uneasy frame of mind so common these days, finding it difficult to catch again our pre-war stride.

Thornton was a typical dollar-a-year man. He had never been the director of a corporation. He had worked for big business as a technical expert and his very special skill had brought high retainers. I had never heard him discuss politics. I doubt if he had voted a dozen times in his life. But a strange wind had blown in the spring of 1917. It had torn most of us from our moorings. It had blown him down to Washington.

All the War Department could suggest for him was a uniform, some months in a training camp and eventual shoulder insignia. But at last he had found his own kind in the Council of National Defense and they had set him to work without the formality of changing his clothes. For the last few months grateful governments—our own included—had been pinning ribbons on him.

"Yes," he went on, "a good many of us decided that we'd run for Congress after the war. Bill shared that ambition." Bill, a successful mining engineer, nodded a sheepish assent.

"How about it, Atchinson? Didn't you, also, have that idea for a while?" But Atchinson was a corporation lawyer and waved his hand vaguely, refusing to commit himself. "Anyhow," Thornton went on, "that was the first reaction of most of us to what we saw in Washington.

"You see, we dollar-a-year men—as a class—had never paid any attention to politics. Most of us were experts in some line. Every profession was represented, all kinds of engineers, consulting advertisers, patent lawyers, college professors, crack salesmen—salaried men, high salaried, but we were the kind who earn our pay. There wasn't anything about politics in our technical journals. We'd never had any reason to think much about government. Of course if we stopped to think we knew there was some relation between business and politics, but the directors, the men higher up, attended to that."

Marvels of Inefficiency

"THEN the war suddenly made us pay attention. What we saw—when we looked—gave us a jolt. I remember a French expert I met. He said that he and his kind were up against the same thing at home and he had the right phrase for it. He said, 'The war has made me a citizen. I'd forgotten what republic means.' And he told me the Latin words, which I'd forgotten too—*res publica*, the public affairs. 'We French scientists,' he said, 'had neglected the public affairs. We had become alienated from our government, aliens in our own home. But the war has shown us our responsibilities. It has made us citizens again.'

"That's what happened to a lot of us down in Washington. We'd always been rather proud of being American citizens, but we'd never done anything to deserve the title. We'd let our citizenship lapse.

"We're all afraid of being called idealists—there's such a lot of flubdub about it. But I guess most of you have gone through the same thing. First, I discovered—what I'd never thought about before—that I liked this old country of ours, was proud of its successes, hurt by its failures, wanting it to be fine and clean and important—something a lot better than just being rich—and that I was willing to drop my regular job and work to make it so. And then I was surprised to find how many other fellows I knew and had never suspected of such feelings felt just as I did.

"We talked over what that Frenchman had said. Of course it isn't only in wartimes that a citizen should do his part. Because we—and a lot like us—had been altogether wrapped up in our private jobs, we'd neglected the public affairs and—believe me—they were in a bad way. I'd never dreamed that such crude inefficiency and waste as we found in the Government was possible. It was simply incredible."

"Come, come," the club optimist broke in, "that's too strong. Remember 'Ninety-eight and the scandals of that little war. Things have improved immensely."

"Sure, they have!" Thornton agreed. "We ran this war better than the row with Spain, because to a large extent we took it out of the hands of the regular Government and did the important things by emergency bodies of business men. I am not criticizing the conduct of this war, but the crazy, slipshod, old governmental methods which preceded the war—and threaten to follow. It's the normal peacetime, regular political organization that I'm gunning for.

"Here's a witness for my case." He beckoned to a newcomer. "I need your testimony, Cross. Tell these gentlemen the story of your arsenal."

But Cross thought he was being made sport of and wandered off dejectedly to where the barroom used to be.

"It's a typical story," Thornton said, "but Cross won't tell it. He's afraid people will think he's lying. He's a specialist on arranging the layout of machinery. When the war came along he got patriotic like the rest of us. They made him buy a suit of khaki and asked him to buck up one of their regular plants. He won't tell the real figures of how he pushed up the output. But it was dizzying. It was a wonderful achievement for him to double the output, triple it, multiply it by ten, but it proves the terrible inefficiency of the way it was run before he came along."

Cross wandered back from the deserted shrine and joined the group.

"It sounds like such a fairy story that Cross won't tell it—is a little ashamed of it—afraid it will ruin his professional reputation. The next corporation that hires him might expect him to duplicate the miracle."

"There wasn't any fairy business about it," Cross said modestly. "They had a good plant, the men in charge were good fellows, doing their best—they just somehow lacked the sense of organization and drive. A little advice from a practical man, used to big factories, started them right and things began to hum. A dozen other fellows could have done just what I did—a good many of them did just as well and better on other jobs."

"That's just my point," Thornton said triumphantly. "A lot of us are in the same embarrassing position. We jumped into government service during the war and found that the regular peacetime organization had been so hopelessly inefficient that when we installed ordinary business methods the results looked like magic. There's nothing left for us but suicide. Our next job is sure to be a failure. There's no hope of living up to reputations we made. We can't find such chances in private industry. That arsenal job was a cinch for Cross, but generally he had to work like a slave to increase a factory's output five per cent. Our ordinary industrial enterprises would bankrupt at once if they tolerated the kind of inefficiency which is normal in government work."

"Let me put in some testimony," Atchinson said.

"I was amazed at the way public funds were handled. Not graft, but the waste of inefficient methods. Large balances were held practically idle in government depositories, in private banks, in safes—held up in the routine of the bureaus—earning little or no interest. I have several instances in mind, but they might be explained away as in some way exceptional; and as I understand Mr. Thornton's argument he is interested in the unexceptional and normal. Well, there is a constant, steady loss to the Government—small in detail, but tremendous in the gross—which could be prevented by the simple speeding up in the handling of mail and money. Letters come in containing cash or checks, they are routed from desk to desk and much interest-earning time is lost before they are deposited. Much of this loss is caused by specific regulations which, whatever their good intent, entail delay. But more I think is due to the lack of any effort to develop speed. Routine means that a check for two dollars and a check for two millions take the same length of time to go a given distance.

"It was noticeable to me how in our organization the employees we had taken over from the Government were surprised at the way we handled money, the care we took to see that it did not get halted along the route. It seemed a brand new idea to them."

"How far would business men get with such methods?" Thornton demanded. "Cross and I and the other dollar-a-year men were used to working for corporations which were successful just because they took care of such details, just because they opened their letters quickly and rushed the money to the bank.

"These things have nothing to do with the conduct of the war. It's the peacetime phase of the Government I'm talking about. That job of Cross'—a lot of government money tied up in a plant, yielding way below the normal output of ordinary industry. The department employees—not taking an interest in the job, glad to move slowly, not hurrying unless there is a law that makes them hurry."

More Noise Than Power

"IT'S an amazing jumble, this governing machine of ours. Hardly any of the cogs fit, some are worn flat by friction and just buzz noisily. None of the power we put into it gets full use. The overhead charges and operating expenses are appalling. Men like me had not paid much attention to government, but in a subconscious way we had thought of it as a giant corporation, a hundred million shareholders, a congressional board of directors to determine policy and the executive offices located in Washington. When we found that in spite of its tremendous resources the company was passing its dividends every year, the natural thing to do seemed to be to get some good men on the board of directors, men used to corporation affairs, men who could reorganize the concern on a business basis—do the trick for the whole Government that friend Cross was doing on his job and the rest of us in other corners.

"It looked simple. Run for Congress and bring the business of government up to the corporation standard."

"Couldn't you find a better standard?" The interruption came from an inventor who had suffered at the hands of big business. "The political struggle of the last generation has been to free the Government from corporation control. The less politics copies such methods the better for honest men."

There was a murmur of approval from several of the circle. *(Continued on Page 100)*

HOT METAL

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE Stanley Kirk Furnace Company owned and operated four blast furnaces at Ferro Junction. Ferro Junction was situated a little less than ten miles south of Steelburg. In size it was a place of no great importance, but its shipping facilities, both rail and water, were excellent, and an enormous volume of freight flowed through its narrow confines every year. Besides the four blast furnaces, extensive railroad yards and shops were located there, and a number of warehouses. Connecting the Junction with Steelburg was a single-track stub line infrequently used, and then for freight hauling only.

As an iron-producing center Ferro Junction was older than Steelburg, for while Steelburg was yet a little farmers' town, long before it had given up its bucolic name of Groveland, dropped its countrified habits and turned its attention to things in iron and steel, there were two charcoal furnaces in operation at the Junction, drawing their fuel from the surrounding forests, working the near-by hills for their lean ore, finding their limestone in shallow quarries close at hand. But the forests were quickly burned up, the deposits of lean ore exhausted and then the charcoal furnaces disappeared. In their places rose up two huge furnaces—or so they were considered then—with capacities each of one hundred and fifty tons of iron a day, burning coke for fuel and smelting the new rich red ore that was flowing down from the Superior regions. But these two furnaces were in no great while outclassed and were replaced by larger furnaces and these in their turn by still larger—stacks of five hundred tons' capacity.

Old Kent Masterson had built and operated the two charcoal furnaces at Ferro Junction and they had made him wealthy. Kent Masterson, Jr., had built and operated the first two coke-burning stacks. Dunwood Masterson had built and in a half-hearted way for a while operated the second couple of these furnaces. But Stanley Kirk had erected the four great modern stacks that stood at Ferro Junction, casting their two thousand tons of iron every twenty-four hours, when Steelburg Mills began worrying about hot metal for its Open Hearth. And Stanley Kirk owned and operated them.

Stanley Kirk owned and operated the Ferro Junction group of furnaces because Dunwood Masterson had not taken kindly to the profession of his grandfather, old Kent Masterson, had shown no interest in the great business he had inherited from his father, had not cared to continue in that business. Shortly after coming into possession of his estate he had made Stanley Kirk, his furnace superintendent, a partner in his business, giving him such unheard-of opportunities that within a few years Stanley Kirk was able to buy out his former employer.

This was what Dunwood Masterson wished—he did not like business, and anyway he had money enough—he was several times a millionaire. So he turned over his holdings to Stanley Kirk, left the Junction, where the Mastersons had always lived, and moved to the great city of which Steelburg is a corporate part and there entered politics. In a few years he was elected representative to Congress from one of the big city's districts and he gave his constituents such satisfaction that they continued to return him term after term. Then he stood for the United States Senate and was elected, and he was serving the fourth year of his first term when Steelburg Mills began worrying about hot metal for its Open Hearth. And there was talk of Dunwood Masterson's being a possible dark-horse candidate for his party in the next presidential campaign.

A Dead Tree That Stood Not Far From Them Burst Into Flames and by its Light He Gazed at Her and Recognized Her

When Steelburg Mills built fourteen new Open-Hearth furnaces and installed two five-hundred-ton mixers to handle the hot metal that was to be used in the new furnaces somebody had blundered—Steelburg Mills could not find hot metal enough to keep the new plant running full.

"Somebody," as a shipping clerk remarked to Denny Costigan, a foundry foreman, as he sat down on the foreman's desk to discuss the recent closing down of half the new plant for want of iron, "somebody must have had poppy-seed salad for breakfast, dinner and supper when that new Open Hearth was being planned and built."

Denny Costigan sighed and drew a paper package from his pocket. "There it is before you ask for it," he said, tossing the package upon the table.

"What d'ye know about it, Denny?" chortled the shipping clerk as he started to explore the interior of the package with his fingers. "It's a great old member of the vegetable kingdom, isn't it? I hear there's a movement under way among the smokers of the world to build a monument to Sir Walter Raleigh. Me—I'm saving up my dimes to donate to a fund to erect a memorial to the knightly gent who discovered the weed was good for mastication.

"But as I said before, Denny, what d'ye know about it? Here's seven of the new furnaces idle because they haven't got iron. Who fell down? Was it Chief Engineer Rattlebones? Was it Manning? Was it Goodlow? If dinky dubs like you and me, Denny, made the bulls the big guys make it'd be tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—for us. But as the old, old saying has it 'The king can do no wrong.' Isn't it so?

"Here they go and build a great big Open Hearth, expecting to use hot metal in it, but they don't increase their blast-furnace capacity, supposing they had blast furnaces enough. Which they have while all those blast furnaces are running full, but when some of them have to be blown out and shut down for relining—and that will happen, Denny—then—presto! And also—zip! Where's your hot metal then? Right now there's Katy, Susie and Emma with their insides ripped out, with no chance of their being able to make iron for two or three months. And I heard that Lucy, Dolly and Mary have got hot spots on their sides—high up too. What d'ye know about it?

"Most of the hot metal they're making now is going to the Bessemers, which is the logical place to send it, of course. They could let the Open Hearths have it and melt chill pig for the Bessemers in the cupolas, but that would be as idiosyncratic as shaving a mule to get hair to make a horse blanket for him to keep him from getting nipped by the frost when the north wind doth blow. What d'ye know about that?

"No, Denny, a fellow can't bat and bang round an old dump like this as long as you and I have without finding out a few things that are going on, eh? But meditate on it, Denny, meditate on it! Seven furnaces shut down and the furnace men up in the air simply because somebody added up two and two and got five! I hear the Old Man is negotiating with the Kirk Furnace people down at Ferro Junction for hot metal. Kirk thought he had made a contract with old Teller, when Teller was the Old Man here, to shoot hot pig up here over the stub, and he went ahead and had the ladles built to haul it here in. But old Tellerinsky double-crossed him somehow, wiggled out of the contract, and instead of buying iron from Kirk he built Susie, Dolly and Lucy, leaving Kirk with those ladles on his hands. They're big devils, Denny—regular wallopers—hold sixty tons!

"You'll see them slipping in here some of these days soon, Denny, with the red stuff slopping over their tops, and then the Open Hearth will go full again. By golly-Ned, I wouldn't want to ride on that hot-metal train if it gets to running! The stub from the Junction up is a pretty shaky piece of track, so McNutt tells me.

"Friend Denny, isn't that Lord Calla's physiology protruding through yon doorway of the foundry? It is! What d'ye know about that? Bid me a hasty farewell, Denny—I'm leaving via the kitchen entrance! What d'ye know about it?"

Somebody at Steelburg Mills had blundered and with three blast furnaces blown out in a bunch there was a shortage of hot metal. But Stanley Kirk had hot metal to sell. He had the ladles built and ready in which it could be transported from Ferro Junction to Steelburg Mills and Steelburg Mills quit worrying and gave him a contract to deliver to the mills not less than one thousand tons of basic iron daily. And the contract was not to terminate in any brief period—Stanley Kirk had seen to that.

The furnace owner was jubilant—he had been trying to obtain such a contract, trying to sell hot metal to Steelburg Mills for years. He told United States Senator Masterson about his good luck one night at their club in the city and let him read his contract.

"I congratulate you, Stan," said the senator. "That contract will smooth out a lot of your worries. Sold in the casting ladle! Cheap selling, Stan, cheap selling! You'll soon recover the loss Teller caused you. I really must run out to Steelburg Mills some day and look about the place. I haven't been inside the plant for twelve or fifteen years—maybe more. I used to go to the gates and make noonday addresses to the workmen in my campaign for Congress, but I couldn't find time to get inside. They continue to grow of course?"

"Grow? Rather! But I can't see how they can build more blast furnaces until Vinegar Gully has been vacated and filled in. They are pinched for room in that direction."

"From what I've heard of that place it would be a very good thing if it were wiped out. Why don't they buy it?"

"They can't. Cockshot and Conway, who run those two notorious saloons, The Bucket of Blood and The Morgue, as they are called—each one of them is a Klondike, I have heard—own every foot of the Gully now with the exception of a small parcel held by a young man named Gay, who works in the mills. Teller allowed those two ruffians to steal a march on him."

"The Mills will have to pay their price then. I don't suppose you ever see Nan Sorrel, do you, Stan?"

"I've seen her once or twice in the past year when she slipped out of the asylum and came wandering down to the Junction."

"Poor old thing! I wonder if she's properly taken care of up there. I send a sum of money to the superintendent of the institution every year for her, but I doubt if she benefits much from it. She's as flighty as ever, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, from what I hear. And crazy for whisky too. One of my men has told me that she always goes to the old house when she comes to the Junction, rambles through it as though searching for something she has lost, then goes to those foreigners' saloons and begs and buys enough liquor to make her drunk, then back to the stone house, where she stays until they come for her. Why don't you have that old pile pulled down?"

"What's the use? I never see it. I'll deed it to you if you'll accept it."

"No, thanks; I don't want it."

The senator sat musing for several moments.

"I may have that place leveled, Stan. I'll run down to the Junction some of these days," he said. "Well, I must be going. Good night, Stan."

Kirk drew the contract from his pocket, read it through again and chuckled. "It's a good one," he muttered.

The huge rusty ladles that had been standing idle for years at Kirk's furnaces were now rolling into the yards of Steelburg Mills. By day and by night they came. Filled to the slopping brim with the red molten metal, they trembled on their heavy trucks over the shaky bridges and culverts of the stub road connecting Ferro Junction and Steelburg Mills, bounced and bumped over the rough uneven tracks, and entering the mill yards, where there were many crossovers and frogs and switch points, the red metal washed over the ladles' rims in fiery waves to rain down along the tracks in showers of tiny metallic spherules or fall into little pools and gullies of water and explode with sharp staccatic reports like the cracking of high-power rifles. Creeping slowly through the yards, they went winding in and out among the long black buildings on their way to the two five-hundred-ton mixers at the farther end of the Open Hearth and, because they were quadruple the size of any other ladles yet seen in the yards, men paused in their work to look at them as they rolled along the tracks; and because of their immensities, because of something threatening about their huge bulks, men avoided passing near them, making wide detours when they would meet them. But in time they became accustomed to them and did not care, and on frosty mornings they liked to stand close to them and lay numbed fingers against the warm sides of the big vessels as they sapped slowly past.

A shipping clerk detouring three of the monsters one morning soon after they had started running met Yardmaster McNutt, whom he promptly hailed.

"What d'ye know about it, Mack, if one of those wallopers shou'd tip over down there on that bank above the billet mill—say, just as it got opposite the roll train? The laddy bucks below would get one lovely soaking, wouldn't they? They'd be washed up so thoroughly that their wives wouldn't have to nag them about Saturday night baths for the next fifty years. What d'ye know about it?"

"They won't tip—they can't tip," said McNutt.

"Mack, anything can tip. I knew a haystack to tip once down near my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, Mack. What d'ye know about that? A twenty-five-by-twenty-five-foot haystack standing in the middle of a flat ten-acre field! Skunks, moles, gophers, foxes, groundhogs and mice undermined one side and it tipped. It simply lost its equilibrium. Anything will tip that loses its equilibrium. That's why men tip—lack of equilibrium. I never tip more than a dime, but some suckers tip as high as four bits. I possess a very stable equilibrium. What d'ye know—what's the big rush to get away, Mack?"

Standing on the elevated floor of the Open Hearth, Wally Gay would watch the huge ladles slipping into place far below the mixers, able from his vantage point to look down upon the quivering surfaces of the red pools in the glowing bowls. Then he would see black ropes of steel dropping down out of the dirty dusks that obscured the lofty reaches of the high mixer building, dropping down silently, dropping down until they touched the trunnions of the vessel over which they descended, when the mighty bowl of molten metal would move upward—floating upward, it always seemed to him, watching—slowly, steadily, silently upward, until its rim reached the level of the top of the greater vessel. Then as the black hulk of the mixer rolled over to give its mouth to the ladle he would watch Gargantuan lips meet Gargantuan lips and listen to the gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of the mixer drinking the sixty tons of red liquid. And he would laugh sometimes at the fantastic pictures he allowed himself to see in the deep, candent depths of the drained vessel as it floated down and down and down to its place on the tracks.

But always as he stood there on the elevated floor, watching the discharging of the hot metal, there would come over him that old feeling of awe and wonder that had gripped him when, a little boy, he had stolen into the mills to hide himself behind some column or wall and there

(Continued on Page 115)

Shuddering, He Was Turning Away When She Spoke, Not So Much to Him as to Herself: "I Can't Find It! I Can't Find It! It's Lost!"

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

"Then Came the Day Before Christmas. There Wasn't Much Use of Hunting a Job That Day—Nobody Was in His Office"

By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. [illegible]

JUST above the Sherman statue at the Park entrance a girl walked rapidly and yet aimlessly—two or three blocks north, and then turning, two or three blocks back again. Through the golden haze of that pleasant late-winter Sunday afternoon other girls were walking by thousands—some appropriately beside a man, some in chattering groups of two or three and a few like this one alone. You had only to glance at her to realize that her loneliness did not at all suit the eternal fitness of things, since this wanderer of the beaten ways was all softness and chic and unadulterated girl. Her long-lashed violet eyes smoldered in meditation or lit with anticipation under a weft of sun-blond hair which ran across her forehead like a golden river. Her chin was adorably round, though after you had looked twice you realized that it was backed by the bony structure of a real jaw. From beneath an inexpensive fur coat—almost the least expensive to be had on the market—peeped and tripped a pair of little feet cheaply but correctly shod, which assumed toward each other an alluring angle when she stood, and tripped with a childish lilt when she walked.

From the loosened collar of that coat appeared a knot of pink tulle which nestled against her face as a fleck of spray colored with dawn might have adorned the cheek of Venus when the ocean gave her birth. Her hat seemed to blend with her hair in a soft frame. The wrist of the hand which held her muff, and her free hand, were gloved in white kid, which any woman would have seen had been cleansed again and again; but it had been cleansed—and that is the point. In short she might have posed for the spirit of New York as you see it any evening in the homeward rush of Nassau Street, any noon among the graves of Trinity—chicness at eighteen dollars per, individuality built from goods turned out all alike by the million yards or pairs or dozens.

Now she was walking southward, her eyes, as is proper for a lady, looking straight ahead. Yet as is the magical way of woman, while seeming to maintain their impersonal gaze they were searching the vistas far and near. She hesitated momentarily in her walk, then shot more rapidly ahead. In the same instant her eyes lit, sparkled. A flush came and went on her cheek and settled down to burn with a steady glow. A young man—one particular young man among a thousand others—had come into view, dodging rapidly through the crowds. He had seen her now. He waved his arm and increased his pace. At that sign of recognition she stopped, and as she awaited him composed her features into the proper ladylike chill. He was almost running.

He was rather a small man and dapper in his dress, as small men tend to be. His face, however, seemed oddly to contrast with his dress and his clean-cut cameo of a figure. It was rather too rugged for that size of man. It belonged to the hundred-and-ninety-pound variety. His nose ran from his brows as clean as a gunstock, then as it approached its tip it widened out. He had an irregular mouth, which when he smiled—as he was smiling now—opened over stubby fighting teeth. From beneath the front brim of his derby hat appeared a wisp of dark-red hair. His eyes were brown, ingenuous, and they were finished off at the corner with multitudinous fine wrinkles—too many for his age. They seemed to be the mark of desert suns. Though his complexion had a city pallor it gave a sense, somehow, of having been tanned once long ago.

Now he was but a scant ten yards away and lost to her view momentarily behind a family party with a baby carriage. At this point she indulged the luxury of a momentary smile, a lightening of her eyes. But as he came into full near view she drew again across her features the expression of a perfect lady on guard.

"Nellie!" he said, and held out his hand. That was all. But his tone and expression comprised all the love sonnets ever penned, all the love songs ever sung. She let her hand linger for just the proper moment, then drew it somewhat hastily away. Automatically they turned northward, walking side by side. She on her part said nothing. It was he who, as though embarrassed, first broke the silence between them.

"It's funny," he said, "but I had all sorts of things to talk about and I can't get them out. I guess," he added, "I could put it in about three words—yes, sure. In just three words."

"Don't say them—here," she replied hastily.

"That means, as I survey the situation," said he, "that I'm allowed to say them in the proper place at the proper time."

"You've got to say something else first," she put in decisively. That pink mouth of hers pursed like a rose that has determined to be a bud again and one could see that her chin was not backed by a jaw for nothing.

The expression of the young man took a marvelous change. From the instant when he perceived her walking down the path it had been smiling, soft. Now a veil came across his features, a kind of poker expression into which you might have peered forever and read nothing, either of pleasure or displeasure, joy or pain.

"Well," he said—and his voice, as inscrutable as his countenance, took on a soft purr—"I'd figured that after six months away from you there'd be a little pleasant conversation, sort of, before we came down to business—a chance to get in those three words at which I've been hinting and suggesting, for example."

"There will be none of that," said the girl, settling her hands more closely into her muff, "until ——"

"You ought to have suspected," interrupted the young man, "that when I wrote you for a date and showed up here prompt and businesslike at exactly the end of six months I had something bright and pleasing to tell you. Otherwise I'd have vamoosed long ago, wouldn't I? But here I am, with a regular honest job so respectable it hurts."

For the first time the girl glanced at his face, which lost its poker expression as his eyes met hers and broke momentarily into a smile.

"What is the job?" she asked.

"I Flash the Electric Torch a Little and Read the Labels"

"Well, I haven't had it long," he said, "but there's a future in it. Until Christmas and past I was up against it. Then I went on as extra man in the movies over on Tenth Avenue and before the month was out I got an opening in their New York business office—assistant treasurer they call me. You see they trust me with money. Those movie people are careless cusses."

"And what did you do before Christmas?" she asked.

They had reached now a point just south of the Central Park Menagerie, where a side path turned up the hill to a thicket.

He glanced along that path; his poker expression had again drawn the curtain over his soul.

"Up there," he said, "is a bench that doesn't seem to be patronized, probably because it's too cold—you're dressed warm enough, are you?"

She merely nodded at this, and dodged beside him across the speedway. It was a bench for two on a narrow path whose shrubbery—now winter-stripped—offered no attractions to the general public. The scuffle of feet, the whir of motors, the babble of innumerable conversations came through the branches dimly, as from a great distance. None passed up that path except now and then a group of

boys hill-climbing. Yet when they had seated themselves she still clung to the point.

"Dan Murray, what did you do before Christmas?" she asked, her violet eyes burning steadily on his face.

"There you go," he replied, "peerin' and peekin' into my past again." His poker expression had given way to his smile.

"You know the terms of our agreement," she said with all the severity of a schoolmistress.

"How's the world been using you?" he evaded, sliding his arm along the bench. "Still drawing the old eighteen per, pounding the keys for the Kidder Clothing Company?"

"Only it's twenty-two a week now," she replied, dropping her guard for the instant. "They've raised me twice since I saw you." She checked herself here. "Dan Murray, you're trying to dodge the point," she added.

"The point being?" inquired Dan Murray with a blank assumption of innocence.

"What you did before Christmas," said she—"whether you've kept your promise."

"I'm a business man now," he answered, "and in business we're strict—goshawful strict—about agreements and terms. That's where it differs from my old line. I used to do 'em offhand, but in business we do 'em by sticking to the agreement. Just what was it I promised, anyway?"

"Dan Murray, if you've forgotten ——"

"Well, the night I confessed everything to you—three card monte, that train robbing turn up in Colorado, that little whirl with the yeggs and just why I came to New York; the whole thing—you said I was to go clean for six months. You said I wasn't to see you or write to you or phone you, so's you'd be sure I could do it—on my own. I was to get a job and prove I could support myself—and you—straight. If I could come to you with an honest job at the end of six months—which the same is to-day—you'd ——"

"I'd consider."

"You'd consider," he said, smiling down at her with his brown eyes, the poker expression all gone. "It's been lonely, too, the last six months, with nobody to talk to nights except your photograph. Lonely—and once or twice a little hungry. But I'm bothered about that contract and agreement. Seems to me you said, 'You mustn't make a single crooked dollar.'

"Wasn't that the way you put it?"

"I think it was—just that."

"All right then," replied Dan. "I was worried considerable—walking up here—about that. I haven't made a single crooked dollar or cent or red peso, providing you call the money you make in New York business straight."

"Dan!"

A soft wave had flooded her violet eyes and her nearer hand had crept out of her muff. Shamelessly and in full presence of a knot of boys climbing he took it. An instant so; then he could feel her hand stiffen in his grasp, withdraw. The light died out of her face.

"If that's all true," she exploded, "why are you asking me those questions about the agreement? Dan, will you always keep something back from me?"

His poker expression had again veiled soul and emotion.

"The agreement was troubling me," he said. "Suppose I told you I did just one little job ——"

Her eyes went momentarily wide with horror and then softened in a moisture which was to a burst of tears as a shower to a thunderstorm. For a moment she bit her lip. Then her chin tilted upward again and her eyes flashed.

"Once a crook, always a crook!" she cried. "That's what Lola Riley said the first time I let you take me to lunch. 'He's come to New York on some crooked game,' she says. 'I don't know what it is, but it's not on the level,' she says. 'Take it from me, for your own good look out for them,' she says. 'They'll swear they've reformed, but I notice they never do.'" By now she had risen with the surge of her emotion. "I've wasted six months—six months out of my life—waiting."

He did not rise; he sat, arm still along the back of the bench, looking up at her with his inscrutable countenance.

"I wouldn't go just yet," he said, "even allowing you don't like the way I've carried out the agreement. You might be troubled with curiosity, which would make you feel a heap worse. In your place I'd sit down and listen. You'll feel better, however it turns out. I haven't made a dollar out of graft, burglary or theft. That's straight. But—well, I might as well get it out first as last—since I saw you last I've committed bank robbery right here in New York."

Completely overcome by emotion, Nellie sat down with a haste almost ungrateful and fixed a horror-stricken gaze on his face. "Bank robbery," he repeated. "Yes, and train robbery also. Let me see! What else? Oh, yes, horse stealing. All in one job."

I Sat Up With Her for Two Nights—I'd Found Mrs. Mike Failing Asleep Beside Her Crib

"This is no time, Dan Murray, to kid me!" exclaimed the girl. Between words she was stabbing at her lower lip with a tooth shaped like a grain of pop corn, colored like new milk.

"Never more serious in my life," said Dan, still speaking in a voice that purred softly, still wearing his poker expression. "And it occurred to me on the way up here that seeing's I've told you everything I'd better tell you about this, even if it did come outside of the terms of that agreement."

"Well, I should say so!" exclaimed the girl between her pursed lips. "Well, I should say so! Are the police after you again?"

Anxiety for a moment tinged an expression compounded of horror, grief and disappointment.

"No," he said, "the police will never work on that job. As for the old ones—I guess the statute of limitations has run on most of 'em. Otherwise I wouldn't 'a' dared show my face in the movies.

"When you sent me up for six months I was already living in the Newton Arms, wasn't I? Yes, sure I was! I don't remember I ever told you much about the Newton Arms. I was too busy discussing other matters—selling myself to you, for example. It's one of those awful big cheap places that make you feel so lonesome when you first come to New York. There's nearly a whole block of it. The southeast part, where I boarded with Miss Sprague, had seven floors, four flats to a floor, and there were five other parts, all just like it. They have looking-glasses stuck all over the front halls and phony pillars made out of castile soap and headcheese. Miss Sprague kept a boarding house—kind of. Anyhow, she took table boarders and let out her extra rooms.

"I had a room there about as big as a sizable wagon bed. You see, when I came on from San Francisco with Butch Hayden, bringing that new device to double-cross a brace faro box and clean out the New York gambling houses, we stopped first at the Hotel Hamblen, where we lived swell. The touch-off hadn't come and we were getting kind of short when I met you and threw Butch Hayden down. He never knew why I did it. He thinks I'd found some better piece of graft—thinks so yet, I guess. I just took the hundred and fifty shiners I had left and moved to the cheapest boarding house I could stand. It was cheap all right. You see, I wanted to keep away from the Tenderloin and find a job.

"I'd been on the dodge before, but dodging other grafters was a new experience. So long as I saw the bunch I was bound to be tempted. Every time I showed myself round the Hotel Hamblen or the Marmaduke they used to rise right up out of the ground with propositions. Some of 'em were awful good too. Soccy Stearns had a neat variation on the wire-tapping game. He offered me a slice the minute he lamped me. He cleaned up too—got away with twenty-two thousand, I hear, and no holler whatever from the sucker. My slice would have been seven or eight thousand. That happened the very week when I came through to you and you gave me a six months' suspended sentence. And after that it wasn't easy at all.

"It's pretty hard for a man to change his line of business. After I settled down at the Newton Arms I got a job canvassing for the Daily Mercury. That was a straight proposition, which is why I didn't make good. If it had been a gold brick or green goods or fake rubber stock I could have sold it like a dream, but a clean proposition is another thing yet. After three days I'd been bitten by one dog, thrown out by a saddle-colored elevator man, ordered away twice by the cop on the beat—and sold one subscription netting me fifty-two and a half cents. The lady took it off me because she was sorry for me, I guess. I went back to that corncrib where I slept, thought it over and hunted for another job. I had a lot of time on my hands all right!

"It was pretty goshawful lonesome. That old maid who kept the place was a cold proposition. The other boarders were a couple of hall-room boys with purple socks and a professor who was some kind of an anarchist or other—and three girls. I can't tell you much about the girls. I haven't seen but one girl when I looked at her since a morning last spring in the offices of the Kidder Clothing Company, Broadway, New York, or any girl at all since September sixteenth last."

At this—though he maintained his poker expression—he shot her a quick glance. The compliment had not melted her. She sat like a statue, her hands clasped tightly in her muff, her eyes—moist yet hard—fixed on vacancy.

"The willie boys I didn't associate with on account of my self-respect. The prof talked college-bred stuff all the time. I've been in New York ten months now and I'm

(Continued on Page 138)

ROUND OUR TOWN

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE people of America are beginning to realize that it is not enough to dwell under the freest institutions of the world, that it is not enough to leave politics to the other fellow, that it is not enough even to fight a great war and win it. We are in trouble. The times are the saddest and most anxious we have ever known. Some of the citizens—or rather the inhabitants—of the United States are trying to put a large question mark even after the proposition of continuing this Republic. It is not enough to leave these things to the other fellow—they are nobody's business but our own. But what do all the other fellows think about it?

It is plain to-day that the American people of all ranks and classes—high, low, above the average and below the average and just plain average people—have at last begun to do a lot of thinking. Publishers say that never have so many serious books been bought by the American public as now. This country does not need the rock-a-by stuff to-day. The tired business man has turned into a sore business man and an anxious business man. Probably no editor could make a bigger assignment to-day than one which would put a thousand reporters at the task of getting the actual vox out of old Mister Populus in regard to living conditions in this country right now. That ought to be prelude enough for this particular story. Let everybody else draw the conclusions.

I chance to live in a great city, one of the greatest in the world. You might picturesquely call it a maelstrom, or a whirlpool, or a melting pot if you liked—any of those old stock names. Its mayor proudly proclaimed it to be the sixth German city of the world. It is also one of the largest Scandinavian, and Russian, and Italian, and Rumanian, and Lithuanian and Galician cities of the world. Leaning an ear out of your own personal window you could get about all the vox populi you would care for, and a good deal of it would have to be translated. Yet this is a part of America, and one of the trouble seats of America. A good place for a reporter? One of the best. Turned loose there as reporter I resolved that I would not hunt for facts which pleased me, but would take facts as they came.

It was by mere chance that I ran across the man with whom I talked first in search of answer to the general question, What is the matter with America? He does not believe in the least as I do. If I wanted to be quite bright and snappy about it I might call him a parlor socialist. It would be very easy to call him a long-hair, easy to take out all the force and interest of his story by just a word or so here or there. As a matter of fact none of these names exactly applies to this man. Suppose we give him the classification he hesitatingly selected for himself, and call him a humanitarian.

A Talk With a Humanitarian

I MET this gentleman for the first time about a week ago at a banquet attended by members of my own profession, where I had occasion to speak rather bitterly over some of the modern phenomena of our glorious civilization. After the meeting this gentleman differed with me so gently that he interested me, and I asked him for a longer talk at a later time.

We met at a luncheon hour which was one of the pleasantest I have ever known, one of the most interesting. We sat in a great stone-sided hall, lighted with pictured windows—one of the most stately interiors on this continent. That is to say, we were members of the same club. My man did not come out of any ghetto, I did not find him in any garret full of long-haired radicals. He was better dressed than I was, quiet, moderate and modest in every way.

"We Want Our Men to Study How to Move Furniture Into a House"

His forehead, a trifle high and bulbous, his blue eyes a trifle prominent, might bespeak the individual disposed to high-flown imagination rather than to practical details in life. I presume he would call himself visionary. To be fair, we must understand that my friend is of an old American family, dating back to 1730, as I recall the year. His people were Presbyterians. He came from the state of New York. He is middle-aged now. He took his college degree at Cornell. He took up the profession of architecture. He always loved music, so he told me, and grew proficient on his favorite instrument.

"Piano, perhaps?" I asked of him.

"No, pipe organ," he said.

He had practiced architecture for some time successfully when he came to the conclusion that he was short of something in a complete outfitting for his career. He designed structures for building, but he was not acquainted with the men who did the building, who put board to board or stone to stone. With no socialistic theories in his mind—though he had read Ruskin and Morris and many others—he started West to learn his profession from the ground up, and from the inside. He wanted to learn about producing as well as about designing something to be produced. So he shut up his office and got a job in a sash, door and blind factory in this city.

"Did you ever pull a time clock in your life?" he asked me.

I had to shake my head, but I was not proud of it.

"Well, I did," said he. "I had come of a family of some means, but now I was at work with the men who pulled the time clock because they had to. I learned how they lived. With them I worked hour after hour and day after day. I was lucky enough to be advanced in my work, which was that of an estimator. Before I quit the factory my wages were almost doubled. That did not satisfy me. I was thinking of these lives I had seen round me.

"What was wrong with them? This—they were getting standardized. Every process of their employment was making machines out of them. Their human lives were getting away from them. What was their hope horizon? Where did they get off? What was there ahead for them? What was their chance to be individuals and not standardized labor units? Well, I saw them organized into unions. So far from blaming them, I couldn't see how they could do anything else, in the conditions of life which they had to meet."

I suggested to him that apparently that meant still further standardization, since a labor union insists that one man is as good as every other man, and wipes out competition between individuals in fixing wage scales.

"Very well," said he in his gentle way; "but that is not standardization as I mean it. Upon the contrary, their unions, as I look at it, gave them their only opportunity to rise above standardization and eventually to be individuals. I'll try to explain. The great trouble is that so many men don't really get under the skin of any question which involves their interests with those of any other man. Now I don't suppose I am any holier than thou, nor such a very wise man. But two things chance to make me able to see in part the other fellow's side of this case: One of these things is that I worked side by side with these men; another is that once I had a great personal affliction. I did not allow the one to coarsen me nor the other to embitter me. Indeed, I think they both broadened me. I began to see that there is somebody else in the world besides myself. Since then I have been trying to be gentler and fairer in my point of view.

"Understand, I was not doing anything at the instigation of anyone else. I had not got my socialism from anybody's printed page, though I liked Morris—yes, of course I did. But these two turning points in my life left me with a new viewpoint, one not common in the business world. I thought I would see if I could not do something, now and again, for the other fellow.

"When I left my factory I did not go back to architecture. I took on a place as interior decorator for one of the big furniture houses in this city. My clientage is among the wealthy. Socially I meet all the time persons of culture, men who have made big business successes. Our business is among those who have made money and who are spending money. But all the time I cannot help remembering the standardized man.

"A friend and I went up north along the lake shore and took over a nice little bungalow for our home. We got a housemaid to run it for us. I have spent a great deal of money in decorating interiors, but I don't know that I ever had so much pleasure in any designing as I did in fixing up the interior of that little house of our own.

"You see, we were working people, as we figured it. We tried to make this a good laboring man's home. We could visualize that man coming home from his day's work. We tried to make the inside a sort of welcome to a man coming home. We made it rather a gay little house, rather warm, rather cheerful in its scheme. And one thing we did try to do—we tried to dissuade any workman who might see our house from going on in his old standardized way of building and fitting out his own home.

"Usually the workman goes to a department-store man, an installment-plan house, for his own ideas alike as to taste and utility in the furnishing of his own home. The result always has been simply more standardization. Told by someone else what he ought to think and do, and not having much horizon of his own, the taste results shown in the furnishings of the average laboring man's home are a cheap imitation of some rich man's home. That's the kind of taste the department store hands out to him; because very likely the department-store man himself is envying some rich man also, and also imitating him to some extent, perhaps a more expensive extent, in his own home.

"Well, Morris or no Morris, that was what we wanted to wipe out if we could. We never have lived more happily than we have in our own little workingman's house, which we fixed up according to our own workingmen's ideas. Not in imitation, you see; nothing standardized, you see. The touch of the individual as far as possible—the separation from the day's drudgery of this one spot which ought to be one of brightness and content."

"Well, I reckon that was all right," said I, "if you were entirely sincere, and were not unconsciously posing or fadding about it. Sincerity is good always."

"Yes, we were sincere," he replied; "and beyond that we wanted to wipe out some of the bitterness between the laborers and employers. I wanted to get these two folk together."

"You may—in a thousand years," I ventured.

"Perhaps," he answered gently. "It may take a thousand years. Everything has to start. This was just our idea of a little start."

"That means that you believe in collective bargaining, as the euphemism goes—that you are for the labor union?"

"Certainly," said he. "Why not? We furniture manufacturers have our manufacturers and dealers' association, which is just as much a union as that of any class of labor. As to our employees, our house is unionized. I must say we have never had much of the trouble of which I hear so much everywhere. I wish you would come down and talk to some of our people sometime—interview, for instance, the president of the teamsters and chauffeurs' union, with whom we have so much to do. This man came to me not long ago, not with any threat or with any warning of a strike. He said, 'I have just got to have more money for my men. Look here, we can't get along this way.'

"It is true he was figuring on the American standard of living, but he had the average expense of the average teamster figured out, and he showed the figures. There wasn't much argument about it. The men couldn't save anything, they couldn't be happy. I saw we were standardizing them all we could.

"Well, we didn't argue the matter at all. We raised the wages just as he asked. But in return for that I asked him to do something more for us. I told him to raise the quality of the labor he was giving us. He agreed that he would talk to his men and try to get them to put more individual effort into their work. We want them to study how to move furniture into a house, where to put it, how to address the people who live in that house, how to be respectful and manly, and not insolent and low. We didn't want to standardize those men or have them standardize themselves. We are trying to get people together. This getting together with the employing classes is the only chance to individualize the man who belongs to a labor union."

As to the nationalities of the men who work for his house, he said that the union leaders were nearly all American—Anglo-Saxons, as the phrase goes—some Irish. The rank and file were largely Germans, with some men from southeastern Europe. He admitted the fallacy of the German labor-group idea, insisting always that there ought to be more individualism, whereas in Germany the hope for it apparently was lost and the overlord idea accepted almost apathetically.

I told him I thought he had not worked out any immediate emergency scheme for to-day and now. He laughed as he thought of something.

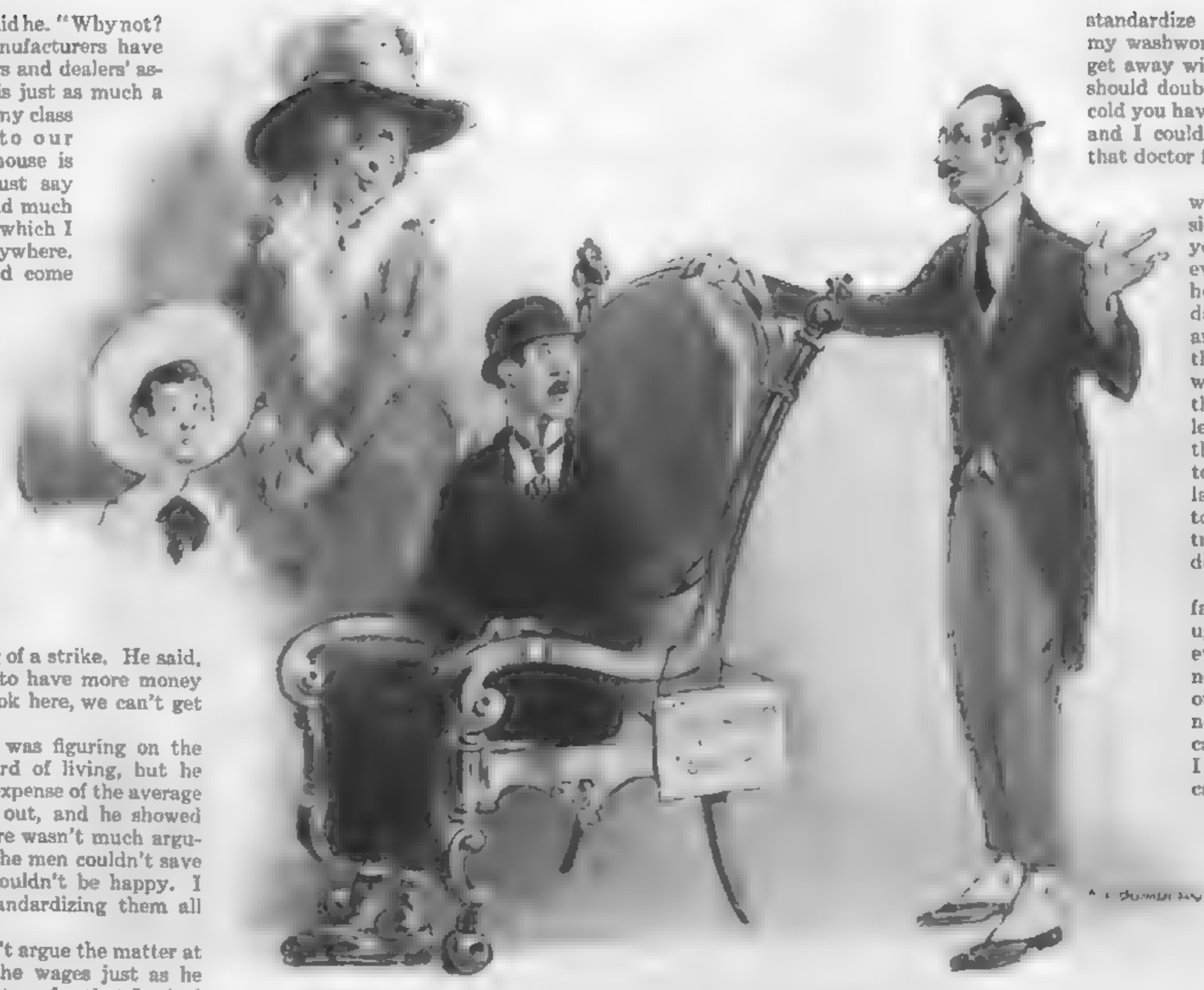
"The housemaid out in our workingmen's bungalow is of foreign descent," said he, "and she is a red-hot socialist, believing in all the rights of man, and of woman also. The lady who does our laundry is of like tendencies and like extraction. The other day when I went home I found our maid a little bit tired and very much excited. She told me that our washlady had demanded that her wages be raised to five dollars a day, and that rather than submit to what she called extortion she had decided to do the washing herself."

I told him that I thought his housemaid was a better industrial economist than he was himself.

"And how about the big law," I asked of him, "the law of the survival of the fittest? It does not teach standardization. That is the one basic doctrine of the individual. Now can we really get round that or away from it by collective bargaining?"

"Well," said he, "there is the Christian religion. That's something. For myself, I don't go to church very much. Perhaps you don't. There is a great deal of good religion outside of churches. You see"—and he smiled once more—"there is a sort of religion about the brotherhood of man. We all know it."

I could not get from him any answer about the steel strike or the coal strike which I thought would help us other people in our own actual living conditions. That he had been interesting and informing, and often illuminating, no one could deny. I asked him if he called himself a socialist, whether he believed in direct action—euphemism for bombs and sabotage.



"Usually the Workman Goes to a Department-Store Man for His Ideas in the Furnishing of His Own Home"

"Surely not!" said he. "Of course not! But I presume you could call me a socialist, though I don't like that word to-day. I don't know that I have any great theories to advance. I don't know that I am a very wise man. I have simply told you how it was that I came to see a little of the other fellow's side of this great argument. I'm not a ghetto product, I'm no foreigner—my people were good Americans, well-to-do Americans. I'm intelligent, I presume, and I have succeeded, I presume, selling my own labor in the market. I'm not standardized. I just don't want all these other fellows standardized. There is such a lot of splendid human material among them if once we can get them educated and individualized. I don't think it makes much difference what you call me—but I believe I'd rather have you call me a humanitarian. That's about as near as I can come to making any answer to these big questions of to-day."

What the Doctor Thought

THIS week I had in a neighboring doctor for a trifling ailment. After we had both agreed that he could do just about as much as anyone else for a cold we began to talk of something else.

"What's the matter with America, doctor?" I asked him. "How are you getting along these days with our glorious civilization? What do you think of using force upon the downtrod coal miner and all that sort of thing?"

He flung up a hand.

"I'm thinking of learning a trade myself," said he. "If it isn't too late I'm going to study for a carpenter or a bricklayer or something. Why be a professional man, when that is the unhappiest rank in life to-day? Here is my white collar—look at it. It is the real badge of servitude in America to-day.

"Everyone who works for me has raised his wages twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five per cent. We doctors can't raise our professional prices. One of my confrères tried that the other day on a rich patient, and he wouldn't stand a raise of fifty cents a treatment. In our profession we are between the upper and nether millstones. We can't unionize, can't standardize our services. My housemaid and my washwoman can ask for more money and get away with it, but what would you do if I should double my prices for working on that cold you have? You'd get some other doctor—and I couldn't put out any pickets to keep that doctor from coming into your door.

"This is a great life if you don't weaken. I'm a pretty busy professional man, as it chances, but I'll tell you what I think: If I can just break even, and not accumulate any dead horses to pay for until after this crazy day of the world is over, I'll think I am one of the lucky ones. As for the laboring people that I meet, I wish that I never had to see one of them again. They are arrogant, insolent, unscrupulous. They don't keep their contracts, but they expect us to keep ours. That's my idea of the laboring population of this little old town to-day, if you ask me. Downtrod? Bosh! It's doctors who are downtrod!

"Listen here," he went on. "Not far from here a big building is going up and I have been passing there every day more or less regularly. I noticed quite a line of cars standing out in front, and sometimes I noticed that after working hours the cars would not be there. One day I asked the foreman on the job whose cars they were. 'Oh, they belong to the fellies,' he said. 'Carpenters and masons—lots of them comes to work in their own cars.'

"I've heard that among the South Water Street teamsters, who work in the produce markets, there are about as many cars owned by the drivers as by the employers. If they were working for doctors the employers wouldn't have so many cars as the workmen. No, if you ask me who is downtrod to-day, I'll say it is the medical man. As for me, I'm disgusted. Sympathy? Not on your life! I'm going to have a little sympathy for myself from this time on."

The Cobbler and His Car

THIS notion of the motor car of the oppressed laboring man gave me an idea of a little further investigation, which by chance took shape without my going outside my own household. There is a little cobbler in our neighborhood, a few blocks away, a Rumanian, I think, who looks French, who speaks our language fairly, and is a pleasant hard-working man. Of late I had noticed that he had raised his cobbling prices since he first moved into our neighborhood a few years ago. When you go into his little dark shop, about as big as a hatbox, you may now expect to be set back twice as much for a pair of half soles or a rubber patch or a straightened heel. But always the little man smiles and looks pleasant.

Seeing his evidently impoverished condition madam often has given his children nickels, even dimes or quarters for all I know. Our housemaid, who passes there sometimes, and who also likes children, sometimes has given them candy or coppers or something better. Our household always has had something of sympathy for those who are plumb downtrod and oppressed, and we figured out that this little man had come to this glorious republic of ours, had fallen down on the deck of the ship and thrown the orthodox downtrod fits when he saw the Statue of Liberty, and

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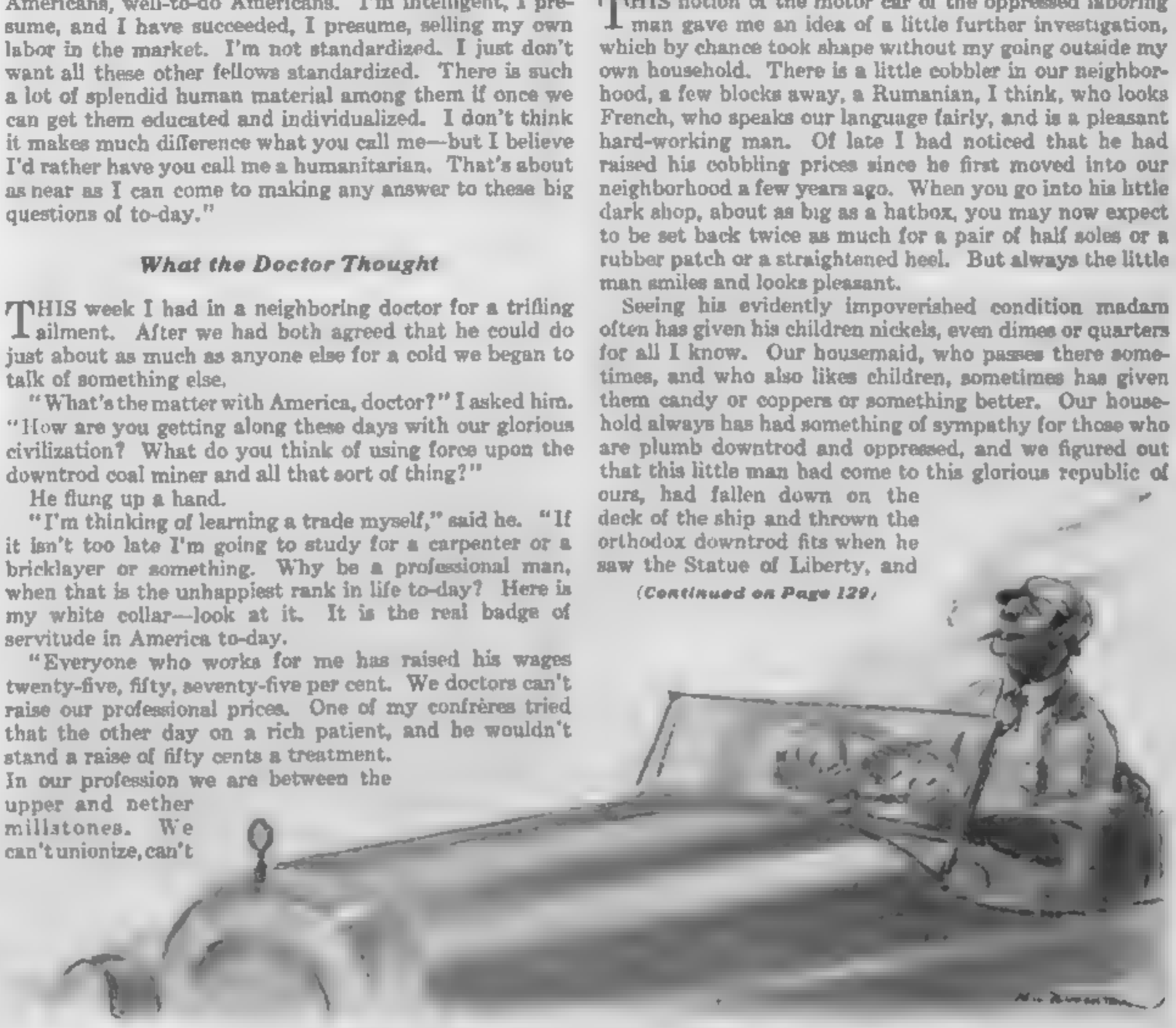

"Lots of Them Comes to Work in Their Own Cars"

Adventures in Automobumming

Want a Lift?—By Sinclair Lewis

A Southern Ferry in the Mountains of Tennessee

A GLOBE trotter whom I know, a discouragingly prosperous person with an estate and a wrist watch and things like that, was driving me through Illinois. We were muddy and not too well manicured. We had left the car and were walking into town for an inner tube. A plump young man with tortoise-shell glasses, an expensive roadster and an expensive girl stopped us to ask road directions, and being obliging persons we got out a series of maps which looked like the filing cases in the kick-and-inquiry department of a mail-order house.

Yet as we went on we weren't boiling over with the fellowship of the road whereby all honest autohoboes become Pollyandrews.

For the girl had watched us, first with obvious fear that we would ask for a lift, then with that silken, cynical amusement which in novels is attributed to vampires but in real life fits no one but cafeteria cashiers. She had been so entertained by the thought of one who lived on Lake Shore Drive mingling with the poor and humble along the road. I am sure that as they drove away she said to her unfortunate husband, "Fancy! How quaint!"

We were. The globe-trotter informed me that I had a blob of mud on the end of my nose, which is no nose to be needlessly featured that way. Even so, the cynical lady was a historic example of how not to enjoy motor touring. For though scenery is all right in its place—which is never on the ends of noses, by the way—and though a handy liar can make more out of speed stories and miles per gallon than out of hints about his profits in oil, yet the liveliest pleasure of automobumming is picking up stray people and learning how curiously like millionaires and famous sculptors they are.

And when a fellow driver in an object like a startled Scotch terrier wants to stop on the road and gossip with you he is honoring you. Probably he has just hiked from Moose Jaw to Tia Juana.

The most engaging people I ever encountered in touring were three who came all in a row through Oregon and California. We had for that trip a flivver with the tonneau filled with baggage covered by an army blanket, which made a lumpy platform on which had roosted harvest hands and Chinks and district teachers.

The Long Road to the Poorhouse

AHEAD on an Oregon mountain road we saw a thick-shouldered old man with long white hair painfully worming down the pike. His big flat feet scuffled through the dust, scarcely lifting; his steps could not have been more than three inches in length.

We stopped.

"Want a lift?"

He peered up with red-netted eyes, bewildered. Dirt was permanently embedded in his bristly gashed wrinkles. His hand shook. He wore an overcoat frayed in uncouth embroidery at the skirts. He carried a bundle in a red bandanna handkerchief and his staff was the steel rod of an old umbrella with a tarnished silveroid handle.

"What say?" he trembled.

"Want a lift?"

Timidly, "Oh! T'anks!"

We had to help him up on the running board, to a seat on the kit in the tonneau. His bundle and his stick with the proud silver handle we tossed in front. He shrieked, "Oh, my cane! My clothes! Vot you done wit' em'?" He kept it up, terrified as a child, till we put them within reach of his hand.

"Where you bound for?" I asked over my shoulder as we went on.

"I'm going bei the poorhouse."

"Good Lord—uh—where's that?"

"In Blankburg, forty miles from here."

"And you were going to walk it?"

"*Ja*, sure. Vy not?"

"How many miles can you walk in a day?"

"Four. But yesterday I valk six! Yes, sir! And I'm eighty-seven years olt!"

This was just before the arrival of the word "cootie" had made it customary to discuss certain features of the gay, jocund, gypsying hobo, but I knew what my wife was thinking. And it was a nice, heavy, infestable blanket on which the old man was sitting. The more we reflected upon him the more we wished that somebody else had picked him up. But you do not drop a man who is taking ten days to walk to the poorhouse.

He was German, it seemed. He admitted that he "didn't talk English very gute." But then he had been in America only seventy-one years. For forty years he had been a California sheep herder. He had seen the world though—oh, sure.

"Vunce," he confided, "I vos valking in California and a fellow give me a ride and vot you t'ink? He vos a millionaire! Vy, dot fellow, he had a vatch chain as big around as my little finger!"

I shrank in my seat; I tried to look modest behind the flivver steering wheel, which is awfully small to look modest behind. My own watch chain was as thin as a string. But some day I'm going to have a chain as big round as his thumb and I'm going to hang nine lodge emblems on it, so that people will know that I'm fashionable and wealthy—and I'm going back to Oregon and take that old man out riding again.

On Main Street

After his boast he looked us all over and said compassionately, "Dis ain't a very big auto, eh? Vell, dot's all right for folks like us. Vere you vork? You look a lot like a bartender I know. He used to vork on the section gang at Cocolalla, Idaho."

We slid through cañons, between tree-furred cliffs, and like a true tenderfoot I hopefully tried to impress the old man. I sped up. I did what seemed to me very neat things in the way of coasting. But that ancient sheep herder, rocking in a bored way on the back porch of the flivver, occasionally almost sliding off into the river below the road, yawned and dozed and wakened only to fumble and see if his bundle and his fine stick were safe.

One Garage for Every Forty Persons

WE CLIMBED; we slid down a mountain; the brakes promptly burned out; and through the dusk—the driver playing low and reverse as though they were organ pedals—we went careening down an exclamatory hill and popped unexpectedly into a town which the Lord created on Blue Monday. All we could see of it was a garage. But that to the autohobo is all there is to see. The garage is his railroad station, laundry, state capitol, ostrich farm, convention building and art gallery.

The garage man was still in his shop. He was sixty, his mustache was sandy and uncertain of direction—in fact, on the wrong road entirely. He spat between syllables.

Could he put in a brake band?

We-ul, his mechanic had just quit him, but guessed he could—seen 't done 'nough times. Have the Liz ready for us by eight in the morning.

I decided that at least he knew more about it than I did. I was wrong. I knew more than he did. I knew nothing.

He said that there was a good hotel—for a town of the size. And what was the size? Oh, about forty! We started for it on foot.

The sheep herder trailed after us and wailed, "Vot you do?"

"We're going to stay at the hotel."

"You say you take me *bei* the poorhouse!"

"We will to-morrow. To-night you can stay at the hotel."

"But—please, mister—I ain't—I only got five cents."

"That's all right. I'll pay for it."

"Me stay at a hotel? My, dot's fine! But it cost a lot—maybe more as two bits."

"That's all right."

"Please, mister—please, could you gif me the money and I pay? I don't vant they should t'ink I vos a bum. Or please, could you maybe say I was your uncle? Dot's it. You tell 'em I'm your uncle."

The garage man was too trusting. It was not a good hotel for a town with as large a population as forty. We

were shown by the proprietress to a room which, aside from lacking sheets, pillows, blankets, soap, towels and water—either running or firm—was fully furnished. The landlady wore men's shoes and she had a harelip. We pointed out to her that we'd love to have this and that added to the room. She looked about vaguely and admitted in slow astonishment that the hired girl must have forgotten something.

Could she attend to it? Oh, ye-es, she t-thought so; she'd have to see about it. This evening? Why, she'd try to—she sure would.

Into the room bounced the real manager of the hotel, the landlady's daughter, a sharp-nosed child of fifteen with more brains than the landlady and the garage man put together. In fact, she had practically normal mentality. She snapped: "You hustle down and finish getting supper, ma, and then make up a bed here. Say, you"—to us—"your friend is wandering round hollering. I give him a nice two-bit room, but he won't stay in it. You better tend to him."

The poor old sheepman, it proved, could not see by lamplight. In his room he had fumbled about and found that his bundle and his fine silver-headed stick were missing; and these, after seventy-five years of drudgery, were all he had. Down in the filthy lower corridor we discovered him inching his way along with his fingers against the wall and crying in his darkness, "My clothes! Dey took my clothes!"

We restored his baggage, which had been left in the office. He held it to his breast, stroked his stick—the rod of an umbrella! He would not leave them again. He took them in to supper and guarded them in his lap.

Supper was an acrobatic exhibition. There was one long table, mostly occupied by men in shirt sleeves, who humped over and flapped their elbows and chawed and said nothing. The food consisted of coffee—curse the man who invented adulterants for good tasty cowpeas—with soda-caked bread, beef stew, and flapjacks made of fresh library paste. We went away from supper rather speedily. Were there, we inquired, ever any movies? Well, the landlady cheered us, there had been a missionary lecture with colored slides only about three months ago.

What's a Nut or Two in the Magneto!

THE new brake band was not quite ready at eight next morning, but at ten the garage man glowingly announced that the car was "all O. K." Our sheep herder had not appeared. We were cowards and poltroons—I had never till then known what a poltroon was, but I saw that I was it. We paid the garage man two dollars to drive the herder to the poorhouse when he should rise and we hastily prepared to sneak out of town.

As I started the flivver—all the machine guns of the Western Front went off at once just beneath my feet. That, the garage man insisted, was all right. Maybe he had dropped a nut into the magneto while putting in the band.

Yes, maybe he had dropped in a nut—and maybe he had dropped in four or five nuts, and maybe he had dropped in his pliers, his jack, the forge and one or two crowbars. In fact, if he ever misses anything from his garage I'll give him the address of the man to whom I sold the flivver in San Francisco—after the magneto had gone bankrupt.

We nervously ventured on all day, fondly hating to leave each safe garage that we passed—and sometimes being so overwhelmed by our love for them that we didn't pass, but stopped and let the garage man tell us that he would like to perform a laparotomy on the magneto. We took the magnificent road over the Siskiyous into California and came down into the sunset. The next afternoon in a gully between two viciously steep hills, fourteen miles or so from any garage, we stopped for keeps. I poked round with the large screw driver, the small screw driver and the wrench I had stolen from my brother. I tightened the spark plugs and looked wise and told my wife what the trouble was. But at the same time I should have liked to know what the trouble was.

The car was blocking the narrow way. Up behind it rattled an astounding vehicle—a flivver with a delivery body filled with trunks and cooking pots and a big roll of canvas. Its occupants were an unshaven man in greasy overalls and a plump comfortable wife in a raincoat.

Ah, here was a workman, maybe a garage man! Here was that beautiful fellowship of the road and come-comrade-vagabonds-let-us-roam-the-jolly-old-world-together stuff. Here were those humble sterling virtues that renew one's faith. He wasn't a gentleman autohobo; in fact, he looked as though he knew something. I shot a few palpitant smiles in his direction and waited his assistance.

He hurtled out, ran to me, clamored, "What the hell you stopping up the way for?"

In much dignity, not very well concealing the fact that I wished to hit him with the rear axle, I stated, "I should be very glad to get out of your way if you care to help me push the car off the road. So sorry that a little thing like a complete breakdown has delayed your important mission." You know—haughty and reproving.

The Fellowship of the Road—Hauling Out a Car That Has Skidded Into a Ditch

"Grrrrrr! You amateur sagebrush tourists give me a big fat pain. Don't know enough to get your Liz out of the garage."

"Say, you can go plumb ——"

"Grrrrrr! Get out of the way!"

He pushed me aside, steadily cursing; he looked at the transmission cover and asked a few impertinent questions and wailed that he should once more have been afflicted by one of these goats that infest the road and spoil driving for a real guy; he held up his hands in agony and informed heaven that he'd be danged if he'd be fool enough to help anybody again or even give 'em any information; and then he told me that my "fool mag. was shorted," and he worked on the car for one hour and a quarter and made the repairs, and when I tried to pay him at the end he viewed me with great distaste and roared:

"Go on! If you paid me what it was worth you wouldn't have enough money left to get to Frisco. Get out of here! Don't go on blocking up the road! Drive on, will yuh?"

"S-say, I'm—I'm awfully obliged—w-wish you'd let me pay you, but—I'll drive off the road and you go on ahead."

"Naw! Gwan ahead! Man like you hadn't ought to be let out on the highway. Not one of these damn amateurs that know anything. Stopping up the road! Gwan ahead—you'll probably bust down again in ten miles and if I'm not behind you most anything will happen to you—and ought to!"

Furiously he returned to his car and his wife said placidly, "My, how you do curse and swear!"

Twice more that day he rescued us. Each time he refused to go on ahead.

Meeting Messrs. Ig and Nition

AT NIGHTFALL there was only one mountain between us and a sizable town at which we planned to spend the night. We climbed blissfully, we reached a plateau—and we halted with abruptness. The magneto was tired and desired to go by-by. There was no chance of our friend's coming—he had said that he would stop and make camp before dusk. It was a rocky, scraggly, uninhabited stretch of mountain. There was no garage, no telephone for miles.

Another flivver hopped into sight, but the two men in it knew less about ignition than I did—they knew less about it than any other person in the world except the garage man who had salted my magneto with hardware. They did, however, help me to get my car off the single-track road. It was a job. One side of the road was a well-ventilated nothing-at-all, with an excessively airy drop to bowlders two hundred feet below. We had to push the car down to a slight widening, checking it all the way with stones under the wheels, get it off the road and let it rest with the back against a pine tree on the edge of the cañon.

(Continued on Page 56

Changing a Tire

In the Northern Pines—a Log Lodge of To-day

Help From a Passer-by

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27, 1919

Give Us Air!

THE trouble with the politics of this country is that it is too political, and the trouble with the politicians is that they are pettifoggers. Moreover, of all the essential industries—and it is of the most essential—politics is the only one that has not kept step with progress.

There have been new policies, but no new politics. The mechanics of politics, on which the success or failure of any policy depends, has not changed since the days of Zach Chandler; nor have the mechanicians. There hasn't been a new political idea since 1896, when Mark Hanna synchronized his Gold Parade all over the country on the Saturday before election. The Progressive business in 1912 was merely a variant of the mugwump revolt against Blaine in 1884. And so on.

As a people we are intensively occupied with our own affairs and incredibly unconcerned with our governmental affairs. Occasionally we emit a few wild whoops about what is going on, run round in circles until the necessity of sleuthing a few more nickels for ourselves intrudes or the hideous possibility that some neighbor may sleuth a nickel or two that would have been ours if we had attended to business and let public and hence political affairs go hang; and proceed to let them go hang. Meantime, the politicians remain calmly, and archaically, on the job, and the results are generally as predicted in the dispatches.

So long as we have government we shall have politics. Indeed, considering Russia, when there is no government there is twice as much politics. It is the sad fate of the human being to be entirely surrounded by politics, and though any individual may, if he chooses, ignore politics there never will come a time in his life when politics will ignore him. All of us, from our earliest sentience to our ultimate senility, are subject to it and subjects of it. There is no way to change this. If we kick out one set of politicians we merely kick in another set, and do nothing at all to politics *per se*. Politics is our inheritance and our yoke, and has been since the first convention of cave men met to divide the meat among the chaps with the biggest pull, and will be until the men in the back room figure out how much there will be in it for them if they allow some favorite son to be first up at the sounding of the final trump.

Politics is inescapable. Therefore politicians are inevitable, because the one breeds the other; because the presence of the medium predicates the practice of it by the mediums; and because the people have no time to attend to it, being concerned in such important affairs as living enough money to get a touring car to replace the flivver, and other and similar paramount undertakings. Consequently, with such humility as the circumstances demand—which is considerable humility, because the way Brother Laocoön and family allowed themselves to be tangled up with the serpents is a mere fox trot compared with the way we have allowed the politicians to entangle us—with humility but with fervor the politicians of America are herewith addressed:

Gentlemen: Though it may have escaped your attention, there has recently been fought in this world a large, not to say imposing, war; and that war continued for the space of four years, resulting not only in a considerable dislocation of conditions that existed prior thereto but seemingly demanding, after its close, the institution of methods, policies and practices to meet and cope with the new conditions that have ensued. It is not too much to say that the political situation that at present exists in this country is as foreign to and far removed from the political situation that existed prior to July 28, 1914, as the situation that existed in April, 1861, before our Civil War; as new and novel and momentous as if we were just constituted a nation, and demanding political treatment in harmony with unaccustomed requirements.

New problems press; new alignments exist. Old adjustments are destroyed; old policies do not fit. The structure of our Government is no longer a three-story-and-basement affair, but a Woolworth Building, and then some. Our method of transportation is not by stagecoach and is by aëroplane. Instead of being national we are now international. Instead of being isolated and doing business on our own side street we are now established at the world's busiest corner. Everything has changed—everybody is in step with the times—everything and everybody but you.

We find you in Washington, at the state capitals, everywhere across this country, playing and planning your politics as you or your predecessors played and planned them in 1872, in 1884, in 1896. We find you actuated by the same impulses, governed by the same set and rigid rules, devoted to the same precedents and traditions. We find you fatuously trying to measure the three-thousand-mile political requirements of this country with the same foot rule that was used in 1840. The results of the war have made no impression on you. The changes in circumstance, condition—even in civilization itself—have passed over you. You sit and dodder and plan and execute according to formulas as archaic as if they were for the political direction of the Aztecs rather than for the political direction of a people who have gone forward a hundred years in the past five.

Is it not possible, gentlemen, that the circumstances, the conditions, the position and the possibilities and predication of this country should get a more intelligent, more advanced, more commensurate political consideration than the invariable consideration you give it—the consideration as a party and partisan question? Are we not now at a place where some heed, some small heed should be paid to our political problems on the basis of Americanism and the needs of America rather than on the needs of party; and based on something wider, broader and more in consonance with the present day than the effort to get a partisan advantage and retain a partisan control?

Is there not some way that a governmental policy can be considered save as the effect the adoption of it or the defeat of it will have on some class or racial vote—on the labor vote, the foreign vote or any other class or supposedly united vote? Will you never learn that no class, no sect, no section of the American people votes as a unit? Cannot you get a little vision—just a little—and see that what this country of ours needs now, and must have, is a political direction that does not comprehend a partisan advantage for one set of men or another, nor an appeal for votes from one class or another class, but does comprehend an advantage for the whole of America and the entire American people? Is there not some politician who has a mind of sufficient intelligence to assimilate this? Has America no man big enough to play politics for the whole people rather than for party advantage and power first, and thereby induced personal advantage and power second?

We are smothered under party politics, under class politics, under small, pitiful, personal, partisan politics, tied up to parties that have no valid excuse for being parties, because all they stand for is of the past, not of the present or of the future. We are suffocated by piddling, old-time, archaic politics that has no comprehension, either in projection or execution, of the wants and demands of this country. We are stifled with the odors of a decayed partisanship, with the effluvia of a senescent party system, with the stench of a little puny politics that sees nothing, knows nothing, feels nothing, and wants nothing but party advantage and consequent advantage for partisans, instead of realizing, even dimly, the needs of the American people as a people and the needs of America as America. Give us air! GIVE US AIR! GIVE US AIR!

Marks—American and German

EVEN investors of short memory can recall the advice of the Wall Street wiseacres and financial medicine men who urged their followers to buy fifty-two-cent Russian rubles when they were selling for thirty cents, in the hope of reaping a handsome profit when the end of the war should restore Russian exchange to its old-time levels. This advice was widely acted upon, and millions of hard, sound American dollars were put into soft and slippery Russian rubles. Most of them are there yet.

At no time since the counsel of these monetary medicine men was given and taken has Russia been able to boast a single flourishing, uncurtailed industry except that of printing paper money. The natural result is that if one desires a quotation on rubles one scarcely knows whether to turn to the ragman or the money changer, for it is mainly the high cost of paper that gives perceptible value to the output of the big-edition printing house of Lenine & Trotzky.

The theory upon which the speculators in Russian exchange acted at the time was entirely logical—conditioned by the proviso that nothing upset the apple cart. But something did upset the apple cart and splinter it to match sticks.

These facts are common knowledge to every reader of daily financial pages; yet the country still harbors persons who firmly believe that no more apple carts can be overturned. Every week letters come to us from correspondents who have had wit enough to save anywhere from five to twenty-five thousand dollars, asking if we do not think they would do well to put their money—the dearest money in the world—into German marks. They plainly wish us to encourage them to do so. Sweets to the sweet, marks to the mark!

Liberty Bonds are too good for these inquirers; or else not good enough. First mortgages on home real estate are not safe enough for them; or perhaps not exciting enough. They wish to be assured that German marks—selling, at this writing, for about the price of a morning newspaper—are dirt-cheap and can, in the not very distant future, be cashed in at twenty-three cents apiece.

Perhaps they can be. No man can prove the contrary. Yet to such inquirers we are moved to say: If your desire to gamble is irresistible, why not have the fun of gambling? Why not, for example, put your savings on a roulette table, where you can reckon the chances against you with far more accuracy than you can possibly forecast the hazard of German marks? Or if roulette has an overchancy sound, why not investigate the game called faro, which is said to give a chance to player as well as to banker? Or if action, swift, furious and decisive, is what you crave, is there no dusky youth at hand to induct you into the mysteries of the galloping bones and their use in a sport sometimes known as African golf?

Any one of these cloth-field sports affords ample opportunities for losing any reasonable sum of money with conclusiveness and dispatch; and they all offer the obvious advantage of allowing the player to keep his eye on his money every moment from the instant it leaves his pocket until the instant it has ceased to be his.

Taken by and large, speculation in foreign exchange is by no means the most alluring or amusing of our well-known games of chance.

FORTUNE'S DARLING

IX

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE way back to the kampong was longer than Towers and La Flèche had thought; or Argo, muddled with sleep, went wrong; for sunrise caught them on the hilltop overlooking a milky sea, night fog of which the frozen waves had only begun to melt, to sink, rise, yawn apart smokily in hollows where dark tree tops floated like wreckage. The men climbed down through a cool rolling mist. Its breath revived them; yet they made so little speed—their feet aching, knees giving way—that by the time they slid past Leda's house to level ground the day already burned clear.

Her house was open, silent. At the foot of her ladder three men lay dozing, pillowed on luggage; not jungle or village, but coast folk, seaport dandies in gay attire though bedraggled. They woke and sat up, scowling with distrust.

Dan hailed them.

"Are you Ibrahim's men?"

"Yes, tuan." The three strangers took courage at sight of him and Runa. "We are."

"Where's your lady? I'm her father's friend, acting for her father."

All three jumped up, bowed and talked at once.

"In Nata Kasuma's house. Tuan, we have suffered. I tell you, the lady fears nothing, beast or man, or both rolled into one. God is great to bring you here at this time. We have suffered."

Dan held up his hand for silence.

"Speak, you." He chose the eldest and calmest. "We cannot hear three tongues."

They came to order. A look of relief crossed their tired brown faces.

"Sir, your lady," said the spokesman, not without dignity, "is too brave. I say this, and no one ever called me a coward. But she"—the man's eyes lighted with a kind of awe—"if her soul tells her the world is wrong she will take the world by the throat. We have followed her where we would not go ourselves. We could not help it. She is like that. Now she has gone to Nata Kasuma's house, alone—it was her order—to get justice. Tuan, is there dew in the burning pit? This town has no justice, no magistrate of yours or rajah of ours. What can help? What resource? None, sir; nothing. No priest, no mosque, no law; nothing but fear of a great fat devil!"

The speaker lowered his voice and frowned over his shoulder, as though the sunlit bush were full of eavesdroppers.

"Our lady is in his house now. Reasoning with him!" Ibrahim's man smiled bitterly. "Reason? Go sing to a *must* elephant when the grease runs out of his temple!"

Dan nodded.

"Take care of this Argo," he said, turning away. "Feed him and let him sleep. I go to the lady."

They Were Indeed Taking Hours for That Simple Thing Called a Good-by

There was no time for weariness; and indeed as Towers went along the village path he felt buoyed by a new force, not of the body. This poor child, taking in her simplicity an evil world by its throat, should have another pair of hands to help. He went exulting; and when a sound of footsteps made him glance behind he saw without surprise, like confirmation of his thought, Runa and Amra Khan following close with faces that shone. They said nothing, but Runa came jauntily and hummed an old song:

This hand and this life I will venture so free,
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

The path lay empty before them, part sunshine, part cool and rustling bamboo shadow. On their right hand the hill impended, a lofty green bank out of which peeped here and there straw-colored houses, the burnished rail of a ladder, or high in air a few gay specks of women, their heads crowned with glistening water jars, who moved and were hidden among slant leafy ways. Morning peace brooded over all; the crag of branches under blue sky without a cloud lay steeping in light, deadly quiet.

Dan with his friends turned in toward Nata Kasuma's house. It lay under the trees, a front of basketwork with door and windows overlooking a bare yard, unfenced, the ground worn smooth. In one corner a watchman's platform, built of earth, upheld on crooked pillars its thatch roof. Here, like a gray mummy case hung by its neck, dangled a hollow log, beneath which two old men, beaters of the alarm, lay dozing and chewing. "*Tabik, tuan,*" droned one of these. The other did not care to be polite.

Dan passed them and went softly to the door of their headman's house. The sill being shoulder high he and Runa, and Amra Khan behind them, looked in level with the floor. What they saw was quiet if not commonplace. A large, cool, dusky room, walled and carpeted with neat matting, contained two persons. In the center of the floor Nata Kasuma sat cross-legged; he wore a splendid heliotrope silk jacket embroidered with golden cart wheels, but wore it flung open, so that his brown paunch hung bulging in folds. Like a bronze figure, some Chinese lumpish god of prosperity, he remained there inert, fixed as by weight. Two or three paces away, all in white from toe to helmet, stood Leda.

Neither of them saw the watching heads by the threshold. Nata Kasuma looked down intently at a gold spittoon. It caught the glimmer of outdoor light; so did many broad-bladed weapons hanging round the room—short swords of the Mentok pattern.

Neither man nor girl moved, yet their stillness had nothing in common—his, ugly as death; hers, living expectation, momentary pause, quick as a swallow's turn in flight. She had made some gesture and now waited.

Dan saw her clearly. How could he have forgotten her loveliness? He must have forgotten; it overcame him like something new even in the rush of memory. Her face, clear light brown in color, oval in shape; the firm though delicate features, lips curving without weakness, dark eyes glowing large under fine arched brows; her way of carrying the head, not proudly but as if she were tall—these and the clean line of her young shoulders he saw now all afresh, at the same time that he remembered. So, in torchlight, standing by a new grave, he had acknowledged her power.

She spoke.

"Sir, you are the lord of all men here. To whom should I come, if not to you?"

Her voice was low, calm and strangely moving. Dan felt Runa's hand grasp him by the arm.

Nata Kasuma stared heavily at the gold spittoon.

"I tell you, lady," he grumbled, "this is not an old established kampong. No. Must I say again—it's a rubbish heap, without order, thrown together last year or so, where every kind of thief, outlaw, runaway dog crawls in to lie down and hide? That's all they are. You say I rule them. Maybe I do. But if you had a dozen fathers and they'd sent you to claim a hundred bags of stolen goods —— What was it again, you said? Silver? Why, you can't suppose the man who took them would come telling me? I never ask the scoundrels what they've done to want refuge here."

The words rang plausible enough, but he who spoke them did not once look up. Leda stepped backward and folded her hands. A trifling change in posture, it might have seemed like submission. But Dan, who knew his ward and saw her great eyes kindling, was not deceived.

"You mistake me, sir," she replied very gently. "I had but one father. Those who killed him dwell in your village and enjoy his goods, looted from his house. It is no chance beggar woman speaking, but Parimban's daughter, come before you for justice. I ask that. Of you, sir. Think well, for I have powerful friends."

Towers never admired her so much as now, hearing this magnificent fib. The lump of flesh remained sulky.

"I am a private person, not a sultan." Nata Kasuma rolled up at her one brief malignant glance. "Do you expect me to search their hiding holes? On your word? I dare not try."

Her lips curled in a smile. It was faint, quickly past; but no man could meet it and hold up his head.

"Ah," said Leda, as though to an empty room, "was this a cock of the game or a duck with spurs on?"

The insult pierced home. With a grunt Nata Kasuma bounded to his feet, shaking the house. His huge flat face writhed at her, all its evil bursting through, as flame writhes and bursts from the darkness of smoke.

At the same moment Dan and Runa were up the ladder, into the room; while Amra Khan, scorner of stairs, vaulted lightly beside them.

Towers had often wondered how he should greet her at last. In that place their greeting was simple.

"You have come."

The sudden radiance of her look said all the rest. She took his hand and stood there with him, facing her enemy. It was Runa who spoke next.

"Sir, I should advise you," he began in his silkiest tones, "not to be rude to this lady. What she told you is quite true. She has very powerful friends."

His cool fastidious air, the little formal bow that he made to Leda in removing his helmet, the good humor with which he tossed his words casually aside—took effect. He reduced this encounter almost to the proportion of a morning call.

"Oh! Ah, you, gentlemen?" Nata Kasuma pulled in his horns. The gnashing fury which had come to surface went under again and left him blank. "I—I misunderstood. The lady ——" He worked his features round toward a grin. "I was angry, yes; angry to think how little power I have to help her; that was all."

Runa inclined his head sidelong. "Of course. It is vexing," he drawled. "Your sentiment does you honor."

The chief drew his gold-wrought heliotrope jacket about him, fumbled with buttons, then spread his hands, inviting all to sit down, and squatted himself on the floor again.

"You have not eaten?" he inquired. "Let me provide a bite of breakfast."

The others remained standing. Runa at length and with much flattery declined.

"We have urgent business," he said, "to consider with this lady at her house. Later, if you wish, we may return and take up her affairs with you, her father's affair. Calmly, you know, in all friendship; for matters of state need calm handling."

La Flèche uttered this, and more, like a plenipotentiary with empires at his back. Nata Kasuma, cringing, broadly affable but uneasy, replied in kind. The palaver was going well, when Dan found that Leda had withdrawn her hand from his and crept forward.

"Later, then, as you say," agreed the master of the house. "And all friendship. Cold council is better than hot."

His turban, a masterpiece in dull blue and burnt gold, had slipped awry; or so he fancied, for while talking he pecked and patted it continually into better shape, as a woman fiddles at her hair. He was doing this with his left hand, on which there shone a ring.

"It is!" cried Leda, pointing. "I thought so all the time!"

Her words cut through and destroyed the nonsense these men were playing. "My father's! You killed him. You!"

Dan saw the hand stop, arrested on the turban. He saw the ring. Too small for such fatness it stuck midway on Nata Kasuma's little finger, between knuckles; a gold band with a flat oval green gem, incised. Long ago he had seen this ring worn by his friend Parimban.

"My father's signet! Liar and murderer!"

The fellow shut both fists together, drove them into his lap, and burrowed them under his sarong. It was too late. Falsehood had met the truth. He squinted upward once, no more; then sat like a stone image, thinking.

Runa gave his friend a glance.

"Get her out of here," it counseled.

"I'll attend to him afterward," said Dan sternly. "Come, my dear. Come home with me first."

He did not expect Leda to obey or even listen. She turned and came with him like a child, half dazed, that has found its own in a crowd.

Outdoors, glare and heat surrounded them. As they went down the slope of baked earth in the compound she confided herself to his arm so passively, half walking, half being carried, that Dan became frightened. She was very pale. Her eyelids drooped, shut, and opened again with exceeding languor. A child indeed, he thought, a tired child at the end of her strength. Her lips moved, the ghost of a smile playing on them. Dan bent down and caught what she was trying to say.

"You are too good for this girl. I did hope ——"

With that she sighed, and leaned on him, content.

Towers looked behind. Inside the room Nata Kasuma's black shadow had not changed, but sat huddled as before, a grim bulk on the matting. Runa followed them deliberately, with a swagger in his gait, like one who would avoid the suspicion of haste. At his side loomed Amra Khan, whispering, buzzing with questions.

"What was the ring, sahib? Where did that misbegotten bullfrog steal it?"

"Hush! Her father's ring," explained Runa. "He killed her father."

Dan heard his retainer swear some quaint northern oath.

"And would have speared her also, this one!" said Amra Khan. "Ha! The frog would eat dragon flies. He pampers himself. We shall see."

They went slowly by the watchmen's platform and gained the path without. No sooner were they among trees, hidden from sight of the compound, than Runa came darting alongside.

"To the lady's house quickly as we can go," he said in Hindustani. "Anything may happen now. Make haste."

"She's worn out," Dan answered. "Wait."

He swung Leda up in his arms and ran with her. She clasped him round the neck, her cheek on his shoulder. With so light and precious a burden he could have run for miles.

Thus racing down the green bamboo aisle they came to her house, under which Argo and Ibrahim's men lay asleep.

"Here, Amra Khan, lend me a hand up," called Towers. He turned at the foot of the ladder. "Why—he's gone!"

Amra Khan was not there. He had deserted them, chosen this, of all times, to fail.

"Let me," said Runa. "Do you mind, old son?"

As they went up with her a hollow booming broke out and resounded along the precipice of trees. It swelled, filled the air, throbbing like a drum pounded by giants. Nata Kasuma's watchmen were beating the alarm.

x

THEY left her in her room for the moment, telling her to rest. This advice, when all outdoors reverberated the warning of the hollow log, seemed a pathetic irony. She did not mark it or question them; but having surrendered once for all reached out her slender brown hands weakly and smiled. Her forlorn contrition went to their hearts.

(Continued on Page 30)

"I Told Him: 'All I Want is the Ring, My Lady's.' But He Rushed. The Fool Fought Well Too; Strong, and Quick, and Bouncing on His Feet"

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Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

"Do not hate your little fool," mourned Leda. "She did only try coming to you. The way it was so rough. She did not know."

They laughed, to comfort and deceive her.

"That's all right," Dan replied. "You rest."

Down her ladder again they went to business. Underneath the house Ibrahim's three dandies, half awake, sat wondering at the noise in the air; but now Argo raised his mop head, listened, and quickly enlightened them:

"The drum! The drum! He is calling his men. Those pigs! More trouble. Always more."

His flat face, haggard and bruised, glowered with the exasperation of a man who finds his good sleep ruined.

"You may go if you like," Dan told him. "We'd better pay this chap off now, Runa, while we can."

"Well said, old one. So long as we live, discharge debts, eh?" La Flèche opened his tunic, unbuttoned his belt purse and took out Tante's parting gift, Madame Merey's knitted pouch. "Here." He thrust some gold pieces into Argo's hand. "Enough to make you for life. Trot along, *mon coco*, we are quits. You'd best flop over to the winning side or disappear."

"Yes," agreed Towers; "while the going's good."

Argo stared, first at wealth shining in his palm, next at the givers. Whether surprised or distracted by a choice of evils he could not speak. At last his gloomy eyes quickened and grew keen.

"Masters," declared Argo, "I keep with you. Give me back my spear?"

Runa nodded.

"It's up in the house," he answered. "Wait until we need it."

He turned and linking arms with Dan moved a few paces away, as though to talk in privacy. They did not say much, these friends: from one a gruff bit of regret: "Sorry I lugged you into this mess"; from the other something flippant. The rest they understood. To take to the woods again and lie hidden was their course of safety, but a course they might not follow. Leda could go no farther now. They were to stay with her. It was very simple.

"Have a smoke?" offered Runa.

"Good idea," said Dan.

They waited therefore in silence. The woodland light and shadow played above, beneath, dazzles of green, sparks of sun, black traceries, mingling like a hide-and-seek of life that was to go on forever without care. It made each man's face look strange, feeble and nightworn as a lamp left burning by day.

The drumming of the hollow log slackened, grew fitful, and with a few last thumps ended. Towers could hear once more the cool-sounding rustle of bamboo pass uphill. It seemed to magnify the heat.

Surely, he thought, now was the time for whatever they were expecting.

The thing that came was a pair of long legs marching easily under the boughs on the path.

"Oh, him!" said Towers. "He's back again."

"I thought so," declared Runa.

The long legs were those of Amra Khan, who rounded the point of trees and came deliberately on.

"There will be a crowd here soon." Amra Khan saluted his masters, and joining them calmly made his report like a good servant: "The frog is cold."

Round his waist he wore a new sash; or rather, tied sashwise, a length of quiet-colored *slendang*, the Malay neck scarf. Poked through this jauntily hung a Mentok short sword, bare, its blade a willow leaf of gray steel.

"What?"

Amra Khan tugged at his left hand, unscrewing something off one finger.

"Her own, sahib. Your lady's."

He held out Parimban's ring, the gold band with the green gem.

"How did you get this?" Dan cried.

"I walked in and asked him for it," said Amra Khan. "The frog puffed out his throat at me and bubbled. We could not know each other's words, so I took his fat hand very pleasantly and touched the ring and smiled at him, and said: 'That belongs to my mem-sahib. Give it here. It has made her sick.' He knew what I was saying then. But instead he jumped and ran to the wall and got down this chopper." Amra Khan patted the short sword. "I said: '*Panu*, be quiet. The old goat should not play with the wolf.' He only dashed his mouth, the madman; it dripped words, wet, *ghammar-ghammar* like a churn. I told him:

"'Sit down. All I want is the ring, my lady's.' But he rushed. The fool fought well too; strong and quick and bouncing on his feet. Yes, he fought very well indeed. The crowd was pushing round the house by that time, and they all said so. Their faces told me; I did not understand what their tongues were shouting."

Runa and Dan exchanged looks of slow conjecture.

"What then?" they asked, for Amra Khan stopped like one who had no more to say. "What of Nata Kasuma?"

The northerner's dark eyes, neither sad nor cruel, answered them clearly.

"He lived as many days as he was born to," stated Amra Khan. "It happens thus. We are not told why. Here, sir. Will you not take your lady's ring?"

Dan took it and for a moment stood revolving it with his fingers, intent, as though studying the workmanship. What he felt was not this metal band, but rather the chain, unseen, unbreakable, of which it formed a link and by which the past draws the future into being.

"You're right. It happens thus," he said. "And we don't know why." He nodded gravely at his follower. "The lady will thank you for this keepsake."

"What was the crowd doing," asked Runa, "to let you come away?"

Amra Khan's eyes twinkled.

"Standing clear," he replied. "They made a street as wide as if I were four men abreast, with elephants coming. The ring was on my finger. I held it aloft in the sun, for authority. A man sprang up by the drum log and began preaching or praying to them; a sad man, lanky and black, like the ridgepole of a burned house. He made them listen, though, this ridgepole. And so I came away."

Indeed his narrative left no more to be added. Like it or not, this thing was done; and now, as before, the friends could only wait, ready for some unknown consequent.

The waiting seemed long. Neither sound nor glimpse of living creature disturbed its monotony. Whatever those people who thronged the dead man's compound meant to do they kept unnaturally still. Morning became noon; straight overhead the sun blazed down the green cliff of branches; and there, where behind every frond might be a watcher and listener, the whole steep village lay masked, abiding an outcome, holding its breath. A false calm, a constrained hush had spread through the forest, as through a hedge full of birds when a hawk soars.

When Runa Had Gone From Sight Towers Remained Still Watching. He Was Somewhat Dazed

Runa was the first to hear warning of a change. "They've started." He sighed and became at once more cheerful. "They're on the way. Good."

Dan gave ear, and presently caught a hint of movement in the distance. It drew near, the soft tread of many bare feet approaching slowly.

Round the tree headland where the path bent came an orderly, bright-colored procession of men, led by a tall fellow who carried on his shoulders a long brown-scabbarded sword. He looked back and murmured some command, at which his followers, without haste or confusion, ranged themselves opposite the front of Leda's house, halted, and sat down in rows beyond the path, like an audience preparing to enjoy themselves. The tall man advanced alone.

"The new boss," muttered Runa. "*Magnæ spes altera Romæ*. Not a bad face."

"Glum as a deacon," said Dan.

The stranger stopped two paces away and eyed them. An austere man in turban and skirt of somber hue, he looked so dark and bony that they knew him for Amra Khan's orator, the burned ridgepole.

"I salute you, sirs," he declared in tones like a bass viol.

They returned his greeting. He studied them

"I speak for this kampong," he continued. "You have slain Nata Kasuma. Is it your pleasure to exchange words with me?"

Dan and Runa conferred in a glance, then made proper show of doubt; as if, indeed, their pleasure were called into question, nothing more. They could not tell what lay behind the civility of this dark one.

"The lady is asleep in her house," replied Runa. "We have no comfort to offer you, sir; no roof but the sky or floor but the ground."

The stranger waved their apology aside.

"The ground is a good seat, when shared with men of honor." He turned and made a beckoning sign. Up from among his followers hopped a little graybeard, who came trotting obediently to take his sword. "The ground will do very well."

He waited until Dan and Runa sat down; then he squatted facing them. At his back the little old servant crouched, and holding the sword reverently, hilt upward, brought it to rest on a shoulder cloth of crocus yellow silk.

Dan looked back to dismiss Amra Khan and the others.

"Withdraw," said he.

They went and sat under the house, glowering like cats.

"My name is Tasmid," began the dark leader. "There is talk that the lady has great knowledge in witchcraft." He glanced doubtfully at the open door above them and lowered his voice to a rumble. "Also that this killing was done for a magic ring."

He paused. His hearers did not speak, but used the unanswerable argument, silence.

"What do I know about magic rings? I do not believe in them. Fool's talk, nonsense." He glanced up the ladder again, frowning. "That is, I do not believe much. It is true, Nata Kasuma got his luck from devils. We all know that. But such things ——"

His dark, saturnine face grew wrinkled. It was the face of a man sore perplexed.

"Let him see it, Danny," advised Runa.

Towers held out the signet.

"That is windward writing," Tasmid grumbled. "I am no priest, to judge it good or evil."

He sat brooding after Dan had put the ring up again.

"But one thing I do know," he declared sourly. "I have traveled. North, south, all round it is one tale. We live here alone with our trees, but not alone forever; not long. Always in the same order your people come. Always. First, two or three, like you, and go away; then, soldiers, and go away; then a young magistrate, who remains, with his little rattan stick and his little yapping dog. And then life grows tame. In the end, who can tell if this, like your writing, be good or evil?"

Again he pondered. La Flèche gave Dan a secret nudge.

"Why do your people begin coming?" Tasmid questioned them with his dark, slow, burning eyes. "What brings the first two or three, many miles, many, so far? Is it in truth a magic? What brought you?"

Runa leaned forward and spoke.

"I can tell you that, Tuan Tasmid. Plain," said he. "Our lady came for two bags of silver, her father's money, stolen by Nata Kasuma. We come to see her get them." Runa flung down both hands open, like a player showing his cards. "Give the lady her own, and we leave you in peace."

This audacious offer took Dan's breath away.

"Why should I?" Tasmid inquired without change of tone or aspect. "What need?"

Runa, smiling, returned a soft answer:

"Because it is right. Because your fat frog is cold, his luck broken, his ring passed into our hands. Because you, who now govern here, are a man full of bile, foresight, ambition. You know what will come to pass." The youngster cooed like a dove, but his eyes were harder than a serpent's. "Because when the boy magistrate walks into this kampong with the little stick and the little dog—you are clever, they do always come at last—why, he may fetch in his pocket letters that will make you rajah, create you lord of woods and rivers! Because we shall have told him beforehand, we, the first comers: Tasmid is a reasonable man. And because our lady's friends, the forest folk, children of a princess in the old time, have felt the power of our lady's magic and will spread the greatness of your name for miles round."

This eloquence left the reasonable man, to all outward appearance, quite cold. "H'm!" he grunted. "If they don't kill me in the meantime."

But he swung on his haunches, to throw back a different word. The gray sword bearer heard it, rose and, balancing on his right shoulder the hilt of ceremony, marched down to the path, where a murmur and a ripple went through the audience.

Argo scrambled from under the house.

"All is well now, lords!" he cried, and ran by to join his fellows.

The new chief indulged in a grin.

(Continued on Page 62

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a small cigar, but
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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Shoes from the Sea

THE prices of shoes, like the cost of some of our other necessities, have been climbing steadily to the higher and rarer altitudes. If you ask the shoeman he will inform you that the boost is due more to a scarcity of leather than to increased operating charges. It is difficult to deny this statement, for the very good reason that we have always imported considerably more than half of the hides and skins that are used to make our shoes, and these imports, which fell off so seriously in 1918, have never returned to normal.

As a nation we are the greatest shoe producers in the world, and we not only supply our own needs in the way of the finished article but we send our footwear to all parts of the globe. Faced with two conditions—a lack of leather and an increased demand—how can we meet the situation with a minimum of expense and inconvenience to our own citizens?

One of the principal answers is substitutes, and one of the chief substitutes is leather made from fishskin. The United States Bureau of Standards is now conducting an investigation of the structure of this new leather from the sea, and the hope is expressed by the authorities that some quick method will be discovered whereby it will be possible to distinguish fish leather from animal leather.

The fact that the two leathers are so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart is good news for the fellows who are worried over the present cost of shoes. The Bureau of Fisheries tells us that the skins of sharks and porpoises hold forth the greatest promise.

Heretofore the skins of fish were a by-product of the fish-oil refineries; now we see the launching of an industry that has for its primary purpose the recovery of the skins. Stations have been established at points in close proximity to the Gulf Stream, and preliminary operations have shown a large catch of sharks with a sprinkling of porpoises. The fish are caught with heavy nets, some of them twenty-five hundred feet in length. The nets are placed at right angles to the coast line so as to catch the fish running parallel to the shore.

Experiments have shown further that the stomachs of the shark and the whale, and the intestines of the porpoise, can be worked into leathers that are strong and soft, and closely resemble kid. The porpoise skins can be divided into three splits, one of them being sufficiently thick and strong for the production of heavy shoes.

As to the possibilities for leather that lie in the ocean, it might be stated that practice has shown how it is possible to catch as many as five thousand large fish in one day, due to the crowded life in the warm waters of our southern seas. The hide of a single shark or the skin of a porpoise will produce twelve to forty square feet of leather, depending upon the size of the fish, and the tanned skin of a devilfish will often cover an area of fifty to one hundred square feet.

This new industry of producing leather from the hides of our aquatic animals is fortunate in that the business does not have to depend upon a single product. The reduction plants can secure valuable oils, some of which are of such high grade that they are the particular lubricants best adapted for the delicate mechanism of finely made watches. A large shark will often yield as much as one hundred gallons of oil, while the blood of these fish forms the basis for a waterproof glue that is much in demand in the manufacture of wooden propellers for aëroplanes.

The tests of fish leather, such as have been made, show this product to have splendid wearing qualities. The supply of aquatic animals is practically unlimited, and there appears to be no danger of losing great numbers through drought or disease. We are looking for ways out of the high-cost-of-living dilemma. The more thought that is given the matter the more it appears that the route via the ocean is one highway of much promise.

The Rabbits of Australia are the Chief Source of Fur for Men's Hats

Keeping the Car From Freezing

MOST everyone who owns and operates an automobile during the winter months is confronted with the problem of securing a suitable antifreezing solution for the cooling water used in the radiator. Many different concoctions have been prepared and are being sold to consumers, who frequently pay too little attention to the ingredients used in the manufacture of these preparations and the effect of the same upon the automobile parts.

A number of mixtures contain a solution of calcium chloride; others are made up of water, alcohol and glycerin, while a few people have been known to use straight solutions of kerosene and similar oils.

Claims that calcium-chloride compounds are not injurious should be carefully investigated. Careful tests have proved that such mixtures do corrode the soldered joints of the radiator much more quickly than plain water, and also rapidly corrode any aluminum that is used in pumps, headers and manifolds. Furthermore, calcium-chloride solutions in cooling may deposit crystals in the radiator and thus retard proper circulation. That these mixtures, however, do prevent freezing is true without doubt, and they cannot be criticized on that score.

Kerosene might be used effectively were it not for its great inflammability and its high boiling point, for it has a lower freezing point than water. But it is dangerous, and in addition exhibits a solvent action on all rubber parts. Glycerin likewise affects rubber and is now very expensive. When used in conjunction with alcohol, however, it does reduce the rate of evaporation of the latter.

Even with alcohol there is some need for care. If wood alcohol is used the purchaser should be sure that the liquid does not contain any free acid, such as acetic acid, for this is injurious to the metal parts. Wood alcohol has a lower freezing point than denatured alcohol, but it costs more and is more volatile. The alcohol solutions are no more corrosive than water alone, and they generally give satisfactory service except that the alcohol soon boils out and must be replaced frequently. This low boiling point is the reason why glycerin is sometimes substituted for part of the alcohol.

As to the amount of alcohol to use, the answer depends on the severity of the cold that the mixture is to withstand. A solution that is ninety per cent water and ten per cent denatured alcohol will not freeze solid until subjected to a temperature of about twenty-two or twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. A twenty per cent alcohol solution is safe in a temperature as low as fourteen degrees, while a thirty per cent solution will not freeze until the thermometer has gone below zero.

Anyone interested in antifreezing mixtures would do well to get in touch with the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, which bureau has made a careful study of the subject.

Hats and Hatters

THE human mind is a wonderful machine when it comes to improving and perfecting ideas, but the fact remains that in the business of discovering basic principles the world's two greatest inventors are Messrs. Accident and Luck. It was one of these two elusive elves that accompanied the devout priest, Saint Clement, many years ago, when this worthy person started forth on one of his errands of mercy. The mission on which the priest was engaged turned into a weary journey and the holy man became tired and footsore. To go on was impossible, so he stripped the sandals from his blistered feet and sought rest by the roadside.

Soon he was disturbed by the bleating of lambs, and looking over a near-by hedge beheld a fox that had just seized one of the helpless young sheep. With characteristic pity he cleared the hedge just in time to destroy the fox and rescue the lamb. The grateful creature crouched at his feet and expressed its gratitude in dumb but eloquent glances.

While fondling the lamb Saint Clement observed loose wool, which he gathered and examined. It was fine in texture, and he was struck by the sudden inspiration that here was relief for his lacerated feet. Binding the yielding wool upon his wounds he was able to resume his pilgrimage. Upon reaching his destination the priest removed the sandals from his feet, discovering instead of fine soft wool a piece of unfinished cloth, seemingly so firm and thick that he could not pull it apart. The matted material he called felt.

It is because of this discovery that Saint Clement is known as the patron saint of the hatters throughout the world. This accidental knowledge that, when under pressure and without weaving, wool, fur or hair will interlock and form a compact fabric is the basic principle that underlies the men's-hat industry. No wonder the twenty-third of November—Saint Clement's Day—is a red-letter holiday for the hat manufacturers of many countries.

But there is a second chapter to a hat story that takes us to the other side of the earth. Just about the time our Civil War was starting here in the United States an Australian newspaper printed the following paragraph:

"An attempt is being made on a large scale to introduce the wild rabbit on the estates of William Holt at Cookes River, about five miles out of Sydney. This is one of those enterprises which enrich a country and enhance its attractions. There is no reason why we should not possess round us all that is choice and beautiful in the living creation."

History has shown that it would have been cheaper for Australia to have purchased the first pair of rabbits for $40,000,000 and either deported or slain them. At first they overran only the state of Victoria, but as time passed the animals pushed north and are now in all of the continental states. Great wire nettings were put up, but the rabbits got through. One of these fences was 3000 miles long and cost $200 per mile, but as a barrier it was unavailing. These rabbits are prolific producers, breeding five times a year with an average litter of five. In three months

(Continued on Page 34)

Things that people like:

"The Crisp, Inviting Texture of Good Paper"

Among the inanimate things Rupert Brooke loved, he named, "Firm sands . . . grainy wood . . . the crust of friendly bread . . ." And he might well have added "The crisp, inviting texture of good paper." There are few people who do not react favorably to a fresh, snappy bond paper—the sight of it—the feel of it.

Systems Bond is the paper with the bank-note feel. Tough as rag fibres and genuine loft-seasoning can make it, the sheet comes forth from its envelope alert and "crackly". Its knife-like creases spring open—its very quality implies it bears a message that is extra-personal.

Yet Systems Bond is not a paper of extravagant cost, for the Eastern Manufacturing Company owns not only paper mills, but its own pulp mills and timberlands.

Systems Bond is available nationally. Consult your printer about it—give him an order for letterheads on it. Also, ask him to obtain for you a copy of our free book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper," of value to every paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest Marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue **New York**

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 32)

the young are breeding again, so that in no time a pair of rabbits will produce a fairly populous community of the pest.

Every district in Australia where the animals are at all numerous has its rabbit inspector, whose duty it is to see that the law is carried out by every landowner. They eat voraciously and absolutely destroy many succulent grasses which provide excellent cattle feed. One large private estate in New South Wales has just spent more than $240,000 in an effort to eradicate the rabbits. An investigator estimates that the rabbit fences erected by private persons total 76,700 miles in length and cost $23,000,000.

In the majority of districts poisoning gives the best destructive results, jam or apples or carrots mixed with strychnine being in great favor. Pollard and phosphorus are also used. These baits are laid along near the burrows or in trails made by a machine. Fumigation is likewise employed, as are also poisoning dams and tanks. Countless millions of useful native birds are unfortunately thus poisoned, and in a way this accounts for the plagues of grasshoppers, caterpillars, sheep-maggot flies and so on which occur periodically.

Trapping the rabbits for the value of the skins goes on all the year and accounts for millions. The only objection to trapping is that these hunters leave their camps as soon as the rabbits show signs of a decrease, therefore many landowners do not hold trappers in much favor. In the old days cases have been known of trappers taking rabbits to other parts of the country that were not infested. This was probably a good investment in a few years from their point of view. The trappers make from $10 to $35 a week, and men, women and children are employed at it. Recently the work has proved so profitable that many farmers and stock owners have experienced difficulty in procuring sufficient labor to do ordinary farm work.

After being killed the rabbits are skinned and the carcasses are sent to freezing works, where they are graded, packed and sold as food. The skins are bound into large bundles, which are sent to dealers who sort the pelts according to quality, and then press them into bales weighing 400 to 500 pounds. These graded bales are shipped to all parts of the world, where the skins are used to make glue, while the down that lies next to the skin—not the hair—is used to make the felt for men's hats.

Strange as it may appear, the fur of the American rabbit is not so satisfactory for use in felt hats. The Scotch-rabbit fur is good and the French is even better, but there is not enough of these grades. The Australian climate seems to produce a satisfactory fur, and since the country is rabbit-infested, this source of supply controls the world's markets.

Our fine velours hats are made from the French fur and are manufactured mostly in Austria, where the art has attained to a high state of perfection. Silk hats are made from hatter's plush and are manufactured in France. None are produced in this country. All of the trimmings that go into men's hats likewise come from other countries, so it is evident that here again is an industry where the United States is wholly dependent on other nations for the raw materials. Even in the case of our straw hats we are obliged to depend on China, Japan, Italy and Switzerland for the proper materials. No attempt seems to have been made to use American straw. Again the finger of blame is pointed to that much-maligned thing, our American climate.

The art of making felt hats is what might be termed an ancient process. It is a craft that has survived from the old guilds. The hairs are pulled out of the pelts by hand and then the skins are treated with mercury to make the down, or fibers, active. The hat makers are subjected to the hazard of mercury poisoning and strenuous efforts are being made to reduce this danger to a minimum. The chief remedy so far has rested in providing adequate ventilation, but even to-day some of the hat workers are compelled to lay off for several weeks after having worked steadily at their trade for two or three years. In this way they endeavor to get the mercury out of their systems.

In making felt hats the fabric is given stiffness by the addition of shellac. The soft hats do not contain so much of this latter material, but the derbies of course are subjected to a more profuse treatment. The two useful elements in the manufacture of hats are heat and water. These same elements are the two things that will most quickly destroy a felt hat. Water alone will not do it and heat is not very destructive without water. The one way to see how the two elements act together is to take a hat that has been out in the rain and place it on a warm radiator to dry. The hat makers tell me that a wet hat should never be dried before a fire if the owner is desirous that the hat shall keep its shape.

In the matter of prices the hat business has been affected in a rather unusual way. Several million American ladies have suddenly developed a mania for furs, and as a consequence of the mad scramble that has ensued the fur dealers have found that their supplies of the usual skins are wholly inadequate to meet the abnormal demands of this era of profligate spending. Something had to be done, so the fur people sought for new sources of supply. Rabbit skins were plentiful and quite cheap in price. Heretofore only a few of the highest-grade skins had been dyed and used in women's wear. There were millions of the more common grades available. This thought was followed by prompt action and to-day many women are wearing furs and coats made from the carefully disguised pelts of that innocent little animal, the Australian rabbit.

All of which would not be so interesting were it not for the fact that this situation has a direct bearing on the price of the hats that are to be worn by mere man. To be explicit, this new market created by the urgent demands of the ladies has not only brought about a rabbit-fur shortage but has sent the prices of bunny pelts to record figures. The price of cut fur used in hat manufacture has advanced three dollars a pound during the last two months. Since three pounds are required to make a dozen hats it is evident that the raw fur for a dozen of men's felt hats has gone up nine dollars. This seventy-five cents per hat will amount to a dollar by the time the hat reaches the retailer. All trimmings have advanced in like proportion and wages are seventy-five per cent higher than in prewar days. A leading authority tells me that men's hats which sold at $1.50 three years ago cannot be made to-day to sell under five dollars. He says that the real advance in hat prices will only begin to hit us next spring.

Such evil predictions, however, no longer inflame or excite us. We have become accustomed to the skyward tendency of all costs. Perhaps we shall be bold enough to eliminate the third requisite in our hats, which is style, and stick to the two other essentials—service and appearance. Hats seldom wear out. In the matter of service they are pretty much on a par with leather belts, which the individual does not have to replace more than once in two or three years. As one manufacturer says, "Only that precious element of style keeps the hat out of the leather-belt class." However, if present forecasts materialize there may be a lot of us who will find it advisable to go about with a 1919 model covering the chief reservoir of our 1920 hopes.

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Hauling Rabbits to Market in Australia

Business Follows Service

ELECTRIC-RAILWAY companies continue to be wrecked on the rocks. An investment of $6,000,000,000 is being sacrificed on the altar of public ignorance and indifference. It is estimated that of 44,000 miles of electric street and interurban lines now being operated in the United States more than 6000 miles are in the hands of receivers. The securities of one hundred companies have depreciated in value more than $275,000,000 in five years. Recent hearings before a Federal commission indicated that there was a falling off of about seventy-five per cent in the net income of our electric railways last year as compared with 1917.

Two of the causes of this serious situation are: First, an enormous rise in wages, amounting to as much as 100 per cent in certain cases; and, second, the rapid progress of the motor car as a rival of the trolley car. Already there is one passenger automobile here in this country for every twenty people. Likewise it is true that there are sixty automobiles in the United States for every street car. All railway materials cost more, taxes are higher and there has been a substantial rise in interest rates. One engineer estimates that the earnings of the average street railway in the United States to-day are forty cents per car mile, or $3.36 per car hour, the speed being eight and four-tenths miles per hour. Trainmen's wages average fifty-five cents per hour. The operating ratio is seventy-five per cent and four dollars is invested for each dollar's worth of business done.

Why has this superessential industry been dumped into a veritable slough of despond? Two dozen years ago the average citizen would have considered that he had been let in on a bonanza if he could land a few of his dollars in a street-railway investment. A lot of folks who are in a position to know say that the whole industry started wrong immediately after the first motor was installed in the first street car and the faithful horse was led out to graze in a neighboring pasture. The managements of most of the systems right from the beginning made little or no provision for depreciation or replacements and held to the idea that careful attention to current repairs was sufficient.

"How can you expect low operating costs," say these authorities, "when the average street railway in American cities consists of a collection of junk that ought to be in a museum of antiquities?"

Let us not waste time, however, in berating the railways for past mistakes. The need of the moment is for constructive criticism. Some of the present street-railway officials are exhibiting a degree of efficiency second to none that is being exercised in any of our other great industries. These men are up against a crisis that is unparalleled and unprecedented in the nation's industrial life. The road ahead will be less rocky if the public will smother their prejudice and view the problem more as a personal affair. What is needed is straight thinking and a more kindly cooperation.

As to remedies, perhaps the most radical emanates from without the industry and has been proposed in one important Massachusetts city. The sponsor for the scheme is a rich business man who has held high public positions.

(Continued on Page 36)

IT isn't its long life, alone, that makes people think the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world.

They are influenced just as much by the car's consistent economy as they are by the years of continuous good service.

Economy in *The Comfort Car* isn't an indefinite quantity, but a positive saving which registers itself every day in every month.

By saving, we mean not only gasoline saving, but tire saving, and that *still greater* saving which results from marked infrequency of repair.

(Continued from Page 34)

He is reported to have said: "The transportation problem of large cities is a social question rather than a business enterprise. Street cars should be looked upon as moving sidewalks and should be free to all that use them. I would have them dependent for their maintenance upon the public purse just as the streets are. There is no material difference between the operation of a municipal transportation service and a municipal water supply.

"The popular gospel of to-day is made up of arguments designed to persuade the factory workers of the nation to locate their homes in the suburbs where houses sell or rent at moderate prices and where children can play in the open air and sunshine. Now we jump in and spoil the whole idea by boosting car fares to such heights that our working classes are being driven back to the congested tenements. If the municipalities took over the street cars great economies would result. Most of the overhead would be eliminated. There would be no auditing department, no employees for checking register readings or money and transfers turned in and no excessive charges for a large executive staff and for an array of high-priced legal talent.

"The total cost of operating the lines would be covered by increased taxes. The wealthy manufacturer who uses his motor car instead of the trolley would benefit through the savings that would result to his workmen. The employee who now must pay $100 additional street-car fare for himself and his family each year is compelled to get the money from increased wages paid by the employer. Furthermore, the industrial corporation has to pay these same increases in wages to other employees who live near the plant and do not ride to their work. The man who owns no property and pays no taxes would have to bear his share through the added assessment on property reflected in the rent he would pay. Legislation to provide for this plan would be no more illogical than legislation to provide for free textbooks in the schools. It required seven years to get this latter act through the Massachusetts Legislature. Anyone now who would oppose free books for our public-school pupils would be viewed as a freak. School taxes are not an expense but an investment; taxes for free transportation in our cities would be the same and the money so expended would be returned to the citizens with interest."

I have recited the chief details of the foregoing plan because the scheme is somewhat unusual and possesses the merit of having been proposed to the Massachusetts Legislature by responsible public men, who with the aid of experts have carried on an expensive and extended investigation of the problem. Let no one hope, however, that such an idea will meet with the unqualified indorsement of our electric-railway companies, for these latter concerns have several remedies of their own mixing.

In Canada in a Middle-West city the superintendent of the local street railway not only introduced the now celebrated one-man cars but decided that transportation was something that could be sold just like shoes or books or potatoes. He arranged the front door of the cars so that people could easily enter and leave at the same time. Then he closed the rear platform and made it into a smoking compartment.

Next he worked out and installed an improved system of lighting and ventilation and then went after a volume business.

Various kinds of tickets were prepared. Workmen's tickets were sold at eight for twenty-five cents, books of twenty-five tickets for $1, regular tickets six for a quarter and children's tickets at ten for a quarter. The company persuaded cigar stores, drug stores and other establishments to sell tickets and in each case advanced a fifty-dollar supply. Car operators of course also acted as salesmen and tickets were purchased by nearly everyone.

An examination showed that eighty per cent of the people rode on tickets and this saved much time in loading and unloading the cars.

But this superintendent went a step further. He fitted all cars with deep-toned air whistles for use in signaling cars at intersecting lines. This saved not only time and accidents but did away with the disappointment of passengers, who heretofore had frequently missed connections at transfer points. Following this the management established the use of colored disks to indicate the car routes. Transfers were made of paper of the same color as the route signs. This practice rendered it easy for the car operators to reject wrong transfers. Midday travel was encouraged by issuing half-rate tickets and the result was that women shoppers used the cars for marketing at a time that did not add to the congestion of the early and late rush hours. The one-man car plan has eliminated the arguments that so frequently occurred between motormen and conductors, is saving the company more than $120,000 a year in platform expense and is giving a service so cheap and so efficient that a profit is being made because of the record volume of business being done.

Of all of our great American street-railway companies none appears to be more progressive than the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The officers of this concern adopted the idea that increased revenue and decreased operating expense would result from the establishment of confidence between the employees and the management and between the company and the public. The transit people set out to convince the citizens of Philadelphia that the street railways are their property and that whatever burden is placed upon the railway by any group of citizens is a burden placed upon the whole people of the city.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY ASSOCIATION

In Newark, N. J., Numerous Signs Indicate the Different Fares to the Various Zones

However, the Philadelphia company has gained numerous advantages from economies in operation as well as from the better relations existing between the company, the employees and the public. Material savings have resulted from the adoption of better equipment, the skip-stop system, energy-saving campaigns and in conducting careful traffic checks. Chiefly by reducing the number of stops and through the introduction of the automatic near-side and center-exit doors the speed of travel has been largely increased. In 1910 the average speed for the whole system was 8.08 miles per hour; in 1918 this had been increased to 9.06. As a result the passenger receipts per car hour have been increased from $2.19 in 1910 to $3.48 in 1918. Likewise the passenger receipts per car mile were increased from 27.2 cents in 1910 to 38.4 cents in 1918.

Application of the skip-stop plan, according to C. J. Joyce, has reduced the number of stops in the city by more than 1700 out of a total of nearly 6000. He explained that it was difficult to estimate the total saving resulting from this plan, but it was definitely known that a saving of $100,000 in pay roll had been realized due to the conservation of the time of the operating crews, and a saving of $300,000 per annum in electrical energy. By comparison of the per-car-mile cost of operation for a calendar month before the skip-stop was installed with the same cost for a like period after the installation the company's engineers estimated a saving of 1.07 cents per car mile, or a total saving of $1,318,000 per annum. They further estimated an ultimate saving of approximately $100,000 per annum additional as the result of releasing equipment from service.

The safety campaign that the Philadelphia railway has conducted during the last eight years has reduced the accident cost to 3.47 per cent of the gross earnings. This reduction equals a decrease of 752 in car accidents and represents a saving of $5,292,054. It becomes even more interesting when viewed in the light of the fact that in Philadelphia during practically the same period there has been an increase of 1980 in street accidents. The traction company has also reduced its fire-insurance premium from fifty cents to twenty-five cents by providing adequate and effective inspection.

The street-railway scheme that appears to be of greatest popular interest at the moment is the plan of organizing a community transportation service on a zone system. Some people maintain that zone fares disturb property values and housing conditions. These authorities point to Glasgow and other foreign cities where the railway service has been developed along zone-fare principles and show that rents are less for houses on the outskirts than elsewhere. However, the eyes of all traction officials are now directed to the street-railway lines being operated by the Public Service Railway of New Jersey. This big company put its zone system into practice September 14, 1919. Various plans have been tried in the face of strong opposition on the part of the riding public. At the time of this writing the situation with reference to the New Jersey street railways is unsettled and unsatisfactory, to say the least. So far no one has been able to devise a speedy and accurate plan for collecting the zone fares. The whole matter has become a political issue and the company is asking for a return to the former system of a straight seven-cent fare with an extra cent for transfers.

In Milwaukee the Electric Railway and Light Company adopted a zone system that was founded on a really scientific basis. This city has earned the title of pioneer of the zone-fare plan in this country, having adopted the present scheme in 1914. As to the results obtained in Milwaukee, it is worth noting that the revenue passengers per car mile have increased from 4.62 in 1914 to 6.20 in 1918. This represents a total increase of thirty-four per cent. The corresponding increase in total revenue passengers is forty-nine per cent. In any attempt to draw conclusions from the street-railway experience of Milwaukee, however, it should be borne in mind that the zone system as applied affects the suburban traveler and not the shorter-haul city rider. The Milwaukee authorities deny the truth of the argument that the zone system produces congestion in the central portion of a city. Their answer is that the lower rents and property values in the suburbs to which the total fare was increased more than offset the higher fares. The matter of fare collection in Milwaukee has not proved to be such a difficult task as appears to be the case in New Jersey. One of the most important advantages of the Milwaukee zone system has been its flexibility as compared with the rigid flat-rate system.

Another traction official connected with a large company in Michigan is now advocating the application of the commutation principle to electric-railway fares so as to lessen the rate as the rides per month or per year increase. Under this plan the regular cash fare would be ten cents, but anyone would be privileged to pay six dollars for an annual card entitling him to ride for five cents per ride as often as he desired. The fare card would be sold at six dollars during January, $5.50 during February, five dollars during March, and so on. Monthly pass cards would be sold at fifty cents each. These passes permitting the traveler to ride for five cents would be nontransferable. Anyone using the street

(Concluded on Page 142)

There are no more 9 o'clock towns

MOTION pictures have changed all that. The nine o'clock towns that were, are now part of the big world outside.

They are all on the Paramount Artcraft circuit, and they are all centres of metropolitan animation during the hours that used to yawn.

What! Go to bed when all the world's on show down yonder in the theatre? Fine chance!

Paramount Artcraft flings wide the windows of your imagination, sets a stream of exciting events thrilling through your evening.

No more nine o'clock towns, and no more nine o'clock *people!*

For nine o'clock is more than a right angle on the clock.

It's Paramount Artcraft time.

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NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH

By Barker Shelton

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

ONE hour and forty-six minutes after William Stone had said he had some vague memory of a decision handed down by the Supreme Court of the State of New York eight or ten years ago, or maybe even prior to that, which would be the very precedent he wanted in the defense of a certain manufacturing company against the libels of a former employee, Steve Gilder laid the notes of that decision—case of Corbin vs. The Orcutt Cordage Company, 1897—on William Stone's desk.

To state that the head of the firm of Stone & Macullar was immensely pleased is putting it mildly. He looked at Steve's notes, neatly typewritten as Steve's notes always were, the long-winded phraseology boiled down to a clear concise statement. Then he looked at his watch; after which he beamed at Steve over those ancient steel-rimmed eyeglasses that always perched slightly askew on William Stone's nose.

"The very thing! Exactly what I wanted. Good work, Gilder," he complimented the younger man.

He had expected Steve to browse about the firm's library the better part of the week before he uncovered that precedent, if indeed he discovered it at all. He had even begun formulating a series of questions, their unimportance cleverly disguised, for Dave Nugent, who was handling the case in court, to spring on certain minor witnesses, that matters might be dragged out until Steve ran down that all-important precedent or found out that the said precedent was not worth a hurrah in this case.

Steve did not seem to consider his most recent performance anything so very extraordinary. He accepted the praise of the head of the firm modestly, a little wearily. The summons to dig out that precedent had come to him as soon as he reached the office that morning. It had given him no chance to look over his personal mail. And Steve was eager to get after one piece of that mail—a long envelope from Belden's Auction Rooms. It contained a list of the books of the Farwell collection, which Belden was selling, or beginning to sell, that very day at one o'clock.

There was more mail for Steve, a young flood of it. But Steve didn't care at all for the rest of it. He knew what each other envelope held quite as well as he knew what the envelope from Belden's Auction Rooms did. It wasn't at all pleasant to contemplate what those other envelopes held.

"A splendid piece of work," Stone was repeating, tapping Steve's notes with a pudgy forefinger that had made many a witness weak in the knees and many a jury sit up and take notice when he shook it at them. "We shall remember this."

"Thank you!" said Steve, turning toward the door and fingering that unopened envelope from Belden's in his inner coat pocket.

William Stone, short, heavy, filling his office chair from arm to arm, round moonface still abeam, watched Steve's exit. A quiet young man, this Steve Gilder. A likable young man. Enough of those elusive qualities about him grouped under the general term of personality to carry him a long way in the world, if Steve would only pull himself together and apply himself. That Steve could apply himself when he chose to do so was evidenced by the way he had just dug out this precedent. Nor was this the first instance of the kind. Anything out of the archives of that musty but splendidly equipped library of Stone & Macullar's, any precedent like this one, any reference, any obscure point of law was where Steve shone.

Some uncanny sixth sense, it seemed, led him straight to it while another man would be figuring out the best way to get after it.

Fat, capable, kindly eyed old William Stone rubbed his shiny bald head and set his teetering eyeglasses at a more respectable angle on his nose. He picked up the boiled-down decision of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in the case of Corbin vs. The Orcutt Cordage Company, 1897, intending to insert it at the most telling point in the outline of Nugent's summing-up address to the jury. But before he did this he sighed, gave that shining dome another amateur massage and fussed with his eyeglasses again.

He found himself wishing Steve Gilder were a little more dependable at times; that he would cease that trick of his of telephoning the office every little while that he would not be in for the day; that he would not appear next morning after such messages with such a pasty and lackluster face, such bloodshot eyes, such too-evident manner of holding himself together by sheer will.

He Was Very Much Interested in Them—Until the Unwarranted Hour of Half Past Eleven, When He Took His Apologetic Departure

Steve of course was young. He was very much alive, for all that quiet exterior of his. Boys would be boys. Good for 'em, too—up to a certain point. If they didn't carry it too far. Stone wondered if he hadn't better have a word or two with Steve. He decided, after a moment of due thought on the matter, in the negative. Most men resented intrusion into their private lives. Butting in with this smug, fatherly-advice business generally did more harm than letting them alone. Still, Steve had such latent ability in him; and he did look mighty limp and all gone some of these mornings! Stone irritably pulled toward him the outline of the summing-up address for Nugent. This at least was his own business, and it might be well to attend to it. He was not in the habit of mixing unduly in another man's.

From the private office of the head of the firm Steve Gilder went to his own desk; little old worn, ink-spattered desk just outside the door of the library; as if Steve were guardian angel of all those rows and rows of dull-looking, smelly volumes in the room beyond; which same, indeed, he had come to be—through no design or intention of his own, he reflected when he came to think it over. He had come to Stone & Macullar's fully aware that he had an Opportunity with a large capital letter, at that.

He had meant to make the most of it. This was as far as he had got and as far as he would get unless he bestirred himself suddenly and effectively. The reason Steve did not look with favor upon his present status in the office was largely due to the pecuniary returns he got for his services. Wholly inadequate for his needs. Wholly so. The work itself was all right. He asked for nothing better. Give him the chance to ferret something out of books and he was happy. But the pay for it; there was the fly—no, it was an eagle for size—in the ointment!

Nothing would proclaim its inadequacies better than the bulk of those letters on his desk. They would be entirely unhappy missives. They would make him most uncomfortable. All of them, save only the one from Belden's Auction Rooms. The pursuit of happiness being the heritage of all mankind besides being granted in the Constitution, Steve opened the envelope from Belden's.

In a general way he knew of the many treasures in the Robert Farwell collection. But certain specific volumes, described more or less at length, made him promptly sit up and take notice. He pored over them, glowed over them, decided to run down to Belden's and see them for himself; told himself this would be altogether too risky a course; and concluded to take the risk. He had a very happy hour of it with that list from Belden's. At the end of the hour he forced himself to face another, less pleasing heritage of the race. He opened the other letters, one after another.

Just what he knew they'd be! Only a little worse! Some of his creditors were getting too nervous. Nervous men, particularly men nervous about such matters as these in his letters, did upsetting things. Steve did some figuring. The worst of these affairs, the most pressing of them, he set down on paper. He discovered he needed four hundred and fifty dollars at once. It was a disquieting discovery, because Steve and four hundred and fifty dollars were not on speaking terms at the moment, and there was no symptom of any immediate patching up of their differences.

Steve drew curlicues on the backs of the envelopes and did some thinking. The thinking went round in vicious circles. It simmered down, whichever way he started it, to his one bet, his drowning man's straw.

Steve lifted his eyes to his forlorn hope. It sat at a desk diagonally across the room from his own. It audited the accounts of Stone & Macullar, kept their books, made out the bills—and collected them too, you bet—made you sign the pay roll without blotting it, and grudgingly, glaringly, sniffingly, as if you never in the world were worth the money you were getting, handed you your Saturday envelope. It was sixty-three; its exterior would have shamed a glacier; it seemed utterly without human emotions; and its name was Eben Burnett.

Blood from the proverbial turnip was an A B C trick of legerdemain compared with separating one jot or tittle which was not justly and indisputably yours from Eben Burnett. But Steve Gilder got up from his own desk, walked across the room, and sat down by the desk of the human adding machine. He made it known he had come for an advance of four hundred and fifty dollars. And Eben Burnett was horrified, full of a just man's wrath, and colder and thinner and more inhuman than ever.

But Steve Gilder summoned to his aid all those pleasing qualities of his grouped under the general head of personality. He flashed them with all his might and main upon frozen old Eben. He sat there smiling, refusing to be alarmed, ashamed or even perturbed. He held lengthy converse with Eben Burnett, who would have fain held no converse lengthy or otherwise with him.

Twenty minutes later a miracle happened. Eben Burnett listened quietly to Steve's story. He even seemed

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The evidence of Republic value is *undeniable.* No business man needs to go beyond the bare fact that 60,000 Republics are *establishing records everywhere*—for *performance,* for *ruggedness,* for *economy.* With more users of its product than of any other make, the Republic Company has become, in six years, the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

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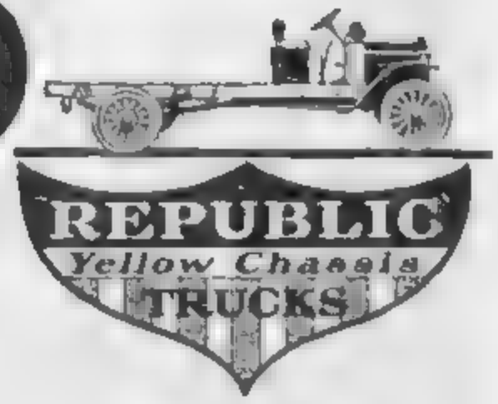
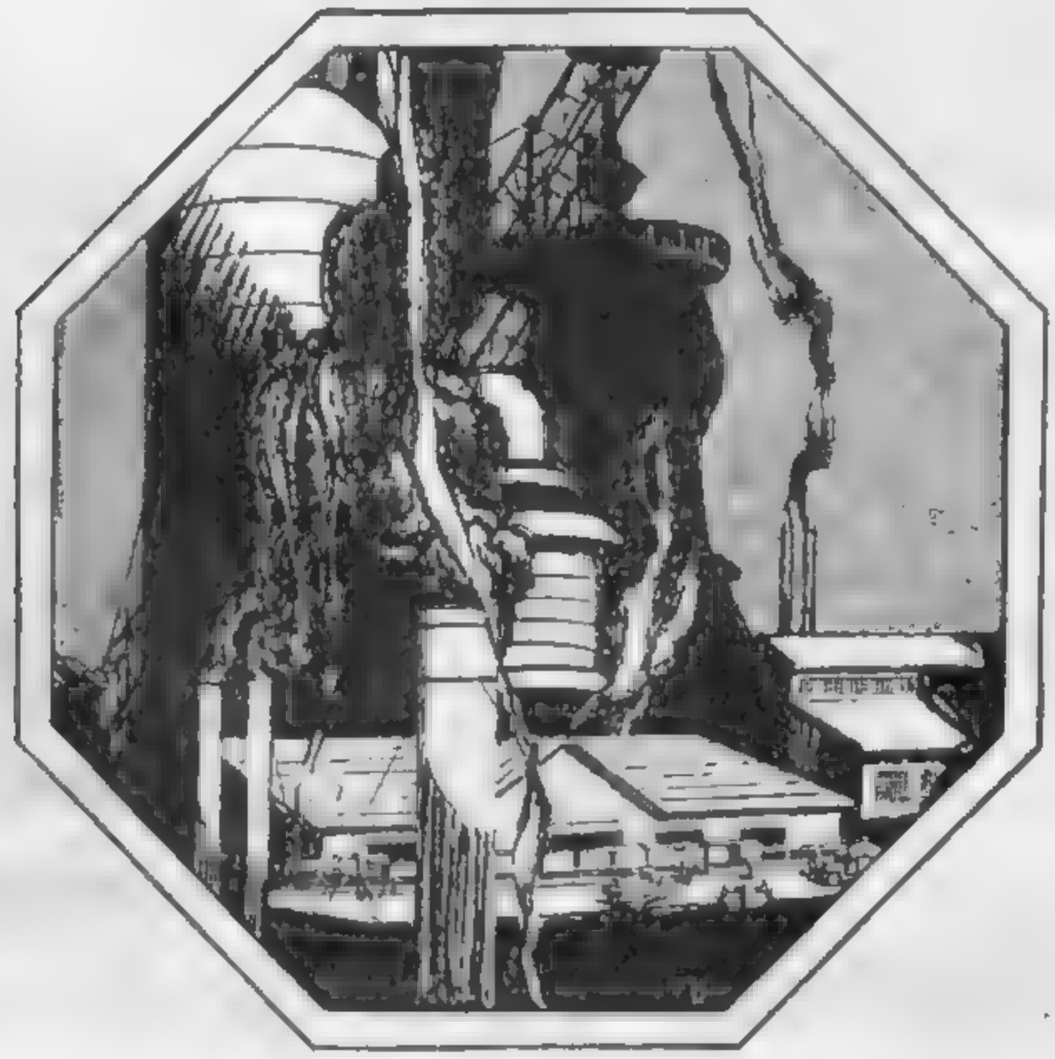


National Truck Shows

New York, 8th Coast Artillery Armory, January 3 to 10

Chicago, International Amphitheatre, January 24 to 31



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distantly interested in it. Ten minutes more and the stars must have reeled in their courses. Eben got up. He went to the safe. He opened the cash compartment. He counted out some bills and tucked them into his pocket. He came back to Steve Gilder.

"Just this once, mind you. Never again. Just this one time. Not out of the firm's money; but from my own account. You may pay me back fifteen dollars each week. I'll deduct it out of your envelope. On my own account, you understand. But only this one time."

Steve under the desk edge counted four hundred and fifty dollars in crisp new bills. He wrung the old man's hand and Eben grinned; sourly, with disapproval of Steve; still, it was undoubtedly a grin. He decided to buy old Eben a box of cigars—which humanly he forgot to do.

Macullar being in doubt about certain points of the Illinois inheritance-tax laws Steve was happy until lunch time. He left the office with the most pressing of those duns in his pocket and the wherewithal to give them surcease from further trouble to himself nestling beside them.

He decided to have one look at those treasures at Belden's first. So Steve Gilder crossed the threshold of Belden's Auction Rooms—with four hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket.

Smell of old leather; old tapestries; old rugs. So to Room D, at the rear of the place, where the sale of the pieces of the Farwell collection was already on. A high room; a dim room for all its cornice lights going full blast. Comfortable Windsor chairs with half a hundred people in them. Before the chairs a slightly raised platform on which Pierce Bullard, the best price getter of Belden's staff, was speaking in his crisp, slightly Gaelic accents.

"You have examined this Whitehall Bible, ladies and gentlemen. You have found it an original. One of the 1612 edition. One of the first of the King James versions published. I need not point out ——"

The description of the Whitehall Bible had held Steve Gilder spellbound for a greater part of that morning hour at his desk when he had pored over Belden's list.

He stepped forward.

"Pardon me! Might I look at it a moment? I couldn't get here before."

Pierce Bullard handed him the heavy tome. Steve sank into the nearest seat. He turned the pages. He did not even know Bullard was off on his perfectly enunciated harangue again.

"Seventy-five dollars, I hear. Seventy-five dollars for an original Whitehall! For the beloved memory of Whitehall, good people ——"

"Eighty!"

Steve handed back to Bullard the huge volume. His mind was juggling figures in bewildering fashion. There was a hundred dollars on that list of his that could be put over for a month or two by stretching a point.

"Eighty-five!" said Steve.

"One hundred!"

The man who offered it looked like a dealer. Steve knew the breed. Yes, surely that was a dealer.

"One hundred and twenty-five!"

That was from a girl close to the wall. Pretty girl! Nice profile; firm little chin! Quaint little way of starting to lift her hand when she bid and then pulling it back before she spoke.

"One hundred and fifty!" Steve bid.

The Girl Set Down Some Figures on a Slip of Paper. She Seemed Disappointed, Dejected

Both the dealer and the girl by the wall turned to look at him; Steve in turn had a better look at them. The dealer had close-set eyes under shaggy brows. The brows were wrinkled in a manner that bespoke determination to grab off that Whitehall if it could be done at any reasonable figure; and plainly the limit of reasonable figures had not yet been approached. As for the girl, that firm chin became firmer yet. The way she set her small mouth made creases at the corners that were not at all unbecoming; which was a good test of her beauty; for it has to be a wonderful beauty indeed that can surmount the handicap of creases at the corners of the mouth.

The girl raised Steve's bid another twenty-five dollars and the dealer came back with fifteen on top of that.

Well, well, at least half on that list of duns could be stood off, come to think it over. Steve made it an even two hundred.

But the sacrifice of half his creditors was unavailing. Girl and dealer fought it out in tens and twenties with an occasional larger hoist from one or the other by way of discouraging a too persistent opponent.

Steve shamelessly threw the whole bunch of his nervous creditors overboard. A Whitehall—and such a perfectly preserved specimen as this—didn't come into the market every day in the week. Let those uneasy gentlemen with their open hints of unpleasant results to himself unless he promptly came across wait! Let them do their worst to him! Let them turn loose whatever annoying policies they might choose to adopt! He was going after that Whitehall to the limit of Eben Burnett's advance to him. His only fear now was that the four hundred and fifty wouldn't be sufficient to see him through. He became a factor in the bidding again with a fifteen-dollar hoist over the dealer's latest offer.

At three hundred and fifty the dealer dropped out. Steve and the girl kept on. They were getting anxious, both of them. There was an air of tension in the room. Pierce Bullard, quiet, calm, persuasive when he did speak, egged them on. They came to four hundred. The girl made the bid.

The thing was narrowing down to the finish—of Steve's available funds, at least. No use being conservative now! He made it four hundred and thirty.

The girl set down some figures on a slip of paper. She ran them over, tapping them with the point of a little flat silver pencil. Bullard turned to her hopefully. She shook her head slowly. She seemed disappointed, dejected.

Steve Gilder left Room D. He made his way toward the street. The smells of old leather, old tapestries, old rugs again assailed his nostrils. He had twenty dollars of old Eben Burnett's advance to him; a handful of chicken-feed change; those disquieting duns still in his coat pocket; but the Whitehall Bible from the Farwell collection was beneath his arm.

He phoned to the office the message that had so many disturbing precedents; the sort of message that had made William Stone so uneasy that very morning when he was thinking about it. He said he would be away from the office until the next morning. For what were duns, his job, anything in the world compared to that specimen of Whitehall's work beneath his left arm?

The apartment house where Steve Gilder had his lodgings was an old one. Tiles of black and white marble, set diagonally, alternated on the hall floors. The elevator was operated by well-worn metal grips on a wire cable. Its starts and stops brought forth the same tired, patient complaints that are prerogatives of rheumatic old gentlemen.

But his two rooms were very comfortable old rooms; the larger of them had a wide fireplace. Like a beast of prey that had pounced upon and captured a particularly luscious quarry and was bringing it back to its lair, Steve with his latest treasure came into the larger of those two rooms. One look about its walls and you knew why Steve Gilder was hounded by creditors; why the remnant of the Gilder family fortune which had come with him to New York was now no more.

Books were everywhere; overrunning the shelves Steve had had built for them; piled in corners; stacked under the solid-looking library table. Specimens of the earliest printers' craft, all of them. The room of a man who loved them; knew them; communed with them; passed up his creditors for them with never a second thought as to the ethics of such a course.

It being late autumn Steve hustled wood from a locker in the next room and rustled up a cheerful blaze in the fireplace. When it was roaring to his liking he stretched full length on the floor before the hearth. Needless to say the Whitehall Bible was there too. Until such time as he started, red-eyed, limp-looking, for the office next morning he would forget hunger, sleep, everything save the joys of looking over his newest treasure. The telephone receiver was lifted from its hook; his lights were all going, that even the coming of darkness might not bother him with a moment's interruption. Steve was off on one of those orgies of his which troubled William Stone because William Stone quite naturally supposed them to be something wholly different.

When Andrew Macullar had set Steve looking up certain points of the inheritance-tax laws of Illinois he was convinced the last heir to the much-involved estate of a scandalously wealthy old party who had most thoughtlessly died intestate had been located. Yet another distant claimant had cropped up in Kansas. Wherefore the inheritance-tax laws of the sovereign state of Kansas became quite as important to Andrew Macullar as the similar statutes of the sovereign state of Illinois. He sent for Steve Gilder again. He learned that Steve was among the missing; that he had sent in a message to the effect that he would be so missing until the following morning.

Andrew Macullar was all the things William Stone was not. He had bushy iron-gray hair; he was thin; he was irritably sharp of speech; he did not wear glasses; he had none of William's calm poise; he was always in a hurry. Time to Macullar was something sacred. Anyone who wasted it was a criminal.

The fact that someone slower than cold molasses in comparison to Steve would have to look up the Kansas inheritance-tax statutes did not improve his short temper. The thought that Steve, whether he wanted him personally at the moment or not, should be playing truant in this high-handed fashion every time he took it into his head to do so made Andy Macullar madder yet. He bounced out of his chair. He charged out of the room. He slammed the door behind him. He burst upon William Stone, fatly overfilling the chair before his own desk. He slammed William's door, too.

"William, we've got a regular damn ghost round this office," Macullar lamented.

William Stone looked mildly over the rims of his angled eyeglasses. "Who?" Stone inquired.

"This man Gilder."

"Capable young fellow, Mac. Very capable young fellow. Dug me out a Supreme Court decision this morning

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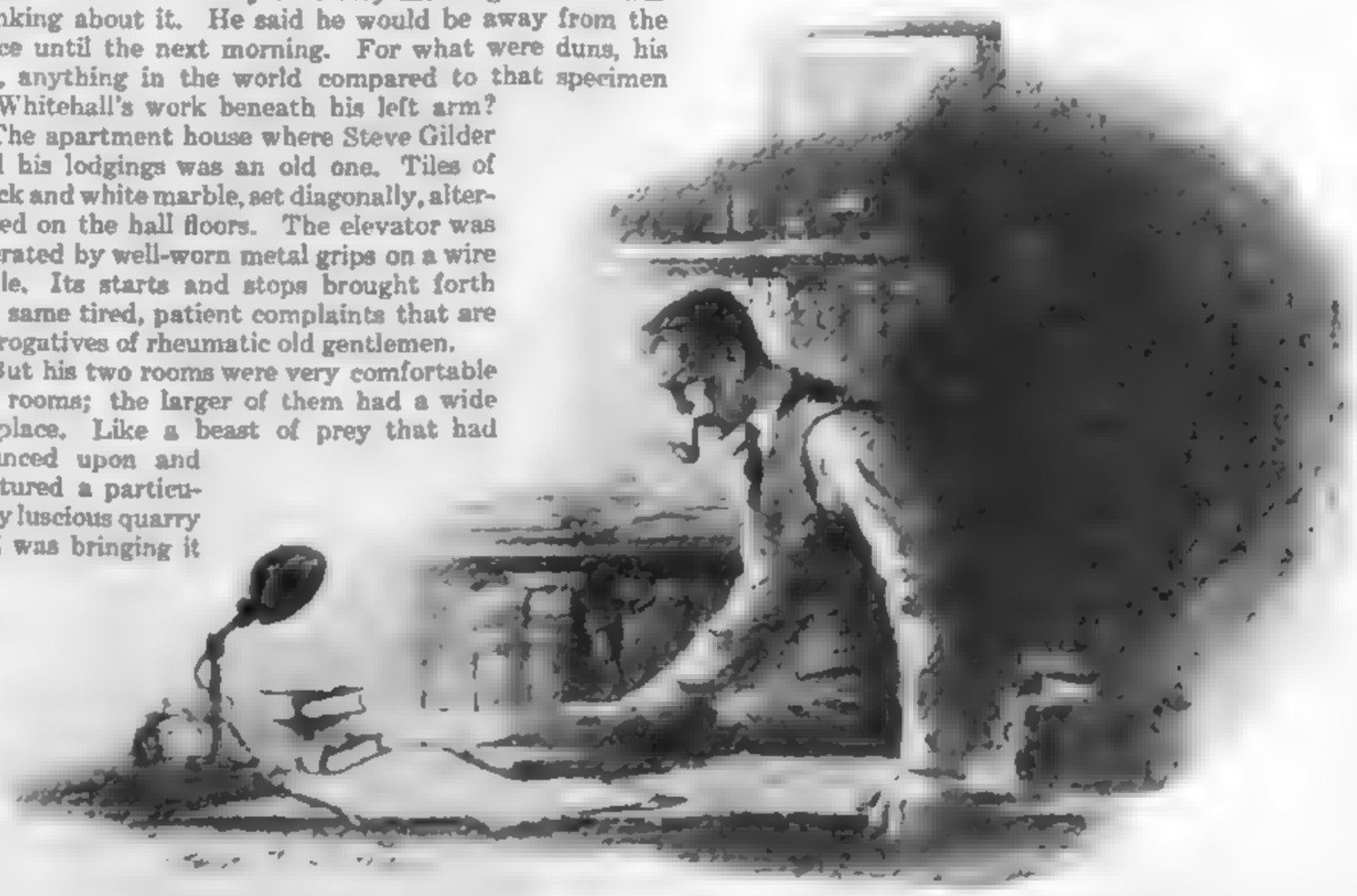

The Only Headway He Could Make Seemed to Consist of Taking Books Off Those Shelves and Putting Them Back Again

FISK

RED-TOP TIRES

A HANDSOME tire and a big one. An extra ply of fabric, making a stronger side wall; an extra layer of rubber, making a thicker tread—a big air chamber means easier riding.

The Red-Top gives increased comfort and mileage in excess of other fabric tires, and the price is less than on Fisk Cords.

The Ideal of The Fisk Rubber Company is to be "the best concern in the world to work for and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next Time—Buy FISK
From Your Dealer

Coast to Coast
with "the best plugs
in the world"

The Splitdorf Electrical Company,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

I desire to congratulate the Splitdorf Company on the wonderful performance of their Mica Plug, used in our "Silver Bird" De Havland Liberty aeroplane during the recent Trans-Continental flight from San Francisco to New York.

Prior to the start of this race, we put in twenty-four of these plugs, flew from Presidio Field to Camp Lewis (a distance of fifteen hundred miles) and back, spent five hours coasting motor on the field and then flew cross country through hail, snow, fog and freezing atmosphere without cleaning, changing or even looking at these plugs.

I have been Trouble Mechanic at Rockwell Field and in charge of maintenance at Presidio Field in aviation work for two years and a half, in the course of which time I have used plugs of every kind, but in the world, that your Splitdorf Plugs are the best reliable and most efficient spark plug made today.

Yours respectfully,

Mechanic for Pilot Sgt.
(The first to land at Hazelhurst Field
from San Francisco.)
TOTAL FLIGHT TIME — 24-1/2 Hours.)

"East 40th Street
New York
October 14, 1919.

For a set of spark plugs such a grueling ordeal is equal to five years of constant service in an automobile, truck, tractor, motorcycle or motorboat.

And spark plugs in any other gasoline engine would never be subjected to nearly the same combustion pressure as is developed in an airplane engine.

All Splitdorf Plugs — the Plug with the Green Jacket — have India Ruby mica cores for insulation, making the Splitdorf Plug leakproof and breakproof at all times.

And the importance of mica insulation as used in Splitdorf Spark Plugs is emphasized by Colonel H. H. Arnold, recognized as one of the greatest authorities on aviation in the Army, who, according to the N. Y. *Times*, issue of October 23rd, says, in discussing the Liberty engine:

"The development of a new mica spark plug in the place of those formerly made with porcelain cannot be over-estimated."

The plug with the Green Jacket

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, SUMTER and DIXIE Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Impulse Starters

(Continued from Page 40)

that would have taken me a month to find, if I ever found it at all."

"That's all right. But what in time is the good of capability if it's never here when you want it? We pay for it. Who runs this office? Do we—or does he?"

"Away again, Mac?"

"Phoned in he'll be here in the morning."

William looked a trifle troubled.

"Well, well! That's too bad. Too bad. Little high-handed, I'll admit, Mac."

"Young fool! I never did have any use for the rum hounds."

"Easy, Mac!"

"Haven't you found that out yet? Are you blind?"

"I have fairly good eyes."

"You've seen him come in here mornings, then; eyes like burnt holes in a blanket; all shot to pieces."

"I have. The young have ways of their own, Mac. Not always wise ways. It takes them time to find themselves."

"Time he pulled himself together. I'm getting sick of it. Snarled up in money affairs too."

William Stone sat up.

"Sure of that?"

"Three different parties in to see me yesterday trying to attach his pay."

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"Not yet. Haven't found time. I was intending to do so this afternoon."

"H'm, yes. I see. How much did these delinquencies of his foot up, so far as you learned?"

"Round five hundred. Probably a lot more of them."

"Quite possibly," said William, now apparently much disturbed.

"William, we are a conservative firm. I think I may say we are not without a certain dignity and standing. We can't afford to have employees of Gilder's type."

"A very capable young man, none the less."

"You've said that before."

"Lots of latent ability."

"And altogether too much latent devilment."

"What would you suggest, Mac?"

"Fire him!" snapped Macullar.

Stone took off his eyeglasses. The bald head got the attention it usually received when William Stone was settling some knotty problem.

"Let's wait a little."

"For his latent ability to come out?"

"Exactly."

"I don't like that type. They get worse."

"The boy's got personality; magnetism. In time, properly coached, he'd pull the heartstrings out of any jury."

"Maybe he's pulled your heartstrings somewhat, William," Macullar suggested.

"Maybe he has," William admitted freely. "But quite without any effort in that direction on his part," he added.

"You're strong for keeping him, then?"

"Little longer, Mac."

Macullar made a gesture of disapproval and helplessness.

"Got the stuff in him."

Macullar too ostentatiously looked at his watch.

"By this time quite probably he has," he sneered.

William ignored the heavy pleasantry.

"He'll settle down, I think."

"Don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, he will. Quite sure of it, Mac."

Macullar saw his partner was smiling as a man smiles who has the advantage of superior information.

"Come across with the inside information. What makes you think that?"

"I believe he is about to be married."

Macullar digested this bit of news.

"Marriage very often makes a man of that stamp, Mac. Responsibility is what they need. Steadies 'em. Gives 'em balance. It will him. Don't you think so yourself?"

"It might," Macullar admitted as if he did not want to admit it.

"Good man. Full of possibilities. So we'll put up with him and see how this marriage business affects him, won't we?"

"If you say so."

"And let him know we have heard about it; and hand him what we usually give our young people who get married. Only, give it to him now—at once. Wouldn't that be best, perhaps, Mac?"

"Possibly," Macullar said with evident mental reservations. "Possibly. Do as you see fit about that, William, of course."

Daylight coming stronger each moment through the windows of Steve's rooms began to dim the lights. The sun lifting itself above the tops of neighboring and much more modern apartment houses touched a corner of the Whitehall Bible. A few sofa pillows easing a stiffened joint of the man before the hearth was the only change in the status of things in those rooms since three o'clock of the previous afternoon.

That pale sunlight crept down the eleventh chapter of Joshua, which Steve was reading at the moment—the chapter with the word "chariots" misspelled in the fourth verse, as everyone familiar with Whitehall's work knows it should be thus misspelled in his earlier imprints of the Holy Writ.

Steve glanced at the clock; got up; put the Whitehall under the library table. He made himself presentable; went out; drank three cups of very strong and very black coffee at a lunch room; and reached the office at quarter of nine. There was mail on his desk—all of it, he knew at a glance, of the variety he was loath to open. So he did not open it. He piled it on a corner of his blotter. Someone touched his shoulder. He looked up to find Eben Burnett there beside his desk

"Did I or did I not let you have an advance of four hundred and fifty dollars yesterday?" Eben inquired.

"You surely did let me have it."

"To pay certain pressing debts of yours, I believe?"

"Yes. That was the idea."

"Well, pay 'em. Pay 'em almighty quick. Don't put it off."

Eben Burnett, who prided himself on minding his own business and letting other men mind theirs, was trying to be helpful. He was breaking all his rules of life to offer a piece of advice. He was doing it badly, and he was plainly ashamed of himself and disgusted with himself for doing it. But he was doing it for Steve Gilder none the less.

"Stone & Macullar don't stand for any of these attachment sharks round this office," Eben went on. "They pay fair salaries, very good salaries. They expect their employees to live inside those salaries. No reason why they shouldn't live inside 'em either; well inside 'em. Reflects on the firm to have attachments on salaries. Undignified. Bad business."

Steve nodded, but he did not realize what a wholly dispirited nod it was. Eben Burnett, however, did.

"Three different parties were trying to put liens on your pay only day before yesterday," the glacier rumbled on. "You're hanging on here just about by the skin of your teeth. Macullar don't like you. He'd fire you in a minute but for Stone. Stone's a patient man; but don't bank too much on his patience. When he makes up his mind all the holy angels working together wouldn't change him. So pay those bills to-day."

Steve, absorbed in disquieting thought, did not even nod this time. He sat with his chin on his palm, his shoulders drooped. His eyes were on the pile of letters on the corner of his blotter.

Eben, his disagreeable and rule-breaking task over, turned away, headed for his own desk, and, halfway there, swung about and came shuffling back.

"And, say, stick round here a little closer during office hours, Gilder. Macullar was raving like a madman because you weren't here yesterday afternoon when he wanted you. Went into Stone's room and gave him an earful about you. Lord only knows what he said. Stone's a long-suffering sort of man, but there are limits to all things."

Eben, about to say yet more, was cut short by the young woman who took William Stone's letters each morning.

"Mr. Stone would like to see you at once, Mr. Gilder," she announced.

For the first time in his life Steve Gilder dreaded the thought of facing William Stone. The way old Eben, turning toward his own desk again, shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly but ever so expressively did not make Steve a whit more comfortable. He had the presentiment something was about to drop.

Specifically, his connection with Stone & Macullar, and the golden opportunity such a connection had seemed to offer when he first came here.

He opened Stone's door. William Stone bade him a cheerful, an affable, a beaming good morning. But that meant nothing. William Stone would be smooth and affable on the scaffold.

"Sit down, Gilder."

Steve sat down as if he were afraid the chair was hot or that there was a lurking bent pin in it or that it might let him down.

"I've been hearing news about you."

Steve braced himself.

"Personal sort of news."

Steve, perched rigidly in his chair, was a somewhat more than passable imitation of a man with his back against a wall wondering why the firing squad didn't let drive and have it over with.

"Pleasing news to us, Gilder."

Steve nearly fell out of the chair.

He made a sound in his throat. It might or might not have been a surprised "Huh?" William Stone smiled more benignly.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to know you are taking this step," Stone went on. "We always like to see our young men marry. We believe marriage brings them responsibilities that steady them; brings a poise, a scope, if you understand me. Congratulations, with all my heart, Gilder; and I'm glad it is to be so soon."

Steve gurgled something deep down in his throat again. He said articulately, or

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ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT

Thirty Million Dollars

Its Ten Months' Sales Record

Reveals Motordom's Appreciation of the Light Weight Quality Car

Paid For Essex Cars

Thirty million dollars has been paid for Essex cars by users in the past ten months. It is a genuine endorsement of the new type car. It shows how great has been the call for light weight, combined with durability, performance and comfort.

No mere sales organization could have distributed 20,000 cars in so short a time. It was the car and what users said for it that made this sales record possible.

Sales Multiplied With Every Car Delivered

Remember how little we ourselves have praised the Essex. Our advertising has been limited to invitations to test the Essex and to calling attention to what owners say of it. But wherever an Essex has gone there it has won new friends.

Each time an Essex is delivered in a new locality sales from that section jump to proportions limited only by the number of prospective buyers.

Just think how mighty must be the Essex appeal that it should have won as it has. In every section of the land and in every country Essex has become so familiar that one needs to be reminded that it first made its appearance only a few months ago.

The Essex has won its position because it fills a want that can be supplied nowhere else. It has met no competition. No rival challenges its leadership. There is no car like it. Every Essex owner is its champion. Everyone who has ever ridden in an Essex speaks of its magic spell.

All Because of Its New Type

Consider the type in vogue before Essex came. Light weight cars fell short in performance and endurance. Low cost and economy of operation are their chief appeal.

Durable cars capable of meeting all performance requirements cost too much for the average pocket.

The line was clearly marked. A wide price difference separated the one type from the other.

Then the Essex came with its light weight, low cost and with durability and surprising performance. It made friends and they added their praise.

Now The Skeptics Are Won

Men who never accept new cars are now won by the Essex. They are the type who demand reliability above all else. Months ago you might have heard them express some doubt about the Essex holding up. Some may have thought its motor too powerful. Others felt such a light car would not be practical in hard service.

But no one voices such doubts now. In almost every community you will find Essex cars that have been driven more than 20,000 miles each. They scarcely know the repair shop. And their owners will tell you the Essex requires hardly any attention to keep it in fine running order.

Weigh These Facts For Yourself

Doesn't the Essex fill your wants for a light car? Doesn't it perform as well as most large and costlier cars? Where can you match its appearance? Is there anything about the Essex that falls short of your desires in any essential particular? It is easy to drive, comfortable to ride in and can be relied upon for any service.

You have the endorsement of thousands of owners. They have backed their faith to the extent of $30,000,000. Every week the average sales of Essex cars approach a million dollars.

The circle of owners is ever widening.

Does not this give Essex first place in your thoughts?

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(Concluded from Page 43)

more or less so, at length: "Why, Mr. Stone—why, see here ——"

The head of the firm stooped to open a drawer in his desk. He straightened up, fingering a little packet of bills.

"And when one of our young men does marry we feel the usual present we give him is more in the nature of a good investment. It has always proved to be such anyway."

The packet of yellowbacks was extended toward Steve. Five of them. Crisp; new; rustling a delightful suggestion of surcease from the importunings of worried creditors. A draft from a slightly raised window—or was it that pudgy forefinger of William Stone's?—riffled them. The top bill was a century; so were the four others beneath it.

The explanation on the end of Steve's tongue, that he had just about as much intention of being married as he had of occupying the imperial throne of Siam, died unspoken. Five hundred dollars at this particular stage of the game meant saving his face, his job, and, more important than either of these, several of those specimens of the early printers' craft which otherwise must be fed to the sacrificial altar. Steve Gilder found himself folding those five one-hundred-dollar bills, while he mumbled halting and embarrassed thanks to William Stone.

By seven o'clock that night Steve knew there would be no immediate onslaught of the creditors who had been hounding him. He had bought this respite with the five hundred dollars of the firm's wedding present to him. And he had sold his soul in doing it; to whom he did not know as yet.

Before the fire in the larger of his two rooms he grew pretty panicky about it. He ran over the list of possibilities among the painfully few girls of his acquaintance. His panic mounted. Nice girls; sweet girls; wholly presentable girls—all of them. But imagine any one of them caring for his queer old books or understanding his own overweening affection for them! And this marriage to which he found himself committed was to be soon! He distinctly recalled William Stone's emphasis—his pleased, delighted emphasis—on that "soon" part of it!

The week following was the most unhappy period in Steve Gilder's life. He suffered a round of congratulations from every member of the office force. They were like the stings of so many hornets. He forced himself, with what self-castigation Steve alone knew, to doll up and call on one of the girls on that meager list of girl acquaintances. He took another one to a show. Results in both cases were even worse than he had pictured. He could see himself the entirely conventional and accepted married man; his bookshelves dusty and neglected; his golden evenings with his treasures wrecked on the reefs of domesticity.

That one week was enough for Steve. He pulled up short and thought out the best course.

William Stone was not without a sense of humor. Moreover, he was eminently approachable. In the pinch you could throw yourself upon the mercy of such a court as old William Stone and expect kindliness, justice and understanding.

The one thing to do was to sacrifice five hundred dollars' worth of his specimens from his overfilled shelves; take that five hundred to Stone; hand it over to him; make a clean breast of the whole miserable business; and watch William frown at the beginning of such a recital and grin at the end of it.

The Whitehall Bible must go. Being so largely mixed up in the responsibility for his present predicament, it was the logical candidate for sacrifice. It cost Steve a mighty sorry hour to come to this decision. But he finally managed to make up his mind to this course. He could commission Belden to get rid of it for him. And thinking of Belden he remembered the little lady who had bid against him the day of the sale of the Farwell books. All her eagerness, all her disappointment when she shook her head after he had topped her four-hundred-dollar bid came back to him. That was the sort of person he could most desire the Whitehall to go to if he must needs part with it himself; someone who would appreciate it; honor it; cherish it; hang on to it through sickness and through health till death did them part.

She had offered four hundred for it. Perhaps she was ready to offer the same amount now. The other hundred he must have to make up the wedding money he must return to Stone could be raised readily enough by the sacrifice of some of his other volumes; just which ones he would decide later.

He went to Belden's. He got hold of Pierce Bullard, at work in a back room, appraising a bunch of prayer rugs.

"Say, Pierce, the day you foisted that Whitehall Bible off on me there was a little lady bidding against me," said Steve. "Pretty girl. Over by the wall. Remember her?"

"What's this? Romance?" Bullard asked with a grin.

"Not by a darn sight! Business. Who was she?"

"Let's find out," said Bullard. "Sold her three stray leaves supposed to be Caxton, but doubtful. That was after you left. We'll find out who bought that stuff."

Bullard ambled to the office. Steve trailed along with him. A card in the drawer of a filing cabinet yielded up the clew.

"Here we are," said Bullard, pulling it out. "Miss Agatha Macullar." He appended the lady's address.

"Lord!" said Steve. "Andy Macullar's daughter!"

"Don't know the gentleman," said Bullard lightly.

"You're lucky," said Steve.

Steve Gilder, carrying a most excellent specimen of the early presswork of one Richard Whitehall, mounted the steps of Andrew Macullar's house. He learned from the maid who opened the door for him that Miss Agatha Macullar was within at the moment. Since his own name would mean nothing to Miss Macullar, Steve suggested that he be announced merely as the gentleman who had bought the Whitehall Bible at Belden's last week.

Agatha Macullar came downstairs. He had underestimated her beauty. The lights of that dim room at Belden's had not been able to do her full justice. But now the lights in Andrew Macullar's hallway did their best for her. All Steve's plans for this interview went glimmering. In that first moment he knew he would never haggle prices with a girl like that. He knew he would never tell her he had come to sell her the volume beneath his arm. He knew, in fact, he was going to quit cold. But his presence there needed explanation. The explanation that came to him was much in the nature of an inspiration.

"It occurred to me," said he somewhat stiffly, "that you might care to examine this Whitehall. I noticed you were greatly disappointed that day at Belden's when I outbid you for it. So I have brought it to you to look over at your leisure."

"What a very gracious and kindly thing to do!" she said, her eyes lighting. "I hardly think I should have been as thoughtful if I had been fortunate enough to get it."

They looked over the volume together. They talked early printers. She forgot to ask Steve's name. She wondered if he wouldn't be interested in some of the books in her own collection. He was very much interested in them—until the unwarranted hour of half past eleven, when he took his apologetic departure. It was raining; nasty, drizzling, cold, late-autumn weather. To Steve it was a night of the gods themselves. For he was to call on Agatha Macullar the very next evening. And Andrew Macullar was starting on a Western trip in the morning. He would be gone at least three weeks.

Back in his rooms again Steve began rummaging his shelves. If he did not intend to sell the Whitehall—he had given Agatha Macullar to understand she was to keep it as long as she liked—he must get together enough volumes to bring him in five hundred dollars. He must do so at once. The longer he delayed returning his wedding present to Stone the less would be William Stone's sense of humor in the matter.

He started at it immediately. But he couldn't seem to decide. The minute he laid aside a volume for sacrifice, that minute he was sure it was a work he wanted to show to Agatha Macullar. The only headway he could make seemed to consist of taking books off those shelves and putting them back again.

He went to the Macullars' house the next evening; the evening after that; every evening. He began to picture Agatha among his own books; looking them over with him; hunting up new treasures in old book stores and auction rooms.

He had the grace at this juncture to call a halt on his visions. He faced things as they were. He was quite unsparing of himself. His assets were a few old books. His chances with Stone & Macullar he had let slide away from him. He had been content to drift into a rut as custodian of the firm's library; the digger-out of elusive information therein. He seemed elected to stick in that rut for the rest of his days. Besides which, Andrew Macullar cordially detested him. The whole situation was impossible, unfair to the girl. He had better keep away from her, or tell her the truth, or do both. There was little doubt in his mind that he would blend with the outer darkness once he had told her.

He went to Agatha and started valiantly enough with his story, but fell down somewhat because when the tragedy he had staged reached its climax she laughed. She wouldn't accept it as tragedy. This was bad enough. But the way she touched his arm, and told him things probably weren't half so bad as he seemed to think, was worse.

In William Stone's private office Macullar glared at his partner. He had banged the door behind him when he came in. He seemed agitated.

"Why didn't you tell me it was Agatha this Steve Gilder was going to marry?" Macullar demanded.

"Didn't know it, Mac, really."

"You've been so confoundedly strong for him all along I wouldn't put even this matchmaking past you."

William looked somewhat hurt.

"Perhaps I am responsible in a way," he confessed.

"I thought so."

"But not in the definite way you think." Macullar merely grunted.

"You see, Mac, when I told you he was thinking of being married I hadn't the least idea who the lady was. Neither had he, I am sure. In fact, I hardly think he had any idea of marriage then. Here was a young man with all sorts of splendid possibilities ——"

"According to your ideas."

"Mac, I'll stake my last cent that time proves I'm right. Here, as I was saying, was a chap with qualities to take him a long way; but a trifle irresponsible. Needed something to steady him down. Marriage is nearly always the solution for such difficulties with men of his type. You can't tell a man to go and get married, Mac. They resent that sort of thing."

Macullar stared at his partner.

"Hadn't he told you he was going to be married when you handed out that wedding present to him?"

"I'm afraid I hadn't been given a hint from any quarter of any such intention on his part," William Stone chuckled.

"You figured it out that money would look good to him just then, and that he'd take it, pay his debts with it, and then, perforce, having accepted the firm's wedding present to him, marry?"

"I hoped for something of the sort, Mac; to steady him down; make him find himself, you know. Agatha was about the farthest possibility I had in mind. I didn't even realize he knew her."

"He didn't until recently. The thing began when they were both on the trail of some old book. By the way, that's the trouble with him, William. I will take back some of the things I've said about him. Old books; early printers' work; he's a bug about such stuff. That's Agatha's pet vice, or crime, or whatever you chose to call it, too."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Stone, brightening up perceptibly. "A harmless hobby like that never hurt anyone."

"Harmless! It's a darned expensive hobby. I'd ought to know after what I've paid out in that way for that girl of mine!"

"I'm sorry, Mac, you feel this way about him. Personally I should be mighty proud of him as a son-in-law. You'll be, too, some day. I feel certain of that. I take it the affair was on the spur of the moment. They didn't consult you?"

"Sent me a wire after the ceremony was over. At a parsonage in some little town in Connecticut, I believe. That was Agatha's doings. He was all for letting me in on the business. But he'd told her too much about himself. Agatha wasn't taking any chances with me. She never does."

"Well, the thing is done, Mac. I suppose you'd like to know your daughter's husband had an adequate income?"

"She's a little fool. But I wouldn't want her too unhappy."

"I don't think she will be."

"How much of an increase in salary do you suggest for him, William?"

William Stone beamed upon his partner.

"Let's make it a good one. Let's give him the chance to go up the line and come into the firm in due time."

"You seem pretty well satisfied with yourself and your bright little idea of getting him married, William."

"Of course, if it had been anyone besides Agatha ——"

But somehow William did not look as if he were as sorry as he should be that it was Agatha.

"Two of them chasing their old books together! I'm afraid it will have to be quite a boost."

"Go as far as you like, Mac. Whatever it is, I'll bet he proves to us it was a good investment for us both."

CLASS!

By GRACE LOVELL BRYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"His Next Words Was That Next Morning He's Going to Take Her to Meet His Mother"

AGAINST the sepia background of her third-floor front room Pansy Imogene, swathed in a Copenhagen-blue kimono, added three lumps to her orange pekoe and absent-mindedly removed the remaining cracker from the top of a road-worn trunk. Her friend, seated in the other chair in simple costume of beaded green Georgette and elegant geranium toque, sipped from a near-china cup and inspected her arched eyebrows in a mirror. 'Twas the hour—when Broadway lags and dramatic agents are torpid.

"Ain't it funny"—Pansy Imogene gazed dreamily at the toe of her pomponed slipper—"how that old wheeze, 'All is not gold that sparkles,' is just as true as when it was pulled by Henry the Eighth in the early nineties?"

"I've always been too busy rehearsing to read those classics," replied her friend, Gwendolyn Clarice Montmort on the programs, languidly adjusting an invisible hairpin in her blond hair; "but when I recall the bracelets the manager give us girls with the Gambols of Paris for doing forty-seven weeks for him of one-night stands, and two bits was all you could get on the whole lot if you hocked 'em for iron—I agree with Henry!"

"I wasn't thinking of managers," returned Pansy Imogene soothingly; "I never do when I can help it. I was speaking of Rowena Jones."

Gwendolyn Clarice sat up. "Rowena?" she sniffed with spirit. "Don't tell me that girl's been handed anything—copping Vincent Armour, the richest man in the country, for a husband, and her only a cigar-counter girl at the Giltmore, and me in a front row for six seasons and never ——"

"In the films," continued Pansy Imogene, staring musingly at a crayon portrait of somebody's grandfather that hung solemnly over her bed, "they wind up with Duke and Factory Girl in fond embrace to register coming bliss—but how true it is the real clinch comes after the ceremony!"

Her friend rested slim hands firmly on her hips. "No man shall ever raise his hand to me," she announced with conviction, "wealthy or otherwise."

"I wasn't referring to assault and battery," explained Pansy Imogene exasperatedly. "Vincent's beautiful to Rowena. Romeo was one of his ancestors! But when, all dolled up in a dull-green trifle costing some four hundred bucks and awful becoming to her red hair, which was sheltered from common view by a gorgeous chapeau of bronze paradise, she was took home after the honeymoon—well, as Napoleon wired into Paris after he'd won the battle of Rubicon: She came, was seen, and it looked like she was conquered!"

"Rowena should worry," sighed Gwendolyn Clarice enviously; "having a guy like him to send her telegrams."

"Like who?"

"Napoleon."

Pansy Imogene reached for the teapot. "Take some more tea, Jennie Dorgan," she commanded, filling her friend's cup, "and do the thing for which you're best fitted—Action without Words. Listen!

"Vincent and his bride went to Palm Beach immediately after the wedding, which to Rowena, who'd never been farther than Hoboken in her life, would have seemed like a trip to the Grand Cañon of Arizona had she been looking out the window instead of the other way. I believe I mentioned there was no further need of paging Romeo with a 'Where art thou?' for Vincent, Junior, was him. When you got a pipe at Rowena 'twas explained. Little and blue-eyed with one of those tip-tilted noses we hear of fluently from the poets, and a kind of sweetness about her whole make-up that wasn't put on and made you think when you was with her that maybe the old world wasn't going to the dogs as fast as you'd begun to fear it was. And about Vincent she was as far gone in true affection as was poor Juliet, of whom she'd heard as hanging over the eaves wasting valuable time in talking about the moon; though what she didn't know till long after was that poor Jule had been born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

"Well! When their private car lands at Grand Central Station and they gets into a gorgeous limousine with orchids in it and starts up Fifth to Madison to a modest-looking mansion resembling an elegant yet refined jail with modern improvements, where they are immediately met by a flock of guys in uniform that you couldn't hear when they walked, and a maid or two in the exact violet creation she had so often imaged in dreams behind the counter of the Giltmore—all was bliss. And though a poor girl born, and foreign to anything but hanging on straps in the Interborough, Rowena gets out the car as nonchalant as though she'd never washed a dish, and nods gracious to the servants like a queen entering a conquered city who means to be nice and kind to the inhabitants. Family retainers was no novelty; the Giltmore had 'em as thick as peas.

"Then after being introduced to the servants Vincent takes her in a electric elevator to her apartments, which had old-rose-silk walls and ivory furniture with a gold dressing table covered with lace and silver and mirrors—and sitting in a corner was a black-eyed little girl who at sight of Rowena jumps up and clasps her hands joyfully and bursts out: *'Oh, Madame est charmante!'* which, not knowing whether she's being sworn at or admired, is no way to address an unsuspecting party accompanied by no weapon of any kind.

"But Vincent says that here is her new maid—and 'twas the final straw, a maid being what she had longed for all her days, that and a chaise-longue. And too full for utterance, Rowena smiles friendly at Celeste, who, jabbering what was took to be favorable, takes off her mistress' hat and coat and winds her in a glorious gold negligée, brand new.

"And then it was Rowena lamps enough silks and chiffons and furs strung round the room to costume next season's shows, while Vincent, looking like Santa Claus' favorite son, dismisses Celeste and brings out the family jewels from the safe where they'd been awaiting his bride—necklaces and rings and pendants, and the collection of emeralds, which was the pet jewel of the Armours and had been handed down ever since Vincent Armour I come out of Holland and navigated round up somewhere near the Bronx but moved down later when he found out how that place was going to turn out.

"Then kneeling beside her Vincent puts a tiara in her hair like he was adjusting a halo for one of the angels, and tells her, in accents that has all the enthusiasm of Edwin Booth when Edwin was in his prime, he loves her; while Rowena, sitting in blissful rapture on a chaise-longue which she never recognized till long afterward, forgets all about the darn jewels and everything but him, when, of course, they has to be put on again. And she thinks with a heart overflowing with thanksgiving, what more can a woman want? Nothing. She had all.

"And yet—as the erring son remarked when they let him be and killed the fatted calf—was there a catch in it somewhere?

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Martin V. Kelley Co.

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"The Pick of the Field"

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"His next words was that next morning he's going to take her to meet his mother."

Pansy Imogene hunched her shoulders and stared out into Forty-fifth Street. Her friend shifted the graceful lines of her slim figure carefully, while she looked with great thoughtfulness at the dark head of Pansy Imogene.

"That mother-in-law's going to turn out to be a heavy," announced Gwendolyn Clarice emphatically. "I can feel it. The whole thing begins like the case of a friend of mine who married a plumber which was far beneath her; and when she took him home to her ma, who was terrible refined and kept a swell dressmaking shop on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn—say, the air was blue!"

"From the way I planted the discord in the opening scene," resumed Pansy Imogene, "you felt something was going to happen; like when a amateur starts whistling in the dressing room or comes to a first rehearsal wearing peacock feathers, which tells anybody that if the show ever leaves town trouble will ensue on tour. And when Vincent mentions his ma Rowena gets that same queer feeling in her stomach, though she'd eaten nothing she could think of to cause it.

"And she gets no better when she recollects, while Vincent is admiring her Titian hair, what her ma said about class. 'Class,' she says, 'is the stage brace over which many a person trips in trying to cross over'—though not in exactly those words, her ma knowing nothing about a stage except at the time the Ladies' Aid gave a cantata in Lenox Avenue Hall and she was Empress Josephine and served refreshments.

"It was not, however, until Rowena, while taking her bath before dinner, which she would never have done at such a peculiar time had not Celeste drawn the water and fully expected it, remembers also that her ma said, 'Act like a perfect lady and to thine own self be true'; and her spirits partially revive. 'You are judged,' says her ma, 'not by false externals that moths can break through and steal, but by noble thoughts and purity of soul, which are sensed and loved by the beholder,' says she, 'to whom even rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.'

"There being no difficulty about that, however, as she possessed all but the rags, Rowena gets up the following morning to don a Alice blue that Vincent says adoringly brings out her eyes, and a hat that would captivate a New York policeman, and gets in the auto to meet her mother-in-law with her loving husband prepared to *sic semper tyrannis*, meaning deal accordingly with tyrants.

"At her mother-in-law's house, which is an aristocratic-looking red stone with vines over it and spires sticking loftily into the sky over an iron fence that said 'Abandon all hope of entering here,' a butler, the fattest she had yet seen, opens the door and bows low to Vincent while gazing at her out of his walled-in eyes with respectful and searching curiosity, being as he already knew the complete history of the wedding to every detail and had not as yet made up his mind. And the two sit down to wait in a gorgeous Oriental kind of room, where Rowena begins to feel exactly like Nero musta when he tuned up his fiddle for the bout with Rome.

"The next minute they hear a silky rustle on the other side of some black curtains draped carelessly from a doorway that was opposite, and Vincent jumps up with a little exclamation. Reclining lazily against a pile of cushions, like she owned the place, is a tall girl with shiny black hair and a picture hat of red velvet turned up on the side nearest them to enable Rowena to view a face that had all the dames she had seen at the Giltmore beat to a frazzle.

"'Eleanor Travers,' says Vincent in a pleased tone, and Rowena sees he's gazing at the tall girl with a fond expression. 'Excuse me, dear,' he says as he starts through the curtains.

"'Go ahead,' says Rowena sinkingly, gazing at that girl, whose big slanting eyes, Rowena notes, has a kind of I've-seen-everything expression as she raises them. Rowena also sees the light that comes into them when they look at Vincent, who has rushed in and grabbed her hand. Then the light changed into a kind of challenge mixed with her lazy smile that made Rowena quiver. And the two stand talking confidential, like old, old friends.

"Eleanor Travers—of the famous Travers family. And how beautiful she was. Rowena had read about her in the papers. But what was she to him?

"Well, I don't know whether Rowena was ever jealous before, never having gone with anybody but George Jennings, a shipping clerk who used to call regular and though honest had a good-sized squint and was thus no fit subject to get jealous over even if he had given her any cause, which poor George was careful not to do. And all at once the well-known lines by the poet comes to her mind: 'Marriage is some lottery.'

"'I want to present you to my wife,' she hears Vincent saying proudly, and at his words Eleanor gives a tinkly laugh like ice falling into a glass pitcher. The next minute they come through the doorway, and the tall girl stands looking down at Rowena with her arm slipped through Vincent's as though she owned him. Rowena gets up slowly, wondering if Alice blue is a good color after all for red hair and wishing she'd worn the small hat instead of the bigger one on which Celeste had insisted. She felt so little.

"'This is Eleanor Travers, dear,' Vincent says; 'a very old friend.'

"'Don't emphasize the adjective, Vincent dear,' says the tall girl with another wintry laugh. 'How do you do?' she says to Rowena, smiling oh so cordially.

"'I am so charmed,' replied Rowena with an air that was as nonchalant and classy as Eleanor's own, being she'd watched the best people across the counter of the Giltmore Hotel. Thank goodness she don't trip over nothing as they sit down, though there's an ugly-looking Chinese something lying in wait by her right elbow. And Eleanor remarks that she does hope she enjoyed Palm Beach, and Rowena says oh, yes, as though said spot was no novelty and she'd spent all her winters there since the age of two. And the tall girl looks at her out of her slanting eyes exactly like the other women of the cast size up the leading woman. And then both smiled so warmly at each other that though it was a regular summer day out, though December, and a fire was burning in the grate, the mean temperature of the room must have fallen some four thousand feet. But why the reason, thinks Rowena?

"Vincent, being a man and all unconscious that birds weren't caroling in the trees, says: 'Now that you and Eleanor are going to be great friends you'll help her receive

"'Excuse Me, Dear,' He Says as He Starts Through the Curtains. 'Go Ahead,' Says Rowena Sinkingly"

day after to-morrow, won't you? We're giving a dinner, but it will be quite formal, and I thought ——'

"'I'll be delighted, Vincent, dear,' answers Eleanor sweetly; her eyes appeared to blaze. Then she went on, still very sweetly: 'But—who will come?'

"There is a tense silence.

"At that moment the fat butler says at their elbow: 'Madame will be down immediately.'

"'I'll be running along,' Eleanor says gayly. 'I'll phone Mrs. Armour to-morrow, Ferguson. She'll understand. So glad to have seen you,' she chirps to Rowena, then turns to Vincent. 'Drop in and see me any time, Vincent, dear,' she almost whispers. And with that she's off, followed by the fat butler to usher her to the door.

"Rowena draws her sables close about her shoulders. Vincent is looking after Eleanor with a puzzled expression on his face, as though something did seem wrong but he can't quite make out what it was.

"'Did you—care for that girl?' asks Rowena, her throat hurting. That seemed all that mattered.

"'No,' answers Vincent, looking astonished at the question. 'Oh, of course—the two families wanted us to—but—that's all over now! She's a—friend.'

"'Oh,' says Rowena, staring at a yellow vase.

"They hear a step and turn round. Vincent's ma comes in.

"Did you ever wonder how Lady Macbeth would have looked after she got white-haired and took enbonpoint but still ambitious to run the family and finish off the day with a tasty murder if such would further the cause of the Macbeth family *et al.*, though don't make a racket doing it and keep on your nightgown, for the night is cold? That ain't a line from a Broadway show—it's Shakspere. Well, Vincent's ma could have played her without a rehearsal, as she stood looking at Vincent, dragging a lorgnette with a gold chain against her lavender gown. Rowena saw that her eyes were brown, like Vincent's, only they were hard and piercing, and terribly alive. What Rowena didn't see then was that Vincent's ma ran everything in New York but Grant's Tomb and Tammany.

"Vincent goes forward hurriedly yet manly and kisses her, though he did it with no encouragement; then turns with a lift of his young chin that was remarkably like his mother's and says kinda nervous yet determined withal: 'Mother, I have brought my wife!'

"Have you ever noticed the electricity in the air just before a storm, and sat and shivered, waiting for it to break and relieve the atmosphere? Rowena put out her hand, though her fingers musta been frozen to the bone, and waited for something to be done with it; to be took, as Vincent had fondly promised, into the grand dame's arms and told she's gained a daughter. Well, Vincent's ma turned to Rowena and ——

"Three minutes later by the clock Vincent and his wife was getting into their automobile. Don't ask me what happened or what was said that took so little time, but it must have been enough. And though I ain't acquainted with how Lot's wife felt when she found out her name was Salt, I expect it was foolish. Rowena had Lot's wife beat forty ways; and though Vincent held her hand tight all the way and didn't say anything except a few swear words under his breath to relieve them both, I don't doubt there was quite some heated dialogue going on within his mental sphere. His face was white.

"When they got home, however, he spoke. All right, he said. If his ma wanted to act up, his wife shall be received without her, he said. He had a position as well as his ma, even if he was a Junior. I guess it had never occurred to him that things would turn out like they had, him going on the slogan: The king can do no wrong. And it probably would have made no difference. But they should see, he goes on with a renewal of cussing that was entirely foreign to the poor boy's nature. Everything would be all right.

"With a shiver that was like a fever Rowena ran up to her bedroom to be alone, where, thank goodness, Celeste was out. Then she stood in that room filled with luxury and stared at the silk-lined boudoir where hung the gorgeous clothes she had found so much joy in a little while before; at the panel in the wall which covered the jewels he had given her; at all the gold and silver and fine things—and felt like they was only apples in the Dead Sea you read about.

And she looks up at a painting of a puffy woman with cow eyes that hung over the dressing table and musta been a old master it was so ugly, and whispers to it: 'They're going to try and take him from me—his mother, and the one she wanted him to marry! They're beginning—right now.' But the painting never spoke. 'They shan't!' says Rowena. But she felt cold and sick.

"Well, they have dinner that night all by themselves, Rowena in a décolleté gown without being embarrassed, and trying to be as happy as a lark to deceive Vincent and not succeeding worth a darn, especially with their butler, by the name of Perkins, standing all through the meal as though fearful she might swallow a fish bone and need assistance. And the next morning came—the newspapers.

"'Armour Marriage Reported Mésalliance—Family Rejects Armour Bride,' and so on, though how and where was any reporter sitting in her mother-in-law's house to grab such news was a mystery.

And of course Rowena reads them all, and so did her family. For a whole week after, her pa, though he was scared to call on her any more as the first day he did so he slipped on the polished floor and hadn't been the same since, telephones her regular he'd like to kill the plutocrats—he being much more cheerful in his mind and doing fine with his drug store that had looked as though it was going to smash and would have save for the timely introduction of capital presented him immediately after the wedding by his loving son-in-law. Her ma was furious. As for blue-blooded ancestors, says she, didn't Rowena's great-great-grandfather fight in the last Indian War under Harrison, and sit round the camp fire to smoke the pipe of peace with Tecumseh and one of the viands consisting of eggs which, though to the Indian's taste, was nearly as old as he would have been to-day, which eggs when they thought no one was looking the white men threw behind them into the grass where didn't the papooses seize them and nearly break up the party? Well!

"Vincent says: 'I'll fight them!' So the next night being Monday he takes Rowena in the pearls and ermine coat to the Armour box, which is the second one from the front as everyone knows, and there she sits, the cynosure of everybody's eyes who'd enjoyed the newspapers—longing for her little room in the Bronx she'd had before the wedding that though cheap had been untroubled by any grief except what hit her when the alarm clock went off promptly at six on cold winter mornings.

"After a long while the curtain falls, and she sees a party in the next box bowing gayly to Vincent.

"'Who are they?' asks Rowena.

"'The Gotrox girls and their mother, with the Annisons. And there are the Mulberry Finches, in the fourth box. Excuse me, dear, I'll go speak to them.' And off he goes. When he comes back she sees the same expression on his face as he'd had during the eventful scene with his mother.

"'Didn't they mention—me?' asks Rowena drowningly.

"Vincent shakes his head, and then he breaks out with something forceful under his breath.

"Then he stops and sits miserably staring at the curtain that was rising on a bunch of rocks. And for the first time, like a chill on her heart, comes the knowledge of how much the friendship and approval of his world means to him. In her own circle, if that was what you could call it, if the Smiths dusted their carpets down onto your clothes or Mrs. O'Flaherty stopped speaking because you'd made remarks about her daughter's voice coming up the air shaft at any time and especially twelve P. M., it didn't matter because there was always the Brooks and the Hicks across the street or the Henningses out in Jersey. But here—Brooks and Hicks and Henningses were no substitutes; not when you'd been brought up like that. And Vincent had.

"And the chill deepened when Vincent's secretary sends out invitations for a ball to a list that was the Bluebook, and the invitations came back from the women with regrets. Women are like sheep, she knew that already. Also, they were following her mother-in-law. The men—but men don't count, alone.

"As the days went on the telephone rang, oh a thousand times—for Vincent; inviting him, pleading oh so sweetly and cordially, Rowena knew, for his society; but they said nothing of Rowena. And Vincent would not accept without her. His jaw set. The poor boy had done his best, but it was no use.

"One day Eleanor Travers' cool but penetrating voice came over the wire, and Rowena heard her say: 'Vincent, dear, why try aping the Bolsheviki? You and I know you can't introduce equality in those who are not equal! Won't you be a good boy—and come to tea?' Vincent had hung up. But how long could this go on? And why? What had she done?

"She knew. She had been born a Jones.

"As Rowena and Vincent sat having a quiet, oh so quiet, tea from a teacart that she had always pictured as being the essence of fashion and was now nothing but an empty husk, so to speak—the doorbell rang! It created a commotion. Vincent jumped up excitedly and started out into the lower hall, and Rowena forgetting all thought of elegance peeked through the curtains, wondering who on earth it could be, for her ma never chose that door, preferring the side one that was much more convenient. And her pa never came in the daytime.

"Perkins the butler had in tow Charles Vaughn Allenton! The plot was thickening. Charles Vaughn Allenton was—but wait.

"'Well, Vin, my boy,' came Charles Vaughn's hearty but correct accents as he grabbed Vincent's hand, 'how are you, and how's the fair bride?'

"'All right, uncle,' answers Vincent, kinda bristly.

"'Just heard of your marriage, my boy,' goes on Charles, 'and came down from the lodge expressly to meet your wife. Understand she's not in our set, eh? Well, your mother is my own sister—but I tell you in these democratic days—Gad, the war has done with barriers! Elizabeth has always been too dictatorial in her leadership of New York society,' he goes on, patting Vincent on the back. 'Gad, it's monarchy, that's what; no one else has had a show. So here's where my wife takes a hand! Now—is my fair niece-in-law at home?'

(Concluded on Page 53)

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TO DEALERS: A few territories left to be awarded soon. Write us.

(Concluded from Page 50)

During which conversation they was gradually drawing near the living room where Rowena stood. The next minute Charles Vaughn glides lordly into the room, with the opportunity to put his sentiments to the test.

"Well, it was almost funny, if you'd been in a mood to see it that way—the expression on Charles' face. He almost forgets to bow, which with him was like leaving off the most important part of his attire while going for a walk. For Charles Vaughn had made a desperate play for Rowena when, as a cigar-counter girl at the Giltmore, though dealing with the best families, she was green enough to think he had serious intentions until proved otherwise. And then she'd married Vincent.

"In a few choice but pithy words Charles Vaughn forgets all about democracy and delivers himself of so near the same lines as Vincent's mother had done that you'd think they'd studied from the same part. I guess a leopard can't change his spots.

"Well, it began to look like one of those shows that no matter how good it looks nor how much you advertise or spend on it it simply won't draw business at the box office; and you might as well call it off and quit struggling.

"Then, as they say in the films: One Year Passes.

"Vincent had long since started to his clubs, for no man can exist with only the society of his wife, no matter how crazy he is about her. What else could he do? A man must have friends. Rowena knew, too, that he was seeing his mother again, and of course it was natural that he should; but she knew also that when he went to her house he found—Eleanor Travers. And Rowena stayed home.

"Everything was tranquil with the family; her ma sent their washing out, and though she could not stand Perkins, accusing him of being a hidden kleptomaniac from the way he had of grabbing things the instant a body stepped over the Armour portico, she constantly insisted in the bosom of the Bronx, that right would triumph, though sometimes it took time. Sooner or later, Class or no Class, said her ma with undaunted cheerfulness, merit is recognized. Aside from that Tom and Johnny and Willie were doing fine, and her pa called regular twice a week with peppermints. The rest of the time Rowena sat on the chaise-longue that once seemed so beautiful, staring at priceless furniture and old masters, at the ivory carpet and silk walls of her boudoir with its heaps of clothes that she never wore; and then she was not alone, for with her, day after day, was the fear of how long it would be before Vincent, drawing now farther and farther away from her, went back for good, as a man does sooner or later, to his own people, his own gods. The choice would come.

"Then one night he calls her up from downtown and asks her to come to a first night at the Empire, and though feeling little like it she puts on a beautiful orchid gown that had just come from Paris and might have been calico, and the emeralds and a new chinchilla coat, and starts for the electric elevator to go downstairs.

"Like a fire alarm—the front door bell rings! It hadn't happened since Charles Vaughn Allenton made his memorable call!

"Vincent—she thinks maddeningly—something has happened to him! And then there was no time to think further, for Celeste, who had been doing a slanderous but forceful résumé of Vincent's family's actions with the spirit that would have won the war for her country had we not come in hastily and assisted, runs to the upper hall to Rowena, and they both stand listening while the fat butler, Perkins, opens the door and a little stubby man with carroty hair and a green suit and hat on pushes his way inside past the petrified Perkins, who ain't used to being pushed by better people than him, dashes up the stairs, sees Rowena, who's been fully expecting him to throw the bomb—and says with satisfaction over his shoulder to Perkins: 'There's Mrs. Vincent Armour or I'll eat my shirt!'—which offer held a most common sound to Perkins.

"Rowena looks at him in bewilderment, for she's never seen him before and can't remember whether he was a porter or something at the Giltmore, never really having met them all there. She asks him what he wants, and with a wink of one of his funny-looking eyes that seem partially undressed owing to his eyelashes being red and not visible, he says he has something very important to see her about. Nobody having expressed any desire like that since she was married, she's stunned; then not having basked in riches long enough to have acquired that icy exterior toward one of the lower classes, she dismisses Perkins and Celeste, who hates like thunder to go, and the stubby man sails into her sitting room and immediately lights down on a swell tapestried chair as though he owned the place.

"Again Rowena asks him what he wants. He sits patting his green tie, in which there was an elegant red horseshoe, looking at her as though he were sizing her up.

"'I don't blame him,' he says earnestly, 'only I'd 'a' thought you'd be older. But money does it, eh?' Then he gives her a second wink and a chuckle. 'You got my letter?'

"'What letter?' asks Rowena, bewildered.

"'Why, the one that told you I was coming,' he answers, leaning back like the lord of the manor. 'I'm onto the whole story of you and your husband.'

"Rowena sits down, feeling more than ever what was now her constant sensation, that of Pompeii after Vesuvius had done its work. Everybody knew—their story was no secret! But the man was going on.

"'Well, I guess they won't be no more trouble, though,' he was saying, 'now that your hubby's croaked.'

"Rowena jumps up, trembling like the celebrated leaf. 'Dead?' she gasps. 'Oh, my ——'

"'Sure,' returns the man, looking surprised. 'I just come from his funeral!'

"Rowena sits down again, kinda mad. 'Mr. Armour ——' she began haughtily.

"'Oh, I ain't talking about Armour.' Here he winks again. 'I mean—your other!'

"'My—other?' repeats Rowena, wondering if he's escaped from some asylum. 'What other?'

"His red face goes kinda purple at that, and he breaks out: 'What other? Mickey McClellan—that's who! Don't you suppose I know you married McClellan before you married Armour—and that there was no divorce?'

"Rowena sits speechless.

"Then like a flash it comes over her with all the crash of a sickening thud—her mother-in-law! She had sent him!

"They were trying to frame her—to manufacture the evidence that would free Vincent from her by law. It had come at last. Oh, that cruel woman!

"Out of the daze of her brain she found herself whispering, 'Who are you?'

"'I was Mickey's pal.' Then as she sits staring at him uncomprehending he bursts out angrily: 'Say, what's the idee? Think I'm whistling through my derby? He's sent me with the dope.'

"'What dope?'

"'The dope he told you in the letter!' Then he says slowly, staring at her: 'So that's it. Purty cautious!' Then he sits forward angrily and hisses, 'Well, I can prove who I am! Want to hear me talk?'

"Rowena clenches her hands and —— Did you ever get into a swift current and try to battle with it till your strength and nerve was getting low? Did you ever feel your hold on your audience in your big scene slipping till in spite of all you could do you knew the dramatic climax you were working for would end only in a laugh? Well, neither have I, for tripping the light fantastic is slightly different from the legit—but the similarity is similar. And it comes to Rowena that she might just as well give up—they'd beaten her already. What was the use of struggling any longer?

"And then the blood of her ancestor who stood up against an Indian and give those eggs to the Indian's child rather than prevent by one iota the happiness of a young life burned in her veins; and she looks this tool full in his pasty face with an expression of contempt that says: 'Fight—and I'll fight'; and whispers: 'Prove it!'

"'All right,' returns the carroty man airily, 'I will. You meets Mickey at the Giltmore, don't you?'.

"Rowena nods.

"'Mickey's staying there for a few days. He's named Carlos Sebastian, which being dark complected and having a Spanish mother he most always worked under, for being a foreigner it was easier to get away with con, and you falls for him right off the reel. Ignoring his usual custom, which was get the dough and beat it, I guess he falls in love, which mars his judgment, for he buys a license and the deed is done good and proper, and off you go to the country on a honeymoon.

"'After a week his hand is called; a plain clothes shows up and gathers Mickey in for embezzlement in Los Angeles and Cincinnati and four other counts on forging checks which was chalked against him on a Chicago blotter, and you finds he's nothing but a common East Side crook and due for seven years where the air is close, unless you helps him out. You throw a fit instead, and turn from him forever. He threatens suicide. You say go ahead. He beats it outa the room—you hear a shot and think he's done it. Then as fast as a choo-choo'll make it you beat it out of the little burg for New York—a widow by a narrow escape and darn glad of it.

"'But Mickey ain't dead, and he comes out sorer than a pup at you for turning him down. Who should he pipe one day in the big town coming out the Metropolitan from a matinée but wifie whom he'd loved and lost, and he finds out by following you that you're married again to this rich guy. It's his chance. He writes you the glad news that he ain't dead but longing to see you—and believe me, from then on you spill. And Mickey accepts the long green.

"'I used to know him in Louisville. Well, the day Mickey gets sick he meets me on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth all dolled out like the lilies of the field, and bragging that work's a stranger to him way into a ripe old age. And that night he's down as flat as a teetotaler's stomach. When he sees he's going remorse sets in, and he tells me the whole business of not treating you right in the first place and hounding you and how he's to blame for the whole thing, and he asks me to take the evidence he's been holding over you and ask you to forgive him. I writes a letter telling you I'm coming, and would have been here Thursday if he hadn't taken longer to fade out than the doc expected. And now you see me—and here I am. That's me!'

"Well, you can imagine after all that, Rowena's mind is upside down for all the world as though it was practicing the shimmie, which though done in the best circles where everything oughta be perfectly refined, was no dance to pull at a time like that.

"She sits looking at the carroty-headed tool, as unable to make it all out as I was the time a show gave me half pay for rehearsals when we'd only been at it eleven weeks. And she kept getting worse when she found herself knowing he was speaking the truth! Then drowningly she remembers—the third degree! Startled she jumps up, and then remembers ——

"Evidence. He said he had it. What evidence? Commandingly she holds out her hand.

"The man seems to understand what she's after, for all at once his little eyes goes shut like he was turning over something in his mind. Then reaching into his coat pocket cautiously he brings out a folded paper in a yellow-looking envelope.

"'That's a nibble,' he says cunningly, handing her the envelope. 'The rest of it I got put away in a safe downtown. That stuff's valuable.'

"Rowena sits down again, takes a paper out of the envelope—and reads."

"What was in it?" asked Gwendolyn Clarice excitedly from under her geranium toque.

"Enough," returned Pansy Imogene cryptically. "So remember what I told you in the opening paragraph—action and no words.

"Well! Whatever was in the letter," went on Pansy Imogene, "made Rowena, like the party who sampled the breakfast food and liked the fruity flavor, ask for more. And with that the carroty-man's face suddenly screws itself into a mass of ugly and calculating wrinkles, improving his appearance not one whit, and he begins to smile.

"'With pleasure,' he says, leaning over kinda hoarse; 'you can have the whole business—for a hundred thou'! That's me!'

"Rowena gasps. 'But—Mickey—he sent you—to give ——' she falters.

"'Aw, listen!' snaps the man with a gesture of his fat hand. 'I ain't feeling no remorse on your account. *I* ain't done nothing, so I expects my rake-off for delivery. Why, the marriage certificate is worth twice that kale. And if you don't want it,' he goes on, rising angrily and lordly, 'I guess the ——' And he starts, determined, for the door.

"'I'll give it to you,' says Rowena, grabbing him firmly by the arm. 'I will give you the money as soon as I can get it from the bank.'

"'To-morrow morning,' answers the man crisply. 'I'm in a hurry. I'll meet you wherever you say. But remember—cash!' He sits down again.

"'Of course,' murmurs Rowena. 'Oh, let me think!' She gets up to do it, good and hard. The room is still as death save for the tumultuous breathing of Celeste, who's listening behind the curtains with both feet plainly showing under the velvet. And Rowena puts her toe under the mantel of the fireplace right on the burglar alarm.

"Then she turns to carroty-head, who's been watching her like a hawk.

"'Well, ain't you made up your mind?' he asks kinda nervously, moistening his lips.

"'I have,' says Rowena. 'I will meet you at the corner of —— Oh!' She gives a sharp cry and stares down at her feet. The man does likewise. Quicker than lightning Rowena grabs a cloisonne vase that she never did care for, and brings it like a thousand bricks right down on the man's head. Over he tumbles as neat as a pin, while Rowena, kneeling beside him, reaches inside his coat pocket for the package of papers which she thought would be there, and they certainly was, for she brings them out with a little cry.

"At the same moment Celeste, unable to keep out any longer owing to her having heard every word, runs in to Rowena, who grabs her in her arms.

"Every woman ought to have the privilege of hysterics, which, how unfortunately, is going out of fashion for those who are perfect ladies except in revivals of old plays, so Rowena give a good imitation of Cleopatra when the news came that her husband had just won the World's Series in 96 B. C.; while Celeste, holding the smelling salts that had never been used since purchased, forced her young mistress to take a whiff, which Rowena was willing, being that assaulting perfect strangers as an indoor sport was something she had not as yet got used to. In a few minutes they hear voices, and up comes two skinny men looking like detectives, which was what they were, chaperoned by Perkins, wondering was there something occurring. Rowena points with a haughty gesture to Mickey's pal still dead to the world against the back of an expensive chair.

"After examining him hastily the two dicks laugh as one to whom this is mere child's play and hustle the horrid burglar out the door, only pausing to wink at Celeste, being men before detectives, and her looking attractive enough anyway with two red spots burning in her excitable cheeks and her eyes wide as saucers. Rowena they don't dare but glance at, such is the awe of millions; but she need never fear from anything while guardians like they is on the job. Good-by, ma'am. And Rowena sits down, feeling tired all of a sudden, with the evidence she was so crazy for in her lap. Opening the package of papers she reads them all.

"And then after a long while she raises her Titian head, which later created a sensation when—but wait a minute—and looks up at the old master's painting of the peasant woman that had been her silent company these weary months and whispers, 'What shall I do?' And all at once a light seems shining in the woman's face—a light that answered her.

"Slowly the look in her own face that had somehow disfigured it, dies out, and into—something beautiful.

"'Celeste,' she calls, 'get on your hat.' Then she goes to her desk, puts the package into a large envelope, seals it and hands it to Celeste. 'Deliver that—to Mrs. Vincent Armour, Senior.'".

"For the love of Mike!" cried Gwendolyn Clarice. "That old dame! And Rowena?" She paused, aghast.

"Even a Jones can be a thoroughbred," said Pansy Imogene.

"But, my Gawd!" breathed Gwendolyn Clarice, "she never even let her know?"

Pansy Imogene looked with some pity on her friend. "Gwendolyn Clarice, for one of artistic temperament, no matter where it's located, you have but small imagination." She rose lazily. "They say there ain't two chummier women in society to-day than Rowena and Vincent's mother; and happy ——" Her friend's lips parted. "My goodness," exclaimed Pansy Imogene impatiently, "didn't I tell you she sent 'em by Celeste?"

RED FOAM

(Continued from Page 15)

the quarry, made the town more and more aware of Arnold Driscoll.

In November the quarry had become a busy place. Two hundred men were at work; and when the wind was right the clink of hammers, the pounding of machinery and the creak of cranes came faintly up the river to Buckeye Bridge.

A large building had been erected, big engines installed, and five saws put to work. Sawing stone was a novel idea to Buckeye Bridge, and only those who watched it in operation could understand how a straight band of steel without any edge or teeth could cut rock—merely by grinding sand under the blade.

But it was over the matter of transportation that the town's keenest mental interest—curiosity—was roused. Even in old Banning's day there had been a stone quarry at the foot of the bluff by the river. It was not marble, but a high grade of hard limestone that took a polish and had a beauty of grain almost equal to marble. Everybody knew it was fine building material; for it had been used locally—the courthouse was built of it; and the bank building trimmed with it. But eighteen miles from a railroad! It simply could not be marketed, that was all!

And if Driscoll had any way to do it—which they did not believe—they would like darned well to know just exactly what it was.

But one day when the machinery was nearly all in place and a great many large square blocks of stone were already cut from the quarry, Driscoll, during his brief morning visit to the works, called two men to him and handed them a map of the river.

"Take a boat," he directed briefly, "and float down to Shoalville, where the railroad crosses. Measure every strip of the river where the water is less than eighteen inches deep, and mark it on this map."

For miles at a stretch Spring River would be fairly wide and deep; then a swift shallow shoal, sometimes with only a foot or even six inches of water.

The two men came back and reported that out of thirty miles of river there were not quite three miles of shoals, and that the bed of the river at those places was hard sand or rock.

Driscoll studied the report for perhaps three minutes, then called one of his foremen, who had been an old boat builder. For perhaps twenty minutes Driscoll made sketches with his pencil, gave directions and answered questions.

The construction that followed stirred Buckeye Bridge's most active curiosity.

Ten narrow barges were built, eight feet wide and twenty-four feet long. At their sides, only a few feet apart, were fastened very strong solid wooden wheels, six inches wide and so placed they extended only six inches below the bottom of the barge. These ten were fastened together by chains. At their head was a long, wide, very flat-bottomed boat carrying a powerful gasoline engine, which ran four small propellers so placed that they required little depth of water.

But the crowning curiosity was that at each side of this boat were broad tractor wheels, lifted clear off the water, but which by a single turn of a lever could be lowered so they held the boat up two feet from the bottom; and by a simple shift of gear the power of the engine could be shifted from the propellers to these wheels.

The thing was a towboat on water and a tractor on shoals—or even on land.

When tried out—and a big part of Buckeye Bridge witnessed the tryout—each of the ten barges carried four tons of cut and dressed stone. The boat pulled them downstream at six miles an hour, and when it came to a shoal down went the tractor wheels, and the engine snaked the long string of barges across on their own wheels without a hitch.

The thing could make the down trip in eight to ten hours, and return with the empty barges in twelve to fifteen. It required only four men to run it, and a few dollars' worth of distillate would make a round trip, delivering forty tons of dressed stone a day to the railroad at Shoalville.

All this physical activity thrust Arnold Driscoll very positively into the consciousness of Buckeye Bridge. And as a man grows on a people's attention inevitably their like or dislike for him must grow. For Arnold Driscoll it was dislike. They had not liked him at first, and certainly he had done nothing since to change their feelings. In truth, almost everything he did seemed to them an insult, at least a slur. His reticence, his self-sufficiency in doing things—were offensive. He was not rightfully a business man at all, but an idler, a mooner, who put other men to doing his work. Why, when that contraption itself was tried out, and the river was lined for a mile with curious spectators to see if it wouldn't work, Driscoll himself was not even present. It was as though he said, "That's merely a little trifle, a slight detail in the day's work; I could make a dozen in an hour."

Noah Latimer voiced the feeling of the crowd when he grumbled: "Old Final Doom seems to think he's so mighty much, the rest of us are mere bugs. Now if Andy Freeman was pulling off this thing he'd have a barbecue and the whole county would be here with a celebration that would shake these old hills; and us fellows would carry him round on our shoulders. Andy's a human bein'."

And when, the transportation solved, it was evident the stone quarries were going to make a fortune, people began to recall with pity the poor Banning heirs. Just to think, poor old Aunt Lucy, and the Hadley grandchildren, and Zip Banning—all robbed of their fortune by a scheming, heartless outsider!

"Driscoll paid them ten thousand," snapped Tom Shannon, "when they had been trying to sell for five."

But the people only shook their heads and sighed, and said it was a shame though to take advantage of people's ignorance as to what a thing was worth.

The evening after the caterpillar barge had made its successful trip Arnold Driscoll sat in the south room before an open fire. It was late in November, and a nipping cold wind had come out of the northwest. But he was not looking at the fire; his hands were locked behind his head and his face was turned toward the big west window.

He felt a deep sense of relief that the stone mills were in operation and the transportation was solved. He had not gone down to the river yesterday to see the barge tried out, because there were a lot of people down there. He knew and was faintly amused at what they would say about it. He also knew it would work. He was glad it had worked, but it was, after all, merely a detail. Directly as the red grew fainter in the west and the distant limbs of bare trees stood out against the sky he forgot the stone quarries entirely.

Then sharply he jumped, as though a live nerve somewhere was touched by a red-hot needle, sat up straight and turned squarely facing the window, and looked down at the bungalow just west of his house.

A thin blue wisp of smoke was coming from the flue.

v

ONE of our persistent delusions is that a few prominent citizens mold the sentiment of a community; they most certainly do not. Nine times out of ten Bud Hicks, who runs the livery stable and who did a term for shooting Bill George, can swing more votes than Professor Lanson, the superintendent of schools, or Hiram Wicks, the president of the First State Bank. And voting is most certainly a matter of sentiment. Foam is the most visible thing on a stream; and people usually base their sentiments and their actions on high visibility. Of course by and by everybody who has fallen into the creek and got wet learns there is water under the foam; but that is a slow individual process of education, which may make for personal conviction, but does not sway public sentiment.

"This quarry is going to be a big thing for the town," remarked the banker to Tom Shannon when the lawyer had finished examining some contracts for Driscoll's company.

"It is now," said the attorney.

"Odd fellow, Driscoll," remarked the banker, "but a mighty fine man to do business with. Never in the world would have picked him for this sort of job."

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SALISBURY AXLES

Our huge plant at Jamestown, New York, covers more than twelve acres of floor space and is recognized as one of the most completely equipped factories in the nation. Here we devote ourselves exclusively to the production of Motor Car Axles that must measure up to an unfaltering standard of excellence.

Salisbury Quality is now a traditional phrase because ours is the oldest Axle plant in the Motor Car Industry. All of our energies, all of our equipment and all of our resources are dedicated to the single task of protecting and developing the reputation that our product has honestly won.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

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"I don't know about that," said Shannon, squinting his eyes speculatively. "He doesn't burn up the road hotfooting it round, but I never have seen a fellow who gets to the point of every subject easier and quicker—nor who leaves it sooner when it is done."

"What do you make of him personally?" asked the banker.

"He strikes me," replied Shannon, "as a man who has lost something—something big; and that all these business matters, important as they are, are merely side issues. He does them with wonderful ability, but drops them as soon as possible, so as to get back to hunting for what he has lost—or a substitute. Personally I like Arnold Driscoll better than any man I ever met before."

But that neither made nor represented the sentiment of Buckeye Bridge. As Noah Latimer said, Tom Shannon had liked horse thieves. And that same afternoon, as Noah lounged against the counter at the drug store and scratched his inventive faculties to discover some way to overcome the druggist's handicap of two kings against one, he remarked: "Andy Freeman brought his woman with him this trip. They are movin' in to-day; into that sunburst bungalow up the road just this side of Final Doom's."

In a moment Noah chuckled, partly because he had traded one king for two, but largely at what he was about to divulge.

"They stayed all night at the inn last night. Jake Podd was in the room next to 'em, and you know the partitions up there are about as silent as a rawhide on a snare drum. Jake heard 'em talkin'." Noah stopped to laugh admiringly. "Andy shore laid the law down to her. Seems as though she was kickin' on comin' to this here one-man town. Really got to gulpin' and swallowin' over it. But Andy shore told her where to get off; said the town was good enough for her, really just the sort of a place she needed, and that he didn't want to hear no back-firin' nor anivelin' about it either.

"You bet your life," finished Noah admiringly, "there ain't no female can lead Andy Freeman round by the nose. He's as big-hearted as the next one; but he ain't the sort of a feller that a female woman can bullyrag into bein' no doormat."

Three prominent ladies from the brick church were the first to call at the sunburst bungalow. All three of the ladies were good women, worthy women—but curious. They were good jelly makers, and skillful suggesters. They tried to observe the golden rule; and did observe those who did not. They believed in the Bible, but not in other women. They all liked Andy Freeman; one of them because he had a dimple in his pink chin, and one because he had patted her hand and called her "sister girlie," and the other because he had talked so beautifully that night at the church about his wife.

A woman was wonderfully blessed to have such a husband. And they all wanted to see if that woman was really worthy of him.

Mrs. Freeman was slightly startled or surprised when she opened the door. At least her large brown eyes opened in a startled way and a faint tinge of color came to her cheeks. It was the unmistakable air of one interrupted. Perhaps she had not got the house straightened up—or possibly she had been crying. There were shadows about the eyes that might mean that.

She was a slender little thing, with a real girlish body, though she must have been twenty-nine at least, and had soft brown hair, bobbed short, hanging loose, so that it came just to the nape of her neck. Her mouth was elfish, and her face mobile and expressive.

The furnishings of the house were a queer mixture—even the most inartistic of the three callers saw that much, and the doors being open they saw most of it.

There was one room which opened off the living room, a sort of library or den, that seemed to the ladies rather bare; but there were brass candlesticks on the mantel, and three real paintings, and a mahogany desk, a straight slender chair and an oriental rug. The bookcases were full of books, too, and leaning in a corner was a violin case. The rest of the house was furnished in the cheapest sort of stuff—ugly oak chairs, and cottony rugs with red poppies in them, and a monstrous buffet that looked like the purchase of soap wrappers, and a red plush sofa.

"She's a sweet little thing," remarked one of the callers as they went out of the gate.

"Isn't she!" exclaimed another. "I wonder why she bobs her hair?"

"She was wonderfully pleased that we came, don't you think?" remarked the third.

"Yes," assented the first, "but I don't think she was expecting us. Did you notice how she hesitated a moment at the door? I thought once she was not going to ask us in."

"I guess she felt embarrassed, not being dressed up," suggested the second.

"Or maybe she had somebody in the back room helping put up the pictures or something. I thought I heard somebody working round back there."

"You don't suppose she will stay there alone, with her husband away most of the time, do you?" remarked the first.

"I'm sure I wouldn't," replied the third. "I'd be afraid of nights—and then it is so easy for talk to start."

"She must have some fine clothes," observed the second. "Mr. Freeman gets a big salary, they say; and one thing is sure, she hasn't spent much of it on furniture."

Though Mrs. Freeman did not return any of the calls she was very friendly and hospitable to all who came; and yet she seemed uneasy, half frightened in their presence, as if she did not think as they thought, and was fearful of saying or doing something to give offense.

"I wonder," said one forthputting sister to another as they went away after a call, "why she got so red in the face when I asked her if she would lead the Wednesday prayer meeting? Lands, she needn't have been so flustered. Even if she ain't powerful in prayer we know how to make allowances."

"And didn't her husband say she was a great church worker?"

Andy Freeman must have been sent on a long trip into some other territory, for it was five weeks after he moved into the bungalow before he returned to Buckeye Bridge. By that time the women of the little town had pretty generally talked it out and decided that Mrs. Freeman was a sweet little thing, but odd; very neat, but probably a poor cook; might be a good Christian, but if so was hiding her light under a bushel; and she wasn't the sort of wife to make a man happy—and she ought not to live alone!

Then Andy Freeman returned and announced a party. Word was sent broadcast there was to be a housewarming on the hill that night—everybody, big, little, old and young, was invited.

THERE was one woman with whom from the first Mrs. Freeman had shown no restraint—and that was Aunt Clarissa, the black mammy who kept house for Driscoll. The very next morning after Driscoll had first seen that blue wisp of smoke in the neighboring bungalow, Aunt Clarissa, unbeknownst to her master—everything that went on about the place outside those three rooms of his was unbeknownst to him—took a plate of hot biscuits covered with a napkin and knocked at the back door.

Mrs. Freeman had given one look into the humorous eyes of the bent, wrinkled old darky, and then had broken into the warmest of exclamations: "Bless your heart, you dear old aunty!" It was a sweet, crisp, autumn morning, the sun already beginning to warm, and Mrs. Freeman, with her bobbed hair flying elfishly about her neck and face, brought a pot of jam and a plate of butter and sat down on the back step, with the old darky sitting at her feet, and then and there ate those biscuits, insisting from time to time on Aunt Clarissa's trying the jam.

After that there was never a day passed that the old mammy was not at the back door carrying something. Mrs. Freeman scolded, protested, feigned anger—but the old mammy merely grinned. "Lord, honey chile, you don't cook enough to keep a hummin' bird a-hummin'. You's too forgetful to feed yourself—and you's got to eat, honey."

And she did eat with relish and talked the while most amusingly and whimsically to the old darky. But Aunt Clarissa returning to her own kitchen grumbled a different tune: "Laws a'massea, if Ise specifyin' I'd say that pore little thing ain't got nothin' to cook, and she shorely ain't got nothin' to cook with."

When Andy Freeman came home at five o'clock and announced there was to be a party that night and that he had invited everybody in town Mrs. Freeman in her panic had slid out the back door and run for Aunt Clarissa. Twenty minutes later the old darky was making a balky wood stove smoke and sputter vehemently.

And on one of her many trips back to the big house Andy Freeman, strolling about the yard with his hands in his trousers pockets, his hat tipped back, examining his possessions, noticed her and called, "Say, you old black crow, tell your boss we are going to have a party to-night and want him to come over."

Arnold Driscoll was sitting before his fire, an open book face down across his knee, looking out down the road toward the west. He had noticed an unusual stir at the bungalow and had seen the large blond man walking approvingly about the place. During the past five weeks he had become aware that Aunt Clarissa was making frequent and regular trips to the bungalow; also he had noticed with a concealed smile that the old darky was asking him for supplies the house had never needed before. But he had asked no questions. One thing he had noticed particularly—not once had Mrs. Freeman ever come to the big house on an errand; not once until to-night. And Driscoll was much surprised when the old negro climbed pantingly up the stairs and burst out with: "Mr. Driscoll, they's gwine to have a pahty over to Mis' Freeman's, and he ax you to come."

The people came, nearly a hundred of them, and Andy Freeman was everywhere, jollying and ragging, and stirring them up to have a good time. Aunt Clarissa had turned out five cakes in three hours; and Andy had got five gallons of ice cream.

But somehow the party was not a success. The merriment was like a balky engine that had to be primed and then stopped as soon as the priming ran out. Andy would tell a story and rag the company into hilarity; and then the laughter would begin to die over in one corner, and the stillness spread to another; and directly they would all be sitting holding their hands in their laps or leaning over and talking in a whisper.

Nobody knew what was the matter. Mrs. Freeman was certainly doing her best to be hospitable—but she did it in a very different way. And many of the guests somehow sensed that she was miserable. Besides, Arnold Driscoll was there. He smiled slowly a few times, but never laughed; and somehow the guests who watched him fancied he was not smiling at what the rest were.

For the most part he looked very grave, with a perplexed, even pained, wrinkle between his eyes.

Andy perceived the party was not going well. He redoubled his boisterous laugh-provoking tricks. But Aunt Clarissa alone heard him say, out in the kitchen as his wife bent over the freezer dishing cream: "Hell, can't you do anything? Don't be a death's-head."

Arnold Driscoll and Tom Shannon sat before the fire in the small room when refreshments were brought them.

Tom lifting his eyes to the mantel remarked, "Never saw anything furnished better than this room."

Driscoll smiled and said, "Nor worse than the other rooms."

"No," agreed the lawyer. "Imagine these were presents."

"Must have been," nodded Driscoll.

The refreshments finished, Andy got up in the middle of the floor. The merriment had again run low, and it was evident most of the guests were wondering how soon they dared start home. Fun having failed, Andy took another turn.

"Friends, this is our housewarming. It's in honor of the home. You know the best thing in the world is to have a happy home."

He went to the door into the kitchen, where his wife stood with an embarrassed, anxious look in her eyes, caught her by the hand, and led her to the middle of the floor. Patting her hand he turned to the roomful of people.

"I want to tell you good people that this little woman is the best little wife in the world, and if you are half as happy as I am—I can't wish anything better for you. Now, men, I want us one and all to show our womenfolks that we haven't forgotten how to treat them. I want every man here when I give the sign to grab his wife and kiss her like he used to before he was married."

Mrs. Freeman's face was burning fiercely, and she was trying to slip her hand from his; but he seized her and gave her a resounding smack on her lips. Some of the other men followed Andy's lead; and there was a brief moment of struggle and laughter.

Then looking through the opening into the adjoining room Freeman caught Arnold Driscoll's violet eyes steadily, intently upon the tableau.

"Here, Driscoll," Andy called, waving a big white hand, "you haven't any wife of your own; come kiss mine."

The room grew instantly still. There was a sort of chill in the air, an embarrassed, ominous sort of stillness.

But Driscoll spoke in an easy, even tone: "Thanks, Freeman, but what is not mine cannot be given to me."

VII

TUESDAY evening, the fourteenth of January, Arnold Driscoll had returned home earlier than usual. It was a stormy day. There had been a rain the night before, which had turned into a blizzard. A few inches of snow had fallen, and now as Driscoll looked out of his window the swirling northwest wind was striping the frozen mud in the road. The shutters rattled, the timbers of the big old house creaked and bits of snow beat against the panes.

It was a day to make one glad of a fire. Driscoll had dead logs roaring and snapping in the fireplace, and the light from it ran into the gathering dusk of the room and touched in one corner the solid black case of a piano, which had arrived only the day before. He got up and walked across the room, and still standing reached down and ran the fingers of his right hand over the middle keys. There was music even in that casual touch. But he turned from it and went to the west window and stood looking down at the bungalow. There was no light in the windows yet, and there was no smoke from the flue. There had been none that morning; nor at noon when he started to the office; nor again as he returned. It worried him. But Freeman had been home over Sunday, and possibly she had gone away with him Monday.

In the three months they had lived there Driscoll had not met Mrs. Freeman face to face; had not spoken to her. Even on the night of the party she had been busy in the kitchen when he arrived. Andy had done the honors; and Driscoll was not introduced to his hostess.

Earlier in the fall he saw her often out round the place. He fancied somehow she rather dreaded to be in the house. She pulled weeds from round the chrysanthemums and mended the back gate. Two or three times she bruised her thumb, and put it in her mouth, then waved it in the air to cool it. She was always bareheaded, and whether working or walking or merely standing gazing over the stretch of hills there was an elfish restlessness in all her movements. Only once had their eyes met. She happened to be in the front yard cutting some chrysanthemums as he was passing, and as she rose, flushed, her eyes lifted directly to his. She was startled for a moment, so the flush left her face. He gravely lifted his hat and passed on. And not once during these three months had he heard the violin which he had seen in the library the night of the party.

Driscoll had crossed the room to the piano, sat down and played a dozen bars, got up and went back to the west window. Queer there should be no fire on a day like this. But there was a light now in the kitchen; and in a moment he saw her, with a cape thrown over her shoulders, dodge from the back door and run across lots toward his house, her hair blowing in the fierce wind.

Well, she was not sick anyway. He returned to the leather chair and sat facing the fire. There were three new books on the table at his elbow, but he was not ready to read. He sat very still as though listening intently. The wind howled and rattled outside, then hushed for a moment. Driscoll was scarcely conscious that he was listening—sounds from below came faintly if at all, and rarely concerned him. Then he lifted his head straight, his eyes toward the door, his nostrils dilated, an ache in his left side. Steps, light running footsteps, were coming up the stairs.

(Continued on Page 59)

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Heat plus beauty

(Continued from Page 56)

They stopped near the top, and the old negro's voice called from below: "Yes, honey, right up thar. The doah is jes' ahead of you. Dah telephone is on Massy Arnold's table."

The door opened, and the girl—she was only a girl now—stopped, her eyes opened wide and her lips parted. The firelight fell on her, and Arnold saw she was shivering with cold as well as fright.

"I beg your pardon"—the tone was low, gaspingly swift—"but I didn't know you had returned yet. I merely wanted to use your telephone a moment, but it doesn't matter."

Already she had turned in the door.

"Come right in and use it by all means." He was standing, his head bent with an instinctively gracious gesture. "It is here." He touched the instrument on the table with his left hand.

"Go on, honey," Aunt Clarissa had labored halfway up the stairs. "And don't you be feered of Massy Arnold. He won't bite you, chile. And lawsa massa, you sholey ought to have some wood, weather like dis here."

The young woman flushed deep crimson at that, and her eyes avoided Driscoll's.

"I merely wanted to see if I could get Mr. Smith to bring me up a little wood. This blizzard has made it go so fast."

"Are you out of wood?" There was something matter of fact, but significant, in Driscoll's tone. "It is a bad time for that. Let me attend to it. Sit down by the fire."

Automatically she obeyed his gesture and slipped into the big leather chair in front of the blazing logs. Again she shivered, as one does with a deep chill when he faces the warmth.

Driscoll took the phone, and called, not Smith, but one of his own men.

"Jim," he said in a surprisingly friendly tone, "hook up a team and get a load of dry wood up to Freeman's place to-night; by six o'clock sure."

Then turning to the girl in the chair he said, "I'll go down and carry over an armful of wood and get your fire going. Stay here until I come back."

In a little while she was warm; and she got up and moved about the room with a sort of timid curiosity. She stood before a picture that showed mellow in the dimness of the firelight. She went to the piano, slipped down on the bench, and played a dozen bars in a soft minor. She went to the west window and leaning her elbow on the window ledge stood looking out on the storm, and down at her house, where already smoke was rising from the chimney.

The fire in her stove going, Arnold Driscoll lingered until the room should be warmed before he returned. As he waited he went to the east window and looked up, and saw her there perfectly outlined in his own window looking down toward him.

And Noah Latimer, riding by, also looked up toward that west window, and saw her outlined against the light of the fire.

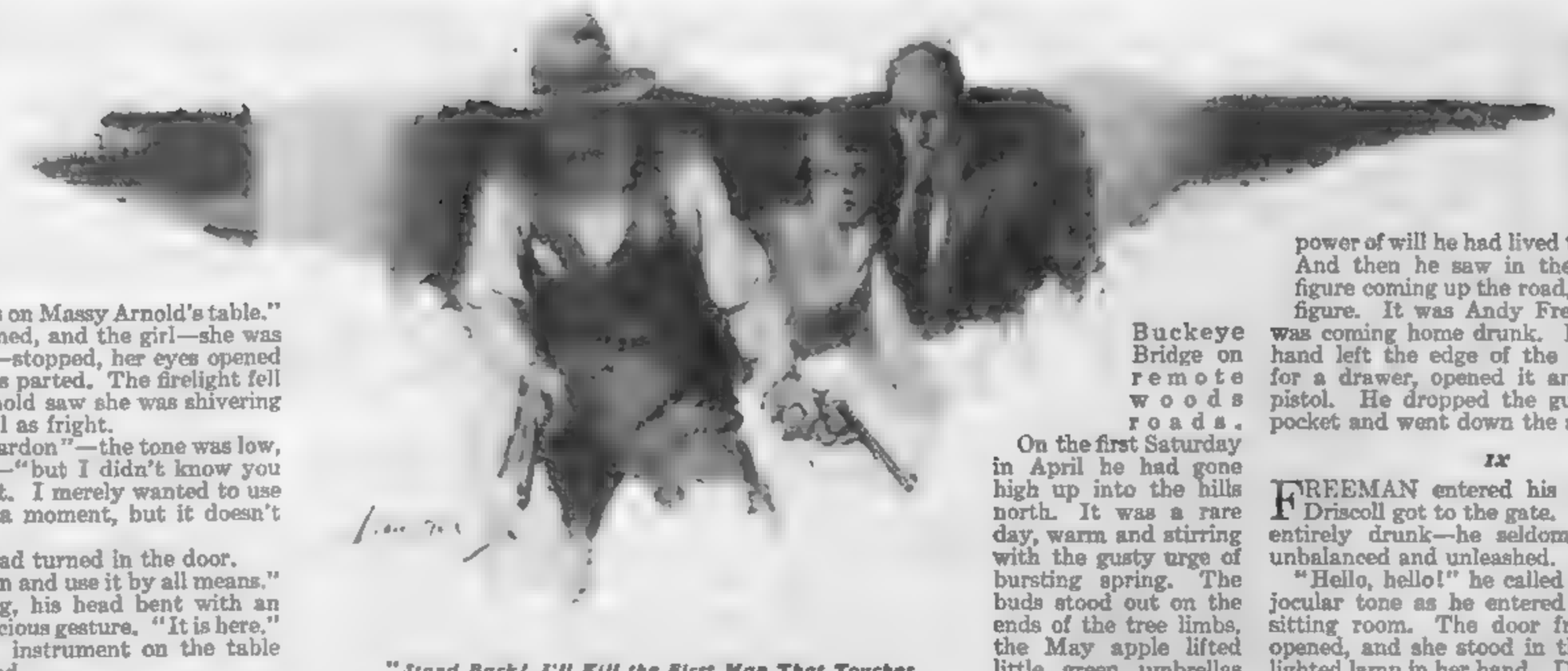
VIII

A LARGE part of the human family has a penchant for correcting mistakes, and duty never calls so loudly and insistently to them as when they see someone mistakenly happy. It is such a pity for a person to be enjoying himself, when if he only knew the truth he would be heartbroken.

Buckeye Bridge felt sorry for Andy Freeman. It was too bad that he should go on in his happy-hearted way, thinking things were all right, when they were not. Yet none of them quite dared to tell him, and they felt guilty for neglecting their duty. Poor Andy, big generous-hearted Andy, who would divide his last dollar with a stray dog.

"Just what stray dog," snapped Tom Shannon one day, "has Freeman divided his last dollar with?"

Andy's panegyrist could not exactly point out any one stray dog that had been blessed by half of Andy's last dollar, but it was perfectly sure Andy would do such a thing. As the town was ostensibly dry, Shannon, the county attorney, was not of course present at some of Andy's most liberal moments.



"Stand Back! I'll Kill the First Man That Touches Me or My Prisoners!"

It was at one of these secret sessions in a back room upstairs over the drug store one Saturday night early in the spring that Noah Latimer felt most like a dog for not telling Andy what he knew—and therefore what the whole town knew. After the first few weeks it was common knowledge that Driscoll was sending Freeman's wife things by that old negro woman, almost every day; to put it baldly, that he was practically paying her grocery bill. It was remembered that Mrs. Freeman usually seemed embarrassed about something when callers came; and that she did not return calls. She was not interested in the sewing circle or the affairs of the women of Buckeye Bridge—therefore she must be interested in something secret.

And then there was that load of wood Driscoll bought. They knew about that of course. But these were merely feathers in the wind, showing the way it blew, but not positively convicting like that crowning proof—Noah Latimer himself had seen her up in Driscoll's rooms at night!

"Have another one, boys."

Andy uncorked a quart bottle. It was Saturday night and there were seven or eight of them up in the back room. All had had two or three, and Andy had had four.

At ten o'clock Andy had had six and was in a mellow mood. After another and a more racy story than he had told all evening Andy leaned back and grew instantly serious. Tears showed in the corners of his eyes.

"That's all right, boys, we have a good time. We guzzle booze and play poker and tell dirty stories, lowdown whelps that we are. But just the same, we are all purty decent at heart. We all love our homes and cherish that pure little woman who stands in the door with a lighted lamp waiting for us to come home."

The other men avoided each other's eyes. It was sentiment like this—penitent-sinner sort of mellow sentiment—that so endeared Andy to Buckeye Bridge. Noah Latimer coughed and looked away. He felt so much like a dog for not telling Andy that he could not face him. Poor Andy!

The work at the stone quarries had gone steadily on through the winter, expanding week by week. Three hundred men were working now, most of them natives who had come in from the neighboring hills for more profitable jobs than picking rock or burning brush on hillside farms; and only the banker knew how profitable the output was.

But Driscoll seemed to pay less and less attention to the works. Often there were whole days when he did not show up at the quarries at all; and other days when he left the office and all the correspondence entirely to his secretary.

Still as remote, detached and quiet as ever, Driscoll yet seemed to be possessed by some vast restlessness. He no longer spent hours upon hours in his room reading rare books or playing strange melodies on the piano. As spring came on he had taken more and more to walking. Never hurriedly or excitedly; just walking. Sometimes he was on the valley road beside the river, sometimes over the hills. He had been seen seven or eight miles away from Buckeye Bridge on remote woods roads.

On the first Saturday in April he had gone high up into the hills north. It was a rare day, warm and stirring with the gusty urge of bursting spring. The buds stood out on the ends of the tree limbs, the May apple lifted little green umbrellas over dark rich patches of earth mold; lamb's-tongue was in blossom, and butterflies circled and sailed before him.

He stayed out until after the sun had gone down. Freeman was at home to-day, and he did not stay round home much when Andy was in sight. It was dusk when Driscoll came up the road toward his house. The south wind, still warm, brought the smell of green wheat and sprouting grass; and from the river came the musical crooning of a myriad of frogs. As he approached the Freeman bungalow there came slipping through the dusk a quivering vibrant note of a violin. She was playing. The first time since she had come. The windows and doors were open. There was no light; he knew Andy Freeman was not home.

Driscoll paused at the gate. One bright silver star burned in the pale fringe of violet in the west. The violin broke into a rhapsody—but through it and under it was the call of a heart that cried in the night. How long he stood he did not know—time was lost. But when it ended that one bright star was tangled in the treetops on the western hills.

He stood for a moment after the music ceased, looking into the dark splotch of the open window as though trying to see the spirit of the player. There came sharply from within one quick dry sob—and then stillness again. Driscoll's hands clutched the top rail of the gate until they must have left fingerprints on the wood. He turned away, shaking as though from some inner shock, and went slowly up to his house.

When he got to his own room he was cold, cold all over except a burning of the eyes, and a hot smothered feeling in his left side. He put out his hands to steady himself; his fingers clutched the edges of the table and he stood there, stooped, holding to that bit of wood, as though fighting against some vast swirling current that was about to sweep him off his feet.

At ten o'clock he was standing by the west window looking down at the house below. Six years ago next month he first heard that violin. He knew music and loved it; and instantly knew the girl, playing merely for her friends, had a marvelous winged spirit. When he was introduced to her their eyes met for a score of heartbeats, and both had smiled radiantly. She was, he thought, the happiest girl he had ever seen. They rode in the woods the next day; they read together and played together the second; the third they were on the river. To him those three days blotted out all other days. He loved her when their eyes first met; loved her that last day as they floated on the river, until it seemed that all the emotions of a thousand ancestors had come together in him for this one terrific exalted passion. He had longed to touch her, to kiss her, to hold her—but he had not. He had spoken no word of love. He was not timid, but reticent, and it was too soon. He feared to frighten her, to drive her away; and dared not risk it yet. He decided that night to go away for two weeks, and then come back and woo her again, and again, until he could speak with assurance.

At the end of the two weeks—two eternities—he came back. And she was married and gone! Married to a man named Freeman.

To-night as he looked down into the starry dusk at the light now burning in her window he wondered by what superhuman power of will he had lived these six years. And then he saw in the dim night a figure coming up the road, a big lurching figure. It was Andy Freeman, and he was coming home drunk. Driscoll's right hand left the edge of the table, reached for a drawer, opened it and took out a pistol. He dropped the gun in his coat pocket and went down the stairs.

IX

FREEMAN entered his house just as Driscoll got to the gate. Andy was not entirely drunk—he seldom was—merely unbalanced and unleashed.

"Hello, hello!" he called in a sinisterly jocular tone as he entered the darkened sitting room. The door from her room opened, and she stood in the doorway, a lighted lamp in her hand. Driscoll saw her plainly through the window—slender, fragile, with large frightened eyes. It was not the first time that he had felt she was afraid of Freeman.

Driscoll did not want to hear what Freeman said, but he could not go on. He stood there in the dark, his left hand on the gate; his right unconsciously sought his side coat pocket.

Andy plumped heavily into a rocking-chair and looked up at the girl still holding the lamp.

"Lookin' purty washed out, old woman. Be losin' all your good looks before long. Grievin' about your husband bein' away so much, are you?"

He laughed then, the ominous, irresponsible laugh of the half-drunken man who is beginning to be ugly.

"Come sit on my knee, girlie." He patted his fat leg with a big hand. "Always room for one more."

She set the lamp on a table and slipped down on a straight chair, her face very troubled, her hands locked in her lap.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Andy. "Come on and don't be all night about it. Needn't be so high and mighty. There's 'nough women want to sit on Andy's knee to elect a President." He laughed appreciatively at that. "How's old Skinflint Gotrocks on the hill?" Andy laughed drunkenly again. "You know he ain't set 'em up to a single man since he's been here. Ain't he generous though?"

Driscoll felt a loathing. He wanted to leave, but there was something sinister in Freeman's tone; something sinister in the night—the wind—the stillness.

"Andy"—her face was white and quivering—"I want you to take me away from here."

"What?" He sobered with anger. "Not by a damn sight. Look here, woman"—he leaned forward and shook a big finger at her—"I know you. Molly told me all about them three days you and that damn Driscoll were together just before we were married. Molly's a trump. She said you plumb went out of your head, and she had to tell you that he was a married man before you came to your senses. Then when you thought there was no chance to get him you jumped in and married me.

"And all this time you've been so high and mighty, Andy was not good enough for you; his funny stories, and the furniture and the clothes he bought for you, and his friends don't suit you a little bit. Oh, I ain't no fool, even if I am easy. And all that time you've been thinkin' about that damn fish that plays the piano and reads books—and drinks water. Thinkin' how lovely it would have been if you'd only married him!

"Well, I decided I'd feed you up on him! That's why I moved here; where you could see him every day."

"Andy!" The tone was a mingling of hurt and incredulity. "You didn't do that on purpose!"

He laughed sardonically. "I surely did. Oh, Andy ain't no fool; he knows women from the ground up. Says I, 'If she wants to eat her heart out over that bloodless devil I'll let her eat it out where he can see it.' And here you stay, understand!"

"But, Andy," the tone pleaded, "that was cruelly unnecessary. You know I have

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(Concluded from Page 59)

done my best, and that as long as I live with you I'll be true to you."

"True to me?" he almost screamed. "Well, I should say you will! No damn female can make a cuckoo of me; and if I ever hear of you so much as looking at Driscoll, by God, I'll hammer your brains out!"

Her head dropped forward, she covered her face with her hands, her shoulders rose and fell in a gasping sob.

He had risen in his anger and started across the room.

"Hell! Ain't this a nice home to come back to. Now stop that sniveling or I'll stop it for you."

And taking another step, he reached over and struck her a blow on the temple; and the sound of it cut into Driscoll at the gate like an edged knife. Swiftly he swung back the gate and walked straight for the open door.

x

NOAH LATIMER and three or four others lingered after Freeman left, to talk it over. Noah felt more and more like a dog for not telling Andy. And after someone had dug up another round of drinks, Noah swore that he would tell Andy himself, if the rest would back him up. The rest weavingly swore they would back him up. Noah took another drink, and proposed they do it now.

"If we hurry," suggested Noah, "we'sh catch him 'fore he gets home." Then wagging his head he repeated bitterly, "Home! Shink of a man like Andy calling that home. Like's not, while pore Andy was down here bein' a good fellow, that—that home breaker was up there with her."

They all started, and were not so drunk but they made very good time. Once they came in sight of Andy—or thought they did. But he vanished. They pushed on as fast as their rather wobbly legs could carry them, Noah in the lead, until they reached the foot of the sharp climb which led up to Freeman's house, and stopped to discuss methods of procedure. A ringing shot cut sharply across the stillness of the night.

For a moment the four men stood huddled in the road, dumb with shivers creeping over them.

"He's killed him," said one ominously.

Three of them ran straight up the hill; the fourth had taken panic and turned back to town.

The windows and doors were still open; the light burned in the sitting room. The three, sobered by the shock and the run, stopped at the gate.

They saw Arnold Driscoll standing in the middle of the room, and the young woman clinging to his arm.

Noah Latimer was no coward; something had gone wrong with his friend. He kicked the gate open without stopping to unlatch it, and started for the door. He stumbled over something across the walk—and jumped back. It was a man. He lighted a match and stooped over. There was a red splotch on the left side. The man was already dead.

"My God," exclaimed Noah, "he's killed Andy!"

It is almost incredible the swiftness with which the word of a tragedy will spread. Buckeye Bridge lay asleep, wrapped in darkness and silence. Only here and there the faint glimmer of a light where someone was ill or where a late returner struck a light for a moment before going to bed. It was so still the chorus of the frogs that sang in the creek drifted into open bedroom windows.

Then a light flashed in a front window, and then another. It looked almost as though this sleeping little town was a circle of footlights for the hills and at a touch of some finger behind the scene the lights flashed on one after another.

There were men in the street in a few minutes—two, three, a half dozen gathering at a corner, to drift downtown. The quarry settlement on the fringe nearest the river was one of the earliest to awake.

The sheriff got the news quickly. He ran out to his garage, cranked his little car, and sped chuggingly down the street and swept up the hill. He saw as he passed that already the streets were dotted with men, knotted in black groups here and there; and more were coming—more men than one believed could live in Buckeye Bridge. Women, too, were awake—standing in doorways or porches or going out to the gate or to cross fences to discuss the terrible tragedy with neighbors.

Already there was the hum of cars, and the sheriff saw two ahead of him, and heard others coming. He crowded the little machine up the hill at forty miles an hour. A dozen men were in the yard already, standing round the dead man. Others he saw posted at intervals round the house. They had it surrounded. No one had gone inside. They were waiting for the sheriff and the coroner.

The sheriff already had Noah Latimer's story of how the murder happened. He passed directly into the house. Mrs. Freeman sat in a chair, clutching her hands, controlling herself with a mighty effort. Driscoll stood beside her, his countenance grave, but his eyes steady and his movements as deliberate as ever.

"Have you a gun, Driscoll?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes." He took the revolver from his side coat pocket and handed it to the officer.

The sheriff broke it and looked at the cartridges. One of them had been fired. He shook his head regretfully.

"Looks bad, Driscoll. I'll have to take you both."

"There is no reason why you should take her," Driscoll said, looking the sheriff in the eyes.

Mrs. Freeman was on her feet. "You must not arrest him," she said with quick vehemence. "He ——"

The sheriff stopped her peremptorily. "No use of that. Come on." He took out a pair of handcuffs. Driscoll held out his right arm and as the sheriff clipped the handcuff over it the girl she looked like a large-eyed frightened girl—put out her left wrist for the other side.

"Oh, well, that is as good as any. I'm not afraid of your trying any funny business on me, Driscoll."

Handcuffed together he led the man and woman out of the house, past the dead body of Andy Freeman. The crowd—fifty or more were there now—parted in angry silence as they passed through and the sheriff put the two in the back seat of his little machine.

Almost instantly other men got into their machines, and a hundred yards down the road one of them passed the sheriff at a high rate of speed; directly another and another.

The sheriff's eyes narrowed on the road. His right hand felt for his holster and loosened both guns.

He turned his head and spoke in an even but warning tone. "I don't like that—those machines passing me."

Driscoll understood, but said nothing. The sheriff turned up the street as though to go to the jail, but instead of stopping put his foot on the accelerator, and the little car shot forward at fifty miles an hour. He turned to the left and sped off to the northwest.

Looking back again he said, "There may be nothing in it—but I'm going to take you to Springfield."

"Thanks," said Driscoll, unmoved.

It was still a beautiful night, and as the little car swept along the woods road Driscoll looked out at the soft spring stars that winked through the bare limbs of the tree. The smell of early spring was on the night air. The world was so quiet, so at rest, that crime and danger and trouble seemed a mere distorted dream.

"Did Molly Freeman tell you I was a married man?" Driscoll asked in a low tone. Their shoulders were touching.

"Yes," replied the young woman; and in a moment added: "You had gone away and said nothing, and I guess I must have gone out of my mind. My people wanted me to marry Andy Freeman. I had conditionally promised—I was so desperate. Oh, well—I just married him."

The little car sped along, and the sweet spring night blew upon their hot faces. And then as the sheriff swung round a sharp bend in the road he suddenly honked his horn and applied the brakes. A hundred feet ahead was a half circle of headlights—three machines completely blocking the road.

The sheriff ran up slower and honked violently. But the cars never moved; not a sound from within.

"Get out of the road! I'm an officer of the law," called the sheriff angrily.

Then the lights went out and the three cars stood there, black and ominously still. A voice menacingly determined spoke from the middle car:

"Sheriff, you are not going to take your prisoners to Springfield. You are going to take them back to Buckeye Bridge to face their crime where it was committed. We have you both covered. Turn round and drive back."

xi

A MOB is a curious thing. Once in a thousand times it may spring from a deep-seated, rational determination to expedite a slothful and evasive justice, but nearly always it starts from the surface. It is a flare of that animal destructiveness which is often so close to the surface that, the moment fear of penalty is lifted, it may kill and pillage on a mere brutish whim. When there was no law many a man slew another over a mashed thumb or an ugly word; and without law many a man would so kill again.

A mob is a ferocious coward, blind and cruel. Though it professes to mete out justice it is impossible for it to be just. How can a hundred angry men whose dark animalism is merely covered by a thin sheet of foam intelligence judge a man whose soul walks in Gethsemane?

If a community's anger or negligence offers immunity to this surface lawlessness a puff of wind, a sudden cry, a shot in the night—anything may suddenly turn that foam red; and the mob is roaring down the street.

As the sheriff, led by one car and closely followed by two others, swung down Main Street with his returned prisoners the walks were black with people, quiet and orderly. But there were ugly elements in it: roughnecks from the hills, river rats, town loafers, all ahunger for more tragedy.

The sheriff knew that crowd, knew it was ugly; and as he followed the lead car his eye was sharp for a possible chance to dash past.

Suddenly someone on the sidewalk sang out, "There they are, damn 'em! Get a rope."

The cry got a response. Twenty men leaped into the street at once. The lid was off, the foam was red. A hundred men who had never cared for law or virtue before were suddenly blood avengers crying for death.

The sheriff shut his jaw grimly and took a chance. He shot by the lead car on a curve that put him on two wheels, and tried to dodge the pursuers. But other cars were heading him off on every road and the mob was already in full cry up the street. It would be impossible to get to the jail. There was nothing for it but make a stand and fight. The first shelter offered was the schoolhouse.

"Out, quick!" he ordered his prisoners. "We'll get in here if we can. I'll do my best for you."

But they could not get in. They did not have time. Up the twenty stone steps to the outside vestibule they ran. The sheriff thrust Driscoll and his companion behind him and drew both guns.

"We'll make a stand here."

Already the schoolhouse was being circled by cars, and a hundred yards down the street the mob came: silent black figures scuttling across lots and over fences, into the schoolhouse yard.

The sheriff standing on the top step with two guns grimly leveled ahead of him sobered the earlier arrivals, who backed off waiting for numbers.

The stream pressed in, gathering and gathering into that black swirl, pushing a little closer and closer, swearing a little louder and waving stones and clubs and guns menacingly.

As yet there was no leader to start the rush. But the sheriff clinched his jaw and kept his guns moving. He knew directly some leader would spring forth with a yell, and it would all be over.

And yet, even at that, the night was so still that the song of the frogs came up from the creek on the south wind.

"Sheriff"—Driscoll spoke from behind the officer—"release Mrs. Freeman. Turn me over to them, and escape with her. She is guilty of nothing."

"We'll try it," said the sheriff. "Damn it, they must not hang a woman! Reach your left hand into my side coat pocket—don't let them see you—get the key and unlock the handcuffs.

"I'll trust you not to escape," he added grimly.

"Thanks, sheriff." Driscoll's free hand had found the key.

"Let me do it," said the young woman eagerly. "I've got my right hand." She took the key from him.

"Oh," she gasped as the mob surged forward, "I've dropped it!"

Tom Shannon lived at the north edge of town and was one of the last to hear of the tragedy. The banker had telephoned him at quarter to midnight. But Tom had dressed and armed himself with amazing rapidity, and started downtown running. He could hear the voices and see the movements of the gathering mob in the streets. And suddenly in front of him he saw a man bent low running toward him.

"Hello!"

He halted the runner, who brought up with a gasp. Even in the starlight Shannon saw him shrinking and shivering as though with a great fright.

"Is that you, Mr. Shannon?" It was Matt Murphy. "I was going to you."

The attorney turned his big pocket flashlight on Murphy's blanched and blinking face.

"What is the matter, Matt?"

"Mob!" gasped Matt. "They're forming a mob. Don't you hear them?"

A few minutes later, when Matt had told Shannon all he wanted to know, the attorney said, "Go on up to my house, Matt. Here is the key. Let yourself in, and stay until I come."

The mob was growing uglier at every surge. A moment more and a dozen men would spring out at once. The sheriff swung his guns in a circle.

"Stand back! I'll kill the first man that touches me or my prisoners!" The mob lulled a moment, sullen and defiant. But those at the back were pushing forward. And a brick whizzed over the heads of the crowd and barely missed the sheriff.

"Rush him!" the howl went up again. "He won't shoot. Get 'em, damn 'em! Hang 'em!" Ominously the black mass surged forward.

Out of the edge at the left a large man sprang.

"It's Shannon, sheriff," he called in a low tone as he leaped onto the step at the side of the officer.

The attorney lifted both hands and with a sharp clear call ordered. "Stop!"

The mob eddied just a moment. Someone called out, "It's Shannon. Get down, damn you! No time for speech."

But once more Shannon's voice cut into the mob:

"I've got the murderer's confession! Don't you want to hear it before you hang him?"

"Read it!" yelled someone who wanted to know for sure he was helping to kill the right man.

Shannon held an open paper in his left hand. He turned his big pocket flashlight on it. But for an instant before he read he swung that light over the mob before him.

"All right," he said, "I'll read it. Also, I've identified every leader in this mob. Don't forget that."

The mob was sullenly, uneasily still. They thought they had been tricked. But Shannon began reading in a clear stinging tone:

"I followed Andy Freeman home tonight, intending all the way to kill him. But I lost my nerve. I hid at the side of the yard when he went into the house. There was another man came up to the gate and stopped. Andy got to abusing his wife, and struck her. The other man went in and ordered Andy to leave and never to return to Buckeye Bridge. Andy was scared and started to go. When he was halfway to the gate I got him.

"I threw the gun I killed him with into the weeds. I killed Andy Freeman because I found out he was living with my wife in Kansas City, when I thought she was only up there visiting. MATT MURPHY."

For a moment the mob was silent, then stirred with a guilty uneasiness and began to disintegrate, spreading apart like a hill of ants. In five minutes the last man was gone, leaving only Shannon, the sheriff and Driscoll and the young woman.

Shannon ran a handkerchief over his forehead.

"Pnew! That was a close call, Driscoll. I come nearer believing in Providence than I ever did before. It was almost a miracle that I met Matt Murphy just when I did. He thought the mob was after him, and confessed on my promise of protection."

"Here," said the sheriff, coming to himself. "Let's get these handcuffs off. Where is that key?"

"She dropped it," said Driscoll. "It must be round our feet somewhere."

The sheriff laughed. "No, she did not drop it. She threw it away. I saw her."

FORTUNE'S DARLING

(Continued from Page 30)

"They had their bellyful of Nata Kasuma, every one. My turn will arrive next."

He stood up, a gaunt severe figure.

"But come, gentlemen, you shall have whatever is right. Tomorrow, when rested, we may talk better. Between now and dark there's time to build you a house."

Dan shook his head.

"Not here, thank you, sir. We'll sleep out. Don't build now, if you please, for the noise might wake our lady."

From among the squatting audience messengers had sprung up to dart away, racing, calling; and now suddenly all the hill behind its trees buzzed and murmured and came to life with voices of women and children, like a place freed from enchantment.

Runa cocked his head to listen.

"*La Belle au Bois Dormant*," said he. "Do you think she can be still asleep, *Monsieur le Prince?*"

XI

THEIR homeward journey began three days later, before dawn. Lantern and torchlight reddened the edge of a mysterious water, which grew dark while their flotilla of boats drifted away. The torches lined the shore, straight flames and crooked reflection; then—trees intervening to blot them, and the friendly shadows who held them—went as though blown out. Nothing remained but the lantern, ringed with a halo of mist; lapping sounds from boat after boat; the curve of a wet gunwale shining and the trickle of paddles.

This way home was longer than the way by land; but time or distance counted for little now. After so many hot days on foot the travelers could rest, lie motionless, and feel water carry them through cool meanders in the dark. They had won.

"Think," said Runa. "Our old Tasmid is plodding home up the valley with his torches, wondering if I'll keep my word to help him be Tasmid the Great. He kept his. I'll try my best with those in power. It can be done."

Dan answered lazily: "A good feller, Tasmid."

"*Pukkah*," agreed La Flèche. "Not gay, but good, like your poet's horse. Good all through. He will remember us. We brought him the great day of his career. *Eh, le gaffeur!* Orator, politician, but good. At the end he came to like us. It is a droll world. I wish your girl could like me, Danny, for your sake."

"She does!" cried Dan.

"No," sighed Runa. "She does not, not a bit, a poor tiny crumb. Abate your voice, my child; here comes her sampan thing fairly bumping us behind."

"She does."

"Not so. But no matter. I am going to sleep till day."

Their boat led the others, bearing at its prow the mist-fringed lantern. Dan could see his friend curl down between thwarts like a ghostly white dog, and after some turning and grumbling fall asleep in comfort. He himself sat wakeful. An hour or more passed, quiet, slow as the stream; a rift in the darkness now and again yawned streakily overhead, a patch of sky with fading stars, that trailed into a blur and shut; the night air stirred, grew pale; but Dan watching these changes wondered if the day were to be so welcome after all. His friend's words or perhaps the chill of morning troubled him. They had won; they had sought and found; yet here already in their success he was warned of some vague flaw.

The sun dispersed all vapors and presentiments.

"Ah, but it is heavenlike!" said Leda at breakfast. "We are made new in the eye of day!"

Her boat, gunwale to gunwale with Dan's, was like all the others, a slim brown dugout of graceful lines, but her own figure sitting there made it look clumsy in comparison. Or so Dan thought, watching her while with old Mother Dewi's help she brewed their tea over a small spirit flame. Behind them floated Sadik the boy and Amra Khan, silent but amicable, sharing food; upstream, farther astern, came drifting Ibrahim's three guy menservants; and farther yet, the boats of the bearers in long procession. The brown water still as glass gave every man's turban or rag of finery its counterpart below, in softer color. They brightened this woodland river like some canoeing festival. Hidden behind trees the sun filled the upper air with a serene glow which came down here as morning twilight. For Dan the center of all this, from which all radiated, was a girl in plain white clothes and white helmet.

She handed them their tea carefully across the gunwales.

"I did learn to make it from those holy women," she said; and to Runa added prettily: "In one of your tongues I can say *'Cha banao.'* Is it not rightly spoken?" And turning to Dan: "In the house of dead men's children we did have one little girl, somewhere from Calcutta side. For pity I did talk to her; also for learning her tongue, because it would be one of yours, where you were, away so far. And one of your tongues, his dear friend." She glanced again rather shyly at Runa, who bowed over his cup. "But afterward that little girl became a nastly girl. Very nastly, whispering dirt in corners. Then I did say out loud my father's saying: 'If a Bengali is a man, what is a devil?' That was wicked, but ——"

A smothered guffaw from Amra Khan astern told that the proverb had reached willing ears and tickled them.

"Yes, I am wicked. And we did fight. That old mem-sahib's house was too good for me. Poor lady, she did grieve; then I grieve worse." Leda spoke, as always, from the heart. A shade of sorrow darkened her young face. "No. They all did know how wicked. The very little babies there, calling me Lidah Pahit, proud Windward Peacock, and Fireball. The good mem-sahib commanding, she did say, and say, and say: 'Love one another.' How do it? We cannot. It was silly. No, I am not a religious. That kind."

Dan passed his cup for more tea.

"I should say not," he agreed. "You are a minx."

Leda's face cleared and shone upon him, pleased but puzzled.

"A mink?" she cried. "What is that, a mink?"

"Oh, something quick and pretty, that swims fast."

She laughed happily.

"Then it is a true name. I was swimming very quick, the first time I did see you come. Your gray eyes were so big and solemn, they did frighten me to swim away and hide. I did not love you then. You remember it?"

Her father's friend took refuge in a sandwich. Truly Dan remembered well the afternoon, long ago, when before Parimban's houseboat a slim golden mermaid in a wet skirt had risen out of burning sunset water and run away.

"Oh, yes."

He looked under his brows at Runa, but that young gentleman, with the air of one who has detached himself politely, sat eating breakfast.

Many such meals, many such talks they had together while their slow voyage continued. Through golden hours chosen at their pleasure—cool mornings, late afternoons—they went paddling downstream like an endless picnic, to which the costumes of boatmen and servants gave always an antique, fairy, carnival brightness. The river stealing under jungle branches entered a deep chasm between cliffs all green and silvery, furred with wet moss. Here, down stupendous narrow walls, gouts of water leaped, shining like crystal from the rim of the sky, to fall twisting and widening in snowy lace work, then vanish and rain on the bowlders alongshore. Roots of a greenwood hidden above came dangling in a snarl, glazed like frozen ropes. And high up, where the sun gilded any jut of rock, lizards longer than a man's forearm hung basking, head down, aslant.

In this gorge one day at noon Leda and her friends were having tiffin. They sat well shaded on a beach of round pebbles, and whenever their own talk ceased for a moment, heard innumerable tiny waterfalls chuckling in the moss like forest imps underground at play.

"What do those men?" said Leda, pointing upward. "They will fall to smash."

At a breakneck height across the river three or four bearers clung and sidled along the topmost precipice.

"Hunting lizards," Dan explained. "For their chow."

She made a lovely grimace.

"That is foul food. How nastly!"

"They like 'em," said Dan.

Runa also put in a tolerant word.

"Some men eat pickled bats," he murmured. "They were good food in Babylon. They are still eaten elsewhere."

"Have you?" cried Leda.

"Yes," Runa acknowledged from out a meditation. "I did, once."

She turned on him a face of horror.

"Why?"

"I had to," he replied. "Things happen so. At odd times."

"But how? But where?"

The story, how and where Runa had eaten pickled bats, was long, exceeding strange, and full of that charm which belongs to nothing but truth clearly remembered. The youngster telling it laid old magic on his hearers. He could not have known this or thought of them until near the close, when looking up from his dish he saw Leda's great eyes fixed upon him, her lips parted in wonder. The tale ended lamely.

"You see, Dan," said Runa, "it was not much. Those things are custom, *soild tout.*"

Soon afterward he rose and lighting a cigarette strolled away down shore to watch the lizard hunters on their crag in the sun.

Leda frowned after him.

"He did see great things in his life. Why is he unpleased with me?"

"He's not," declared Towers. "He likes you very well—told me so. Runa's the best on earth. Why, he thinks you don't like him!"

Her frown became a smile by quick degrees, which Dan found it dangerous to study so close.

"He is your friend," said Leda. "I would love him for that. You had better send this girl away. She makes your dear friend too angry."

Dan thought best to change the subject and play guardian.

"One thing, Leda, I must scold you for," he began. "Was it right to run off and never send word to your kind mem-sahib commanding. You gave her bad days and nights."

Parimban's daughter banished that problem with her finger tips, as though driving away a butterfly.

"If I did write she would catch me. The dear old lady, I will go see her, we shall cry, she forgive me. To forgive, that is her trade. But your friend, what have I done to hurt him?"

Some days later, when the two men were bathing in a pot hole among bowlders, Dan ventured this question; or another like it. They had come dripping from cool brown depths and now lay in a concave slope of moss. Both were naked, but Dan had begun to dress by clapping on his helmet, for the sun poured into the gorge like white fire, and even through this nook of theirs cast burning sparks over the greenery.

"Look here, boy. You won't hurt any feelings. Tell me: what have you got against her? Are you bored?"

"Against? What?" drawled Runa. Then he sat up. "Her?" He reached over, lifted Dan's helmet, and pinched the scalp underneath very shrewdly. "I must feel your bumps! Where is the organ of comprehension?"

Crying thus he tweaked Dan's hair again, and lay down on the moss.

"Her eyes have the color of this river," he said. "The same dark, same light. The brown pool, the hot sun. Old imbecile, your girl is all right. Let us have no more talk of this, never so long as we live. It is folly."

Thenceforward they passed down river in great content. A series of rapids kept them busy; white waves tumbling, brown aprons of water spreading smooth and dangerously quick, false channels nipping and dodging sidewise among the bottom rocks of the gorge. They had much work to unload, carry, reload, fish out and bale capsized boats. It was hard work—jolly, wet, noisy, hot, full of shouting—until at last they swirled from under the hills out on a broad reach that loitered once more.

Sunrise revealed to them a lake, pearl gray, shining like mirage without borders in a mist, where they heard voices. The western shore unrolled a carpet of verdure, a little plain or rough lawn; trees upon its background, houses newly made of green bamboo splint and thatch, an open pavilion crowning a knoll, and in front of all these, pitched near the bank, a large white tent. There were men moving here. Day crept across the lake, rose pink and saffron.

"Peace be with you!" hailed the boatmen.

"And with you also," replied those on land.

Out of the tent came walking a little man who stopped, and with head aloft as though to sniff the morning peered down at the boats. He wore very trim shooting garb and a double *terai* felt hat.

"Oh, it is my dear naughty miser!" Leda clapped her hands. "How nice he do look!"

Blinking against the sun and holding his chin up this little man had a supercilious air. It was old Ibrahim, of Pulo Penang, the horse dealer.

"Hallo!" said he. "Well rowed. I need not go any farther after you."

Looking beneath heavy lids he smiled, or gave his face a twitch of humor. Leda, who ran to him and buzzed round him like an affectionate humming bird, he put aside with one hand.

"What fortune, boys?" he asked.

Runa pointed to a canvas bag which three men were lifting out of a boat. They staggered with it in the mud and water, for it was heavy.

"One-half, that's all," answered Runa. "Other half Tasmid the Great couldn't find. Or didn't. We're lucky at that."

The old horse dealer dragged his eyes half open.

"Come have *chota hazri*." He made a stiff-jointed, benevolent hook of the arm toward Leda. "You know, it's quite safe layin' money on that Parimban strain. Your father always got his own back. Sometimes a bit over, my dear. Come break your little fast in my marquee."

So saying Ibrahim led them toward the pavilion on the knoll. A roof of leaves propped on stilts with rough benches in place of walls, it overlooked the lawn and the wide water, now a sheet of cool primrose light turning by streaks and ripples into azure.

"Not much in the way of food, my lass," complained Ibrahim. "Bring on, rascals, bring on!"

What they sat down to, when the stream of his cooks, waiters, scullions and camp followers had done with bringing on, was a wild Corinthian profusion—curries of little red fish and of ducks' eggs, claret, ale, guava jelly, coffee, black gin bottles, plantains, cheese, boiled chicken, mangoes, tea.

"Breakfast?" said Dan. "It's a caucus race. Who wins the thimble?"

As they were helping one another to choose, higgledy-piggledy, talking and laughing, Runa suddenly began to fidget. He looked under the table, then behind him, then round the pavilion, outdoors. At last he rose and remained staring, ghastly pale, as if ready to faint.

"Agh! A cat!" cried Runa. "There's a cat somewhere!"

Old Ibrahim chuckled.

"Yes. Over in my trap." The horse dealer pointed to where, beyond his tent, stood a box or crate of heavy brown timber. "We found some Javanese masterless men traveling through here, and yesterday helped 'em trap a tiger. Goin' to bait him to-night, hold a *rampok*, they are. That's why I camped and waited, instead of comin' on up mofussil after you. There'll be sport. You're in time for the fair."

Runa stood and rung his hands.

"Pardon," he groaned with a wretched smile. "Your pet is too strong."

He turned abruptly and rushed off toward the boats. Parimban's daughter sat wondering. Her eyes became hard and scornful.

"Is your friend," she asked quietly—"is your friend like that?"

Dan grew angry.

"Girl, better change the tone of your question," he blurted. "No man's perfect. Even some ladies ——" Then having begun to snub her he repented. "I mean to say, Runa has a hatred of cats. Born with it. Can feel 'em in a dark room. Got it from his mother before him, that's all."

Towers broke off and returned to his breakfast. For a week he had labored explaining this pair one to other. It did no

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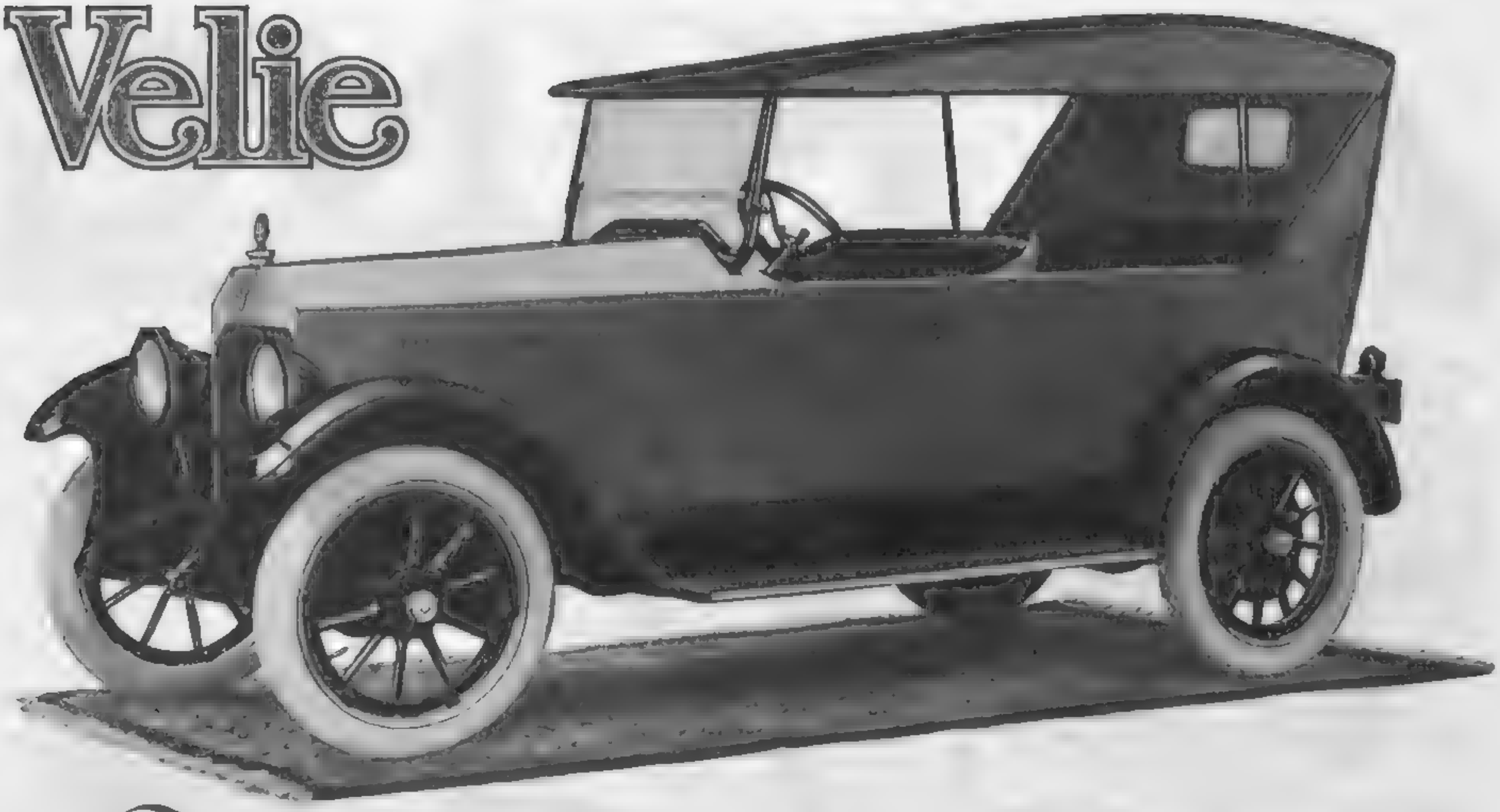
Velie



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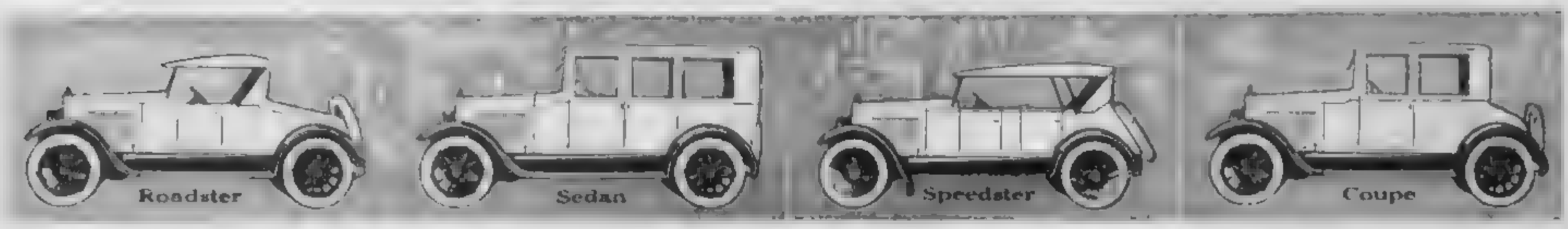

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good, he thought, and only made a man grumpy. These two, being his nearest and dearest, therefore as things go in the world could never agree. He was tired of playing interpreter.

The day proved hot at Ibrahim's camp, and dull and long. Runa spent it in a boat, fishing out on the lake. He did not come ashore for tiffin or for dinner.

With starlight the tiger baiting began. A mob of torches gathered near the pavilion, their oily reddish flare tossing and trailing sidewise, then streaming upright as they formed a wide circle on the grass. Dan, Leda and old Ibrahim stood together on one of the pavilion benches and had a clear view down into this circle. Two ranks of men, pressing close, held a double ring of spear blades pointing inward. The eager young faces, the jaunty soft-colored turbans were those of masterless men, foreign highlanders. Their talk ceased. Their eyes became fixed on a brown box of logs, the trap, which stood just within the spear hedge.

"Let go!" commanded someone, and the front of the box dropped flat.

Something moved obscurely inside. A long pause followed. Then a man whooped and flung his torch into the mouth of the trap.

At once, hurriedly and meanly, there slunk out a long striped beast. He cowered, hugged the ground, and swung his head low from side to side, like a sick thing in a cage.

"I do not like this! I do not like this at all!" said Leda. She had put both arms round Dan, and was trembling. "It is not fair."

The bristle of steel points grew thicker as the ring began to close.

"I don't call this sport," said Dan.

A voice from the darkness confirmed him.

"*Bas, marddlo!*" It was Amra Khan's. "Kill and have done!"

Ibrahim, a shadow on the bench, appeared to be looking down in his mild purblind fashion.

"A lot of your men and mine takin' part," he observed. "They like it. Can't say I do. Tame tiddlin', except for Tuan Machan the cat."

While he spoke a white shape flew past below, running as if late for the game. A shout rose.

The ring bent inward slightly and broke, driven apart by this late comer.

It was Runa, bareheaded, wild-eyed. He had burst through, snatched a spear, and now made straight for the painted brute in the center.

What came next, blow or spring, came too fast for the eye to see; in a tumult of blades and fire something met confusedly; then Runa flew end ing into the air like a pole vaulter, and dropped lightly to his feet. A wallowing mass on the ground behind him was hidden by the rush of the crowd.

"Clean!" roared Amra Khan above pandemonium. "Clean, sahib!"

A moment afterward, leaning on a torch bearer's arm, Runa came slowly toward the pavilion. Dark faces clustered round and marveled. His own face appeared whiter than his tunic.

"The cure for these emotions," he said, "is to master them. Where are my quarters again? I'm for bed."

He passed on, swaying as he walked.

Leda stood still on the bench and listened to the buzz of men's voices like one who heard a legend.

"You could not have done that?"

Towers knew the question was put to him, though she looked elsewhere.

"No, my dear," he admitted. "You are right."

She turned quickly, her eyes brimming with a light which Dan had never seen in them before.

"No," said Parimban's daughter. "You could not have done that."

Her father's friend began to understand.

XII

IN HIS hotel at the slumbering seaport Dan was to understand more fully. One night as he walked the tiled veranda before his room and looked into a courtyard of shrubs and gaudy flowers the understanding went with him, up and down, step for step, a torment not to be shaken off. This room, this veranda, had once been Leda's, when on such a night as this, long ago—or was it so long?—he had tried to play the man, fair and square. On these very tiles the girl had flung herself down, clasping his knees, begging—with words that moved him intolerably then, and even now in memory were a pang and distress—to be taken with him wherever he should go.

"Gorry," said Dan, "it's the same thing all over again!"

There in the courtyard loomed a grotesque bush clipped by some Chinese gardener to the outline of dragon or phœnix.

"I kicked a couple of Willy Wasters through that bush," he thought, "for hanging round to bother you, my dear. Yes, dear's the word; it was then, it is now."

No sense in blinking the fact; she was always very dear to him, this child. He saw to-night how Leda, her doings, her sayings, her droll faults, her clear golden beauty beyond compare in his judgment of women, had wound through his life and taken hold like roots to bind or break.

He halted in the veranda.

"Right here," said Dan. "You hunkered down right here and prayed me to take you along. Lord knows I almost."

Instead, for answer, he had put her into the house of dead men's children, a refuge that would not long serve. He had known it would not serve, known all the time.

"Sugar and spice and gunpowder, that's what your little girl is made of." So, Dan recalled, a pudgy wise old missionary woman had spoken to him aboard ship. Sugar and spice and gunpowder—this windward lady was no stuff to keep in an orphanage. But how else could a man do, having such a child on his hands alone, with her father killed? Once he had asked Runa that question. Now he asked himself another:

"You've brought her back here. What next? Give the whole matter the slip again? That can't be. What's to do?"

Take her for keeps and carry her home, was the direct answer; but Dan knew his home and knew Parimban's girl to be a flower that would not live transplanted. Also there was now young Mr. Runa la Flèche, of Chandernagor.

"This do beat merry hell," sighed Daniel Towers.

Above the drooping leaves now dark in the courtyard shone stars, and underneath in gaps a firefly twinkle of ricksha lanterns played along the bund. It was Orient night, the same thing over again, peaceful, without change.

Dan somehow could not endure it. He went into his room, lighted a pair of candles and sat down.

"What else can ail that boy Runa," he thought, "to dodge me all the time?"

They had lived so much together, he and La Flèche, that their living apart seemed a thing incredible. Yet so it had befallen. Here at the port they took each his own way; and Runa held aloof, staying in a moldered club to which no one came, where there was nothing to consider but a billiard table in rags and a bulletin board full of sea captains' visiting cards, three years old and dusty. For a man like Runa to mope in a place like that—why, what else could it mean?

Yes, decidedly there was Mr. La Flèche. It was a frightful mess.

These with other disjointed facts and memories whirled through Dan's head as he sat by the candles, alone, wretched, unable to connect his thoughts. Before him lay a book. He turned its pages without seeing them. It was the copy of Robinson Crusoe that Captain Cole, Old King Cole of the Mayam-Ma, had given him on parting: a battered copy, dog's-eared, broken-backed, smudged with marginal notes in pencil. By chance one of these notes caught Dan's eye for an instant:

"Here's the entire game," Captain Cole had written, and marked two lines with a star.

Dan read them:

"' . . . and that I might well think there was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself,' quoth Robinson Crusoe."

The words reached his eye indeed, but not his mind. Dan shoved the book away and rose to undress for bed. Lying wakeful in a hot darkness where geckos hiccuped he heard Amra Khan stretch himself down by the doorway; and afterward lay more wakeful, tortured by night thoughts which resolved themselves into one form. Was Amra Khan right? Had this girl's beauty come, as he said it would, to divide friends and destroy old kindness?

Dan walked abroad early next morning. He made at once for the moldy club by the water. Nothing stirred inside this poor *kutcha* house but the sunrise, a network of green-gold reflections rippling round the walls, and in one corner a Chinaman philosophically wiping glasses.

"Tuan la Flèche?" Dan asked. "He wake up now?"

The Chinaman jerked his chin toward the windows and the sea.

"Allo gone, seh. Abis-finish. He go catchee Calcutta side, mebbe Heung-Keung side. He go too-day, moh-ning tem, seh."

"Why, that's nonsense!" cried Dan. "You pay my look-see."

The lone steward put away glass and cloth, came scuffing across to the bulletin board and pointed like a weary lecturer:

"You look-see all plopah, name-card hab-got," he chanted. "Allo same one piecee chin-chin you come-back, seh."

This Chinaman spoke truth.

Among the old stained cards poked cornerwise in their lattice of worn tape was a new card, Runa's inscribed to president and so forth, P. P. C.

Dan looked on it with a kind of horror, while the China boy returned to his glass wiping.

Runa, then, had gone. And here stuck all the good-by he left for anyone.

Outside, beyond the trees that sheltered the bund, far out where pale water covering a silted roadstead deepened into blue, there crawled a dark little steamship, like a toy. She headed northwesterly, departing toward India.

"Well," thought Dan, "that's all. Plenty."

He thanked the steward, passed out into the morning glare, and walked back to his hotel like a man in a bad dream. There could be only one explanation: His night thoughts came true, Amra Khan was wise in this world, all friendship brittle. He did not believe it, of course, for he knew his friend; yet none the less it had happened, and made belief or disbelief alike without profit.

Avoiding that wing of the hotel where Leda stayed with old Mother Dewi, avoiding his own room likewise, Dan took in a covered alley of green leaves the dismalest promenade a man might have. It was cooler here, with pleasant light of flowers and sun at either end of the shady tunnel. He saw nothing of it whatever until a voice from behind woke him:

"Oh, Danny!"

He turned. Runa came hurrying into the alley.

"Thought you were gone," said Dan.

"Not yet." La Flèche looked strange and spoke like one who would give a message and be gone quickly. "Not till this afternoon. I've booked, and come to say good-by, old boy, luck and all. Give my salaams to Leda, won't you? Sorry not to see her again."

Dan caught him by the forearm.

"Why not?"

With a shrug and an effort Runa laughed.

"I think you know why not," said he. "*A la bonne heure*, I go. Words are no good at some time."

His dark eyes were honest and lively.

"Let's talk plain," Dan growled. "Now or never. What takes you away?"

Runa would have drawn clear, but Dan, hard as an old Roman, held on to his wrist.

"Out with it. The truth!"

"Nothing, then. Nothing takes me, Danny. Like the Queen of Navarre's wounded doe, I would change the ground, thinking so to change the hurt I carry with me, eh? Is that enough? Let me go, please. It is the truth. Monsieur Towers, if you please, let go. You would presume on our ——"

Runa's face burned like a furnace when the door swings open. He seemed ready to strike.

Dan released him and stepped backward.

"If you're the man I take you for, son," he declared, "you don't leave the country without telling her good-by yourself."

"Indeed? It is then," cried Runa furiously, "a lesson in manners!"

"Keep your hair on," said Dan. "Leave me and my manners out of it. I haven't any. But what you know in your heart is, you're doing wrong, this running away—wrong to yourself, maybe to her, for life."

A sudden change in Runa's face, a warning look, made him break off to turn and glance behind. There under the leaves with them stood Leda.

"What is this?" she asked. "What are you doing?"

"Don't look so frightened, kid," said Towers. "Runa thinks I'm a bad father to you. So I am. Here, you! Say your good-bys for yourself. Bow your own salaams."

He brushed her aside almost roughly and fled out of the tunnel, through the garden and the courtyard, to his room.

It was a long time that he sat by his table, thinking. The sea captain's broken old book lay before him, open, where he had left it overnight; and now the marked pasage spoke to him with meaning, as if by divination. "There was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself." Dan repeated the words, and laughed. Good iron for a man's blood, those; Robinson Crusoe was right, and so was Old King Cole—a pair of solitaries, proclaiming the truth.

"That's what was frightful," thought Dan. "Myself, all the time, when it's this pair of youngsters who count. Whoof!"

He stood up and stretched mightily, relieved from a crushing load.

"They're taking their time about it." He grinned and looked at his watch. "Good sign."

They were indeed taking hours for that simple thing called a good-by. Morning was well on toward noon before Dan heard a voice calling him from the garden and saw Runa skipping up through the veranda.

"Danny."

His friend paused by the doorway and came slowly in. Runa looked very young, very much exalted, with eyes brilliant and strange, as if he were about to laugh or cry. He did neither, but approached and held out one hand—his left hand, palm downward. On it shone Parimban's ring.

Dan gave him his own left hand. For a while they said nothing.

"It couldn't be better," said Dan.

"Oh, but she is a wonder!"

"I know it. The right mate. I know. It's what will last. Your children will know it, my dear old boy, when you and I are under the grass. Our horse jockey talked about strains. But it's really something greater, I guess."

They were both smiling.

"I was afraid of you," said Runa quaintly. "Yes, indeed. I'm not often taken so." He held Dan by the shoulders at arm's length. "You are the only man I ever was afraid of."

"I'm very frightful," Dan agreed.

They understood each other well, but Runa would never understand that little joke.

"She's the wonder of the world," cried Runa.

"I know, I know." Dan quoted a native saying: "Teach grandmama twelve times one and a half are eight."

"Yes, but she is ——"

Dan roared with laughter.

"Don't stay here telling me, when I know all about it! Go tell her, you tomfool. Girls like to hear those yarns—while the fit's on."

He pushed Runa out of the room, through the veranda, down the steps. Halfway across the courtyard he called after him.

"Oh, Runa!"

His friend stopped and looked back.

"That thing under one end of you, that's the ground. No, no! Down there, the feet end, not the bonnet. Kindly replace the clouds."

Leaning in the doorway of her old room Dan watched him go his errand past the bright flowers.

XIII

WHEN Runa had gone from sight Towers remained still watching. He was, for the time, somewhat dazed.

"Feel kind o' queer," he thought. "Kind o' like the little old friend Hury Seke—blear-eyed, lost-doggy, heaven-is-my-home-ish. Well? Move."

He moved, to do various things in quick order. First entering his room he hunted out his ditty bag, spilled its contents on the table, and from among needles, thread, buttons, a sailor's palm, beeswax and safety pins, chose a little round object twisted in paper like a child's torpedo. This he carefully pocketed. Then taking stick and helmet he went down through the garden, steered a private course roundabout, called at the bar for a long, cold, strong drink, hailed a ricksha, hopped in and lighted his pipe.

"*Lakas, pasar*," he commanded. "*Tukang mass*."

Action brought comfort; soon under a hole in the wall bargaining with a half-naked Chinese goldsmith Dan was himself again; or at any rate busy.

His bargain appeared later, by night, when he gave a dinner to the happy ones. They sat outdoors, their table spread in a

well-hidden bower of shrubs. Leda wore her old finery, a robe of salmon-colored silk over a bodice of kingfisher feathers that glanced rainbow hues in the candlelight. Seeing her thus Dan hardly found courage to lay any offering before her.

"A keepsake, my children."

It was an arrow of silver and gold, cunningly worked, and set with a blob of a pearl that looked as big as a cape gooseberry. Dan did not like the thing, which seemed very different from what he wanted to give; but as Leda took it he saw the tears stand in her eyes.

"Old H. H. of Mayaganj's pearl?" said Runa. "You shouldn't."

"*Bas-bas*," replied Dan. "Let father have his fling."

They were good guests. They made Dan believe that this curio of his found favor with them; and they talked, so that the dinner was merry, the evening flew.

"It is almost noon of the night," said Leda at last. "Why do go all good things?"

When they had parted company Dan, being wakeful again, stayed outdoors and wandered in the garden. Here by and by came Runa, barefoot, to link arms and walk with him up and down the alley of leaves. They had much to say, many plans to form; but they said little.

"Tante will be glad."

It did not always follow, thought Dan; yet as he knew both Madame Merey and Leda he could consent.

"Yes. Nothing better."

Again they went back and forth, silent, in the darkness.

"I am not worthy of her," declared Runa.

"Bosh! We'll risk that part."

"No. How should any greatness like this come to me, Dan? *Les mains m'en tombent.* I will tell you a thing."

Runa told it. The thing was called Parimban's daughter; and when he had talked himself inside out in her praise he forgot his unworthiness and went back to bed singing:

Ce sont là des cœurs que je vends.
Combien les vends-tu, le marchand?

It was nearly morning but still dark. Runa's voice trailed away diminishing in the garden:

Aux jeunes gens le paradis,
Et pour les vieux, je les bénis,
Et ne vous zesle, zisle, zesle,
Et ne vous estimez pas tant!

Dan hearkened to the good advice. It ended. He went on walking his alley. Time passed in this employment. As he turned one of many turns a shadow moved alongside and overtopped him.

"You do not sleep?" said the voice of Amra Khan.

"No. Not yet."

"Fighting to-morrow? You fight the handsome sahib? It has gone wrong?"

Dan took pains to answer clearly. Master and man held a long talk.

"So, not in the least, you see," was Dan's conclusion. "Everything's right. Everybody happy."

His tall companion heaved a sigh.

"You are lucky, brother. Your friend, true; your woman—she is a lady of high spirit, like those in the old days. Mine were false, both; my woman, my friend, destroying—all false. You are lucky, fortune's darling, to whom these things come true."

They wheeled together, and so kept on.

"Where next, brother?" said Amra Khan.

"Home, probably," Dan replied. "Time to go."

"Let me go there also."

One of the hardest pieces of work Dan ever transacted was to refuse this shadowy kinsman, and explain why. Amra Khan, whether or not he understood, made no complaint.

"It is well. Give me letters then," said he, "and I try up country, the wet green woods. Perhaps to rule there some day, like Tasmid, the burnt ridgepole. Men go on with life, eh, brother? We do what we can. But you are fortune's darling."

They stood under the boughs together in a long black tube, the end of which now filled with an opaque blur. Light spreading downward coaxed into this blur gradually a hint of form, then of space; then dim silver-gray leaves which hung motionless, frosted, while distance crept among them brightening their edges. It was the instant when color is born again. The silvery sharpness parted, grew uncertain, swam in light green layers, rags of banana, then dark-green palm and mango, then red hibiscus, then dots of marigold.

"Never caught her in the act this way," thought Dan. "And my two asleep missing it."

Behind some hill the sun must have risen, for tawny light stained the air, like obscurity before rain.

Dan laughed.

"She comes good!" he said. "I'm a greenhorn. You're right, Amra Khan. Let's go on with her."

(THE END)

ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

(Continued from Page 25)

While we were working, the two strangers tugging as hard as though this were their own wreck, a big car with eight cylinders and much upholstery passed by. The driver looked bored, but the woman beside him was more than bored; her contemptuous stare showed resentment at having to witness three greasy men working over a cheap automobile. That was three years ago and the woman took less than three seconds in passing, but I have not forgotten her glance or ceased to be sorry for her. I have no doubt that she is doing well socially. They probably let her in at some of the dances at the Sacramento Country Club or the San José Golf Association. But it must hurt her so to have to go on living among common people.

When the car was safe my wife and I prepared to camp—and interestedly discovered that we hadn't much of anything with which to camp. We had intended to stay at hotels; we had let the larder dwindle to a can of corned-beef hash, a few spoonfuls of coffee and a glass of raspberry jam.

I shall always be doubtful about faith healing. Maybe it can cause a man with acute peritonitis to run seven miles and eat a fried pork chop, but it failed with us. We sat up on a mountain and told each other that there would be a lot of landscape if it weren't dark and that raspberry jam certainly did take the place of both sugar and cream in coffee. The jam resisted our faith cure. It continued to make the coffee taste like the shaving cream when you get it on the brush instead of tooth paste.

We poured out the coffee and spoke well of corned-beef hash washed down with pure, wholesome cold water.

That mountain side was covered with sharp flints and we were too tired to pitch our tent, but we made beds with the pneumatic mattress for the passenger and the two seat cushions for myself. They were comfortable, and after an hour of exhilarating worry as to whether we should ever get off that mountain before I grew a beard and a taste for moonshining, I was dropping asleep—when I thought of bears.

It was my first mountain camp. Hadn't I read things about bears here? Of course all Americans are heroic. Look at the A. E. F. I wasn't afraid of a grizzly—two grizzlies. But I didn't want to hurt them. Wasn't there something about the Government protecting these brothers of the wild? How thoughtless and inconsiderate of me it would be to go to Leavenworth for kicking a seven-foot grizzly on his tender nose. I solemnly wavered through the darkness to the car and brought back my single-barreled shotgun. It was a gun capable of stopping the charge of the largest and most ferocious tadpole. My wife inquired what I intended to do with it. I did not explain. In three years now I have never yet thought up a really good, conclusive, masculine answer.

There was a fog in the morning, and we looked at the remains of corned-beef hash and coffee au gratin and wished the bears had got us. The car—there is something impressively permanent and absolute about a broken-down car. It sits there with its foolish back up against a pine tree and it hasn't yielded and fixed itself even yet.

We humped up in the Arcadian nook and waited for passers-by. Down the road was a clatter, a rattle—then two revolver shots. It was the surly man who had repaired my magneto. He was waving his pistol. He came up grinning, with "I had a hunch you poor hams would be stuck again. Had any breakfast?"

"No!"

"We thought we'd wait for ours till we caught up with you. Ma, shake up a little breakfast, can you?"

While he worked over the magneto, his plump, placid wife prepared bacon and eggs and real coffee with condensed milk and real sugar; and she chuckled at us and told us we looked like a couple of plush sofas that had been left out in the rain.

All day we trailed on ahead of them, descending from the mountains, plodding through the glaring Sacramento Valley, with the Sierra Nevadas on one side and the Coast Range a filminess on the other. At night we watched them make camp in a town park, where a dozen other friendly cars were noisy with laughter and banjos.

Philosophers of the Highway

The man constructed a comfortable and weather-tight house in six minutes by opening the folded ridgepole, thrusting two uprights into standards fore and aft, pitching a canvas tent over the whole car and spreading the good thick mattress on the floor. His wife insisted on giving us dinner. We wanted them to dine with us at the hotel, but they refused.

"Nope, I'm not shaved. Fact, I think I'll harvest the crop right now."

When he had finished I realized that he was a handsome man. His thin face and high forehead and hooked nose had the edged fineness of William Gillette—or Sherlock Holmes.

He told his story, and I found that here of all the world were two people who had solved the problem of happiness. Though they were under fifty they had done their work.

They had brought up children, who were married and independent. They had saved enough money for a stake in old age. Now they were seeing the world. He was an expert angle-iron smith. Sometimes he worked in the naval shops at Bremerton and Mare Island; sometimes in motor service stations anywhere from Yreka to Denver. His wages were seven to ten dollars a day and he saved more than half. Whenever he became restless, said his wife, "Pa comes home and grins at me and he says, 'Ma, let's throw the skillet in the Lizzie and go some place,' and we start next morning and hike round for three months."

With a special carburetor they used distillate for fuel at half the cost of gasoline. They always camped out and the blacksmith did his own repairing. They could travel a thousand miles on twenty dollars, and when they stayed for a month in a mountain pass and the smith went hunting the month cost them two dollars for salt pork and coffee and sugar. They had the wanderlust and they satisfied it. They had beaten the game of civilization. They were supreme philosophers and people in high-powered cars passed them by, unseeing.

Of course his employers must have resented his leaving on a day's notice, but before he began his roving he had had thirty or more years of steady and expert toiling; he had by even the strictest philosophy of industry earned the right to be irregular. And all up and down the coast there must be some thousand or two motorists who bless the fact that now and then he stops, curses them, tells them that he cannot abide the sight of their ignorance and then saves their lives.

Not that they bless to any advantage of course. He told me that out of the hundreds whom he had helped and who had fervently asked for his permanent address not one had ever written to him, not one of those over whose cars he had worked for hours had ever sent him so much as a post card.

The last we saw of the blacksmith and his wife was under a bridge ten miles from Sacramento. As we rattled upon the bridge there was a horrible scream, a revolver shot. We pulled up with a jar, and there in the dusk was the blacksmith. He had bought a steak and his wife and he were waiting for us. They had waited two hours.

I have found that this southern hospitality does exist; I have had a broker show me what his favorite New York hotel can do; but I never have found, and never from Port Said to Copenhagen shall I find, a gayer graciousness than that of the blacksmith whom we met along the road.

Guide-book information about the route is just a little deader than free silver and hieroglyphs. The one way to taste and feel the country is to coax wayfarers to have a lift and ask them questions.

Once I even received some philological information which I shall be proud to let the American Etymological Association have if they will give me a degree. A harvester whom we picked up in the gray lava folds of Moses Coulee in Washington explained the name.

"They call this here place a coulee because it's cooler in summer—why, I thought everybody knew that!"

The most picturesque and most doubtful person to transport is the long-distance automobile-lift hobo. He is a new species of vagrant. He wears reasonably good clothes, he speaks admirable English, he is well shaved and clean-handed and he makes a business of permitting autohoboes to enjoy feeling charitable. He hikes merrily along the way until a motorist picks him up and instead of forty miles of St. Vitus dance on a freight-car brake beam in a typhoon of dust and cinders he delicately indulges in a hundred-mile spin. He becomes particular about his stable and he will snuffy refuse to ride in a humble, useful vehicle which resembles a recently batted cockroach. He prefers a limousine and if he goes far enough in his profession he is particular about the upholstery and his host's cigars. He is refreshing and a proof that the meek may inherit the earth, but the gally ones are the executors of the estate.

If the automobile-lift bum is lucky he meets a man driving alone. Driving alone for long distances is the most desolate of sports. Your thoughts go round and round in tedious circles; you mumble, "Let's see—now let me see. Ought to have 'em look at that spring. Squeaking—yump. Ought to—ought to do that. Must remember that." And at night you are outside of the world, shut off by darkness from all friendliness forever. You drive on, dour, dumb, cramped, hypnotized by the sliding road.

The solitary is glad to tote the agreeable hobo and even to buy his meals. Why not? The tramp sings excellently for his supper; he is better company than most respectable cits; a traveling companion is not to be chosen for his soundness in judging clothes-pin timber. At the same time, if an automobile-lift bum tells you about that charming couple from New York who have recently taken him two thousand miles and put him up at the best hotels you needn't believe him. He is not giving you information. He is giving you an invitation to enter the charity contest. I am sending my secretary and the office detective to trail that generous couple. I have heard about them from seven different hoboes now. The last time was from the Irish poet whom we picked up in Tennessee.

The Unridden Guest

He was a bright-eyed, quick-glancing, sleek-haired young man, and we were cheerful in our hail. He was in the tonneau before we had reached the "f"in lift. He needed no coaxing to enter into diverting conversation. He leaned forward with his hands on the back of the front seat and I could feel his superior smile boring the back of my neck.

"How far you going?" I asked. "Clear into Bristol?"

"Oh, yes, I go to Bristol. How far you going?"

"Why, uh, why ——" I had the hunch that it was risky to tell him. We were tacitly struggling. He wanted to tie me up with a contract. He thrust hard.

"Going clear through?"

"Why—why, yes, in a way. How far you going?"

"To Washington, D. C."

"Oh!" I meant "Ouch."

He was a nice young man, but I felt that he would help us out too much in our conversation. I was wishing that I could courteously unlift the lift. He was offering, "I'll be glad to stick by you as far as you want. I've tramped all the way from New

(Continued on Page 69)

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They come to work—this modern Army of the Republic, the Republic of Industrial America. They wear no chevrons nor gold lace. They march to no music but the crash of machines and the throbbing of their own consciousness of work well done. They work in dirt and sweat.

¶

BUT THEY WORK—Ah! how they work!

All day they work, and every day—looking their job in the eye—meeting it squarely—scorning its difficulties—fearless of responsibility—intolerant of anything less than their best results.

And do they not love their ease, these men—"*even as you and I*"?

Do they not have sudden waves of rebellion against life sweeping through their souls—"*even as you and I*"?

Do they not come to their day's work with the crowding memory of personal trouble—of sick wife or child, of financial care, of frustrated plan, of a "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick"—"*even as you and I*"?

Aye! so they do, but watch them come! Physically weary, perhaps, with a night's watching by a sickbed—they come with squared shoulders and smiling faces—cheerful, resolute—with their troubles decently hidden from even friendly eyes.

Strong men playing a man's game—giving place to no trouble they will acknowledge Master, submitting proudly to but one great force—*the force of their own sense of obligation to* play the game *square*.

Their creed, their color, their nationality—what do they matter! Today each is the Square American, standing fast among other men as good as he, his feet planted on the solid rock of recognized character and self-respect.

¶

LET ANY DRONE among such men beware. There are too many Square Jobs for them to tolerate the loafer, the crook or the trouble-maker in a job that belongs to an honest worker.

For do these men not hold that precious magic in the hollow of their hand—the magic of united, honest, popular opinion—a mighty force which encourages the Square Man and dismays the crook—a mighty force which by right of its invested brain or muscle says to the world:

"Law and force, rule and regulation, advice and precept all have their influence, but the Square Principles of Square Men finally rule action and results."

Hydraulic pays this tribute to Square Men because it is deserved. They are to be found at Hydraulic. We believe that they are to be found everywhere. Place is given for such a tribute in this series of articles, because we believe that building an organization, through attracting and developing such men, is one of the most vital steps in creating right industrial relationships. Profit sharing plans, mutual benefit associations, co-operative stores, and all welfare ideas (as we have found them working out at Hydraulic) help create the right spirit. But still more, these things reflect a spirit already largely established which makes their acceptance assured and their effect far-reaching.

This is the thirteenth of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent upon request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 66)

Orleans—except where I got rides. Most folks like to have me along. I'm a pretty good driver and mechanic. I'm always glad to help people out. I met one couple from New York. They were awfully nice people—rich too. They took me three hundred miles. They were nice people."

I wanted to be nice people, too, but——

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Going as far as Washington?"

"Why, kind of a different way."

"Where to?"

He was so authoritative this time that I feebly admitted, "To Philadelphia."

"Oh, well, I suppose I could go to Washington that way."

I peeped back. He was examining me with scorn. His talents had been wasted on me.

"Most people don't appreciate motor touring," he announced.

"No?"

"No—they—do—not! They haven't got any savvy—any—any romance. They can't let themselves go and be vagrants. They are so wrapped up in their fool business cares—what do you do for a living?"

"I am the treasurer of the Lilywhite Noodle Company," I asserted. I am sorry to have to record that the vagrant had no trouble in believing me. He groaned: "Oh, Lawerd! Well, I suppose—personally, all I know about the habits of noodles is that they aren't becoming to whiskers." He laughed quite a little at his original humor. "Now me, I'm a poet!"

"Really?"

"Sure am! And I've had some stories published."

"It must be great to be an author. Where were they published?"

"I had one in a Houston newspaper and others—you know—different places."

"Just how can a fellow sit down and write all this stuff?" I marveled.

Spies on Point Thisanthat

"It's perfectly easy—if you have the temperament. Now you, I suppose you see things in terms of noodles! Not that I blame you. I don't suppose you can help it. When you see a mountain you probably think of a pile of dough, and I suppose a pretty girl must mean another sale of macaroni! But a poet—well, I wander round ——"

"In my car!" I grumbled to myself.

"—— and have wonderful thoughts and make notes. Here's a note I made to-day. 'The sky is like a sapphire.' Can you get that? Think of it—like a jewel! Let me tell you, I always feel a fellow ought to pass on some of his gift. When you're on a trip like this, why can't you forget your darn business and let Nature inspire you? Of course I wouldn't want to intrude, but I do believe I could teach you and your good lady to forget the factory and the babies and all that rot. If you cared to have me, I'd be willing to go as far as Philadelphia and show you how a writer looks at things."

He liked the idea. Breathing warmly upon our necks, the rapidly less beloved vagabond instructed us:

"Do you see that hill over there? It's like feathers of an Orient bird."

It did resemble feathers. It was like a six-year-old boa after the baby had played choo-choo cars with it. But I could not concentrate upon it. I was afraid that I was going to be instructed for the next five days, clear into Philadelphia.

"Another thing: I don't believe you keep the carbon cleaned out of your car. I'm kind of an expert on motors. I'll be glad to help you ——"

My wife turned half round. She looked at the poet with feminine inappreciation. She said in a high clear voice: "I am so sorry, but we can take you only to Bristol. Now if you don't mind—if you will pardon us—we were discussing a new recipe for our noodles."

I hope the poet never tries to manufacture noodles by the recipe which we worked out. As I remember it, I suggested making the wrappers out of turnip skins. Chefs have since assured me that comparatively few noodles have wrappers. It makes the overhead so large.

When we dropped the poet in Bristol he condescended: "You folks have been very kind. I hope you won't mind my writing a story about you. I always get types at the first glance. There's something so droll in the thought of a noodle manufacturer and his good wife getting out into the open and risking the peril and madness of beauty! Good-by."

He must have been a poet, too, the man whom we overhauled in the Montana sagebrush twenty miles from anywhere. At our invitation he shook his head.

"Nope, I guess I'll just peg along."

"But it looks like a long hike."

"I suppose so. But if you were to take me five hundred miles I wouldn't be any nearer to where I'm going. I'm not going anywheres. I'm just going."

My friend the war correspondent was also refused the favor of giving a lift. Driving through New Hampshire he stopped pityingly when he saw a woman beginning the climb of a mile-long upgrade. The correspondent is considerably under forty and the woman was considerably over sixty, sallow and squirrel-toothed and spinsterine.

He raised his hat and begged: "May I give you a ride, madam?"

She glared. She snapped: "No, sir, you can't! I don't do that sort of thing!"

It was the correspondent and I who were driving through Massachusetts in 1918 and saw a uniformed Y. M. C. A. man having difficulties with his car. We asked if we could help. He strolled up to us and chirped, "Motoring? So am I. Great sport."

"Doing Y work near here?" asked the correspondent.

"I'm not really with the Y. That's my disguise. I'm a secret-service man," he gloated.

"That must be very interesting."

"Oh, it is." He delightedly put his foot up on the running board, rested his arm on his knee and launched out:

"We suspect there's some German spies on the coast and my organization chose me to run them down. Last night I almost caught one."

"No! Go on! Really?"

"I did! His name is Blankenfritz and he's got a place out on Point Thisanthat. There's an abandoned lighthouse on it and he's mounted a big searchlight and I figured out that he was signaling submarines. I hung round there all last night, but he kept mum. But he can't escape me. And I'm watching for another fellow who's disguised as a peddler. Doesn't know anybody is on his trail, so don't speak about it. Well, I guess I'll get back to work. Just pumping up a tire. Good ——"

"Wait! Wait! Are you a regular member of the secret service—do you belong to the M. I. D., or what?"

"Naw. Those fellows are too tied up with red tape. Maybe I'll accept a commission in the M. I. D. to help 'em out, but I represent a private league of prominent citizens. Well, so long."

It's awful to think of the risks a spy runs, with bloodhounds like that on his trail all the time.

My wife and I were in the Northern Minnesota pines when we found the lost dreamer. On a one-way trail through the gray trunks we drove into a clearing and discovered an abandoned lumbering town. Here fifteen years ago a hulking slab-fed sawmill had shot flame through its screened chimney; and the forty stores and saloons of Main Street were jammed with roaring lumberjacks, Maine Yank and Nova Scotian, Swede and Finn and pea-soup Canuck, in fur caps and clumping corks and checkerboard shirts and mackinaws of orange and blue and russet. Now there was only the sound of desertion and the tapping needles of yellowed Norway pines round an enormous pile of bleached sawdust, a tiny shack of a planing mill and one lone gaunt store building with the sign "Board'g House."

I hustled up to the boarding house—but the hustle seemed foolish in that stilled ruin. I had been sure I wanted water for the radiator, but did it matter—did anything matter? I yawned up to the door. I would probably find a grouchy old hermit or no one at all. No matter.

Through the screenless screen door peered a man with white fine hair, thin white mustache, pink soft cheeks, anxious eyes that had once seen many things, eyes of a man who might have been a diplomat and a wanderer to strange ports.

"May I go round to your pump and get a little water for the car?"

"Ye-es."

When I reached the pump he was already filling a lard pail for me. He hesitated; then: "I noticed there was a lady in your car. Wouldn't she like a little hot tea, maybe?"

"Oh, no, we don't want to bother——" Then I understood. He was disappointed. He was lonely and wanted to talk. "Sure, we would like some. We were going to lunch on some sandwiches."

"Won't you bring them in?"

We did. He spread newspapers on a long oilcloth-covered table in what had been the front room of the store and was now a living room choked with bare benches and a paunchy stove and lined with blurred half tones from Sunday papers. He hastened to make mugs of tea, with condensed milk.

"It's pretty quiet here," we suggested.

"Yes, it is. There's just three men left here, working in the shingle mill, using up some old bolts. I keep house for them. I"— he looked at us timidly—"I haven't always been a cookee. I used to be a printer. I could set more ems an hour than any other man in the chapel."

"You were? I'm a newspaper man."

In his excitement the whites showed round the faded-blue irises of his gentle eyes.

He choked: "This is the first time in more than five years that I've met anybody that knew what I was talking about! I've been—I tried to start a little store on a reservation, but it failed; and I was bull cook in a lumber camp and—I guess I'm too old to do much and I'll always have to stick here now. The boys here—they're nice fellows, but they're Polacks and don't talk English much and they go to sleep pretty early and I guess they don't care much about print shops. My fingers are all thumbs from the rheumatism and I can't stick type any more. I wish—oh, well, the owner treats me fine."

I assured him that I could still find at least the "e" box in the lower case and keep out of the way of type lice, and the old man fluttered with agitation. He asked of the new ways in publishing. Had I ever seen the office of a New York paper? Had I really seen Irvin Cobb and Will Irwin and Frederick Palmer and Sam Blythe and James Hopper?

His beautiful old head lifted; his diffident hope that we would like him turned into the easy friendliness of the man who has once been popular; we could see him, with the greasy kitchen apron gone, wearing the green eye shade that was the sign of his craft, setting the story of a war, a flood, a big fight, or secretly correcting the tenses of a cub who was "a regular fellow, but weak on grammar."

And where had he worked, what had he done?—we hinted.

Oh, nothing much. Just stuck type. Well, there had been times—with the help of faith and a cross-eyed mule he had lugged a Washington hand press and a hatful of type up a mountain ridge and started the first newspaper in a town otherwise composed of prospectors, salt pork and booze. He had elected a congressman and chased a would-be horsewhipper seven blocks. Later he had lived through a Michigan forest fire, and—only one day late in going to press—had brought the paper out on butcher's paper.

Waylaying a Ranchman

It was time for us to get on if we were to make the Iron Range. He tried to hold us; he cunningly tried to lead us into politics and religion; he showed us his little treasures, his Indian curios and the wonderful jackknife his grandnephew had sent him. But we were due at the house of a friend.

As we started the car he begged, "Wait a moment!"

He ran into the house and came back with one lone, tattered magazine, beseeching, "Maybe your lady would like to read this to-night."

I had seen the magazine among his traps. This old man, the lover of books, had brought us in farewell his whole library—the only thing in the world he had to read.

Once it was we who served tea, and we served it to a ranchman in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. Cow-puncher movies rarely show Hard Boiled Harry drinking tea and eating lady fingers on a butte, but can do.

As we drove out of Medora, where Roosevelt went to town in his ranching days, I spotted a long-mustached man, his wise old eyes puckered with wind and dust, his boots stitched into a leather rose garden, loping out on his pony.

"How can we pick him up?" I speculated. "Let's waylay him. Let's be having tea when he comes along. If he thinks we're Anglomaniacs and wants to shoot us we'll tell him we're English."

We got out a box of extremely dry lady fingers, which we carried because they do stand transportation—and because lady fingers are so much like blotting paper in taste and use that they remind a writer of home. We boiled water on a solid-alcohol stovelet.

When the old ranchman came along and glanced at us, on a rock above the road, we hailed, "Hungry? Light and set!"

That was dialect. It may have been Western dialect or Southern dialect or Jewish dialect, or maybe it wasn't any special kind, but just dialect.

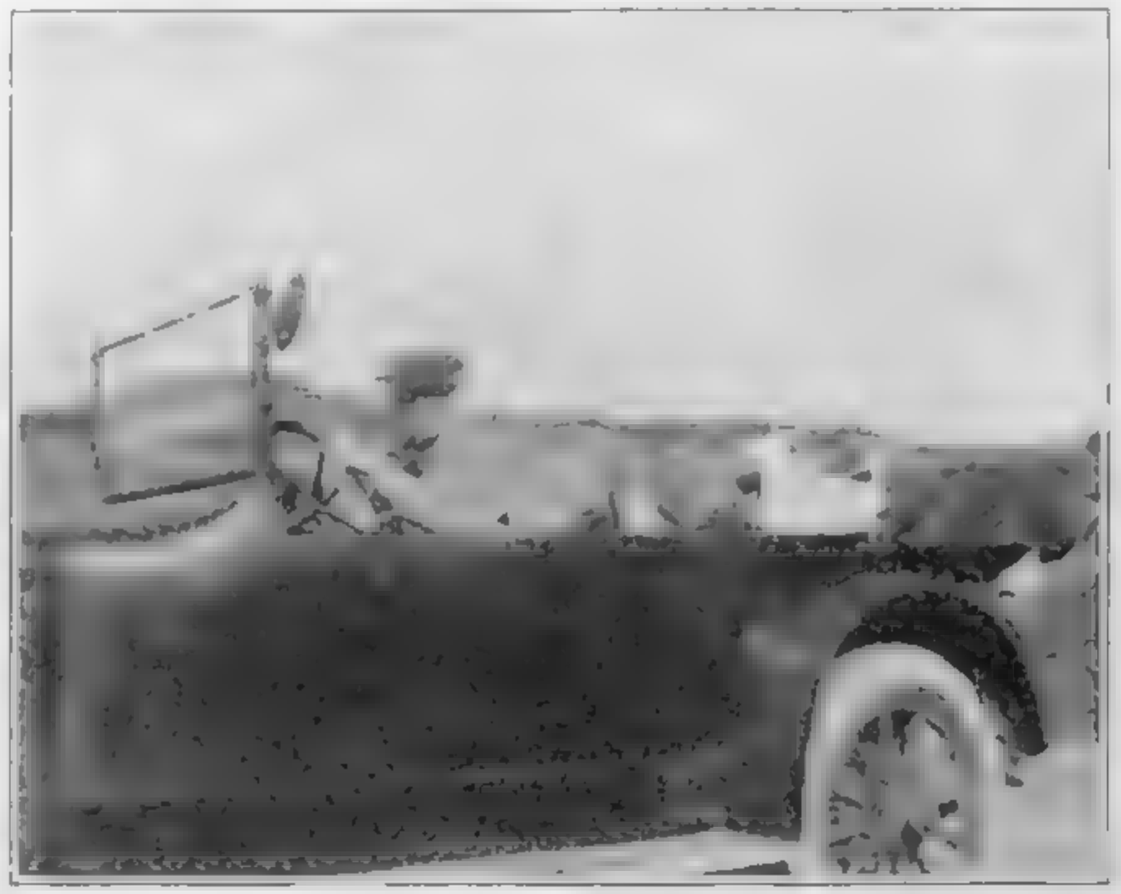
He rode straight up the face of the rock, and in delight at having these particularly tender tenderfeet to impress, the pony reared and came down safely between the tea and the dainty, vanilla-flavored blotters.

"There was an English lord that used to have tea every afternoon back in the hills. He was the one that stole my store pants and married the Sioux squaw," the ranchman said mildly.

"Did that prejudice you permanently? Won't you have some tea to make up for the pants?" begged my wife.

"Lady, my old dad, down in Missoura, he taught me that this unpardonable sin that the elder used to preach about was refusing vittles when you're offered 'em."

He told us of old-time mule skinners and bad men who to this day live back in the folds and gullies of the Bad Lands; of the Marquis De Mores, who founded Medora, dreaming of a grand duchy for himself, and in the early '80's in this land of rattlers and buttes and unquenchably burning lignite and handy six-guns erected a château.



The War Correspondent at the Wheel—in the Back, to Startle Traffic Cops, the Baby's Chair

After tea we drove on for two miles. Then on a slope the car went gently to sleep. Probably it desired to dream of marquises. Or the fact that we were down to one gallon of gas may have had something to do with it.

Our friend, the rancher, came in sight again. He shook his head, worried.

"This is the last steep climb before you get out on the prairie. If I can get you up it you'll be all right. If I can't I'll take you over to my shack for the night."

He insisted on hitching the car to his little pony and trying to tow us. Not a budge. He sat miserable.

A flivver larruped into sight. The rancher swung off his hat and gravely addressed the driver:

"Could you lend these folks some gasoline? They're friends of mine and—I don't know what's the matter with me. They've been awful good to me and here I've gone and laid down on them."

We got the gasoline.

I don't know, but I'm afraid there is a moral somewhere in the tale, and a hint about what the motorist discovers regarding human nature, once he gets away from traffic cops and famous boulevards. It's pretty hard for an autohobo to go on being clever and cynical about people along the way.

Excuse Our Dust

As diverting as the people whom you pass are the intermittent—but sometimes not sufficiently intermittent—cars that are following the same trail; the car that is twice as big as yours, but that you triumphantly pass; and the confounded little squeaker that you ought to have left on the back track, but that persists in being just behind you.

There was an ancient and inescapable Lizzie which followed us from Wilmington to Baltimore the other day. It had no right to make more than ten miles an hour. But every time I stopped to look at a sign it went past me and the driver waved his hand in what he regarded as friendliness. Now no sensible driver cares who goes past him. Let 'em go if they want to. Decent autohoboes take time to look at the country. They plug on at a slow, reasonable rate. But—well, he shouldn't have waved his hand so insultingly. So I spent most of the trip in trying to show the poor idiot what a real car could do.

We lost him in Baltimore. Of course we did not gloat, but it was a satisfaction to know that he had learned his place. We didn't even look back to see if he continued lost—not more than twenty or thirty times between Baltimore and Washington, we didn't.

We serenely sailed into Washington, monarchs of the road. We stopped to look at a street sign. It was then that the road cootie skittered past us. He waved lovingly, and we followed him into the city—till he lost us.

I am glad that you, who drive sensibly, never do anything like that. I agree with you. What possible difference can it make if some duffer persists in thinking that you aren't the best amateur driver in America? In cases like that you show a proud humility as he goes by. And when you do step on her and almost shoot off the curve it isn't because you are irritated or jealous. It's just as you tell your alarmed and protesting wife:

"Rats! I'm not trying to get ahead of the poor nut. I merely want to see if the new piston rings are developing the power they ought to, considering—there, now I guess he'll stay back where he belongs! Let him eat my dust for a change!"

Some place in Idaho there is a man who if he knew where I was would come East and have a private mob and riot. He was one of these people seen intermittently on the same trail.

Our cars were parked side by side in a corral in Yellowstone Park, and in the evening when we were tuning up for the next day's drive he borrowed my hand pump. It is pleasant to lend things—it makes you understand what a high-minded, generous, beautiful character you are. In the bliss of that superiority I borrowed his electric hand torch—and immediately short-circuited it. The man said it didn't matter. He almost looked as though it didn't matter.

Next morning we were still friendly as we got out our cars. We admitted that we were great drivers and that our cars were the only decent ones in the corral. I borrowed his hammer to swat a spring clip—and the hammer came off. So did his smile. He took the hammer away from me and said, "I'll fix it myself."

There is no gratitude in the world. Here I'd gone and lent an invaluable pump to this person and he'd already forgotten all about it.

I skipped out on the road and just in front of a twenty-per-cent grade my ignition quit.

My friend came up, scowled, and said patiently, "Oh, I suppose I'll have to haul you up."

He did—twice. He also broke his towrope. I thought he left me without any extreme amount of sadness. I don't believe he was brought up pious. Sometimes I don't believe he cared much if we never did meet again.

When I had finally crawled out of the park, with two cylinders and a sandwich missing, I hurried into the first garage. It was dark inside. I could barely see a car that was ahead of me. I yanked at the emergency brake, but I stopped with my front fenders nosing the tail of the other car. Out of it leaped a man who seemed displeased.

He bellowed, "You poor hunk of cheese, can't you see where you're going? Look at what you done to my fenders!"

It was my friend of the hand torch, the hammer, the hauls and the broken towrope. He saw who I was, but even so he didn't take that back—about the hunk of cheese. He groaned. He looked to heaven for comfort, but apparently didn't find any.

He wailed, "And I deliberately went and spoke to it first last night!"

He crawled back into his seat, mute. I didn't ask him what he meant. There are people with whom there's no use arguing.

I got into Livingston and stored my car late at night. Behind me was another car. The night attendant shouted at its driver, "Nope, no room, Billy. This fellow gets the last inch of space."

"What'll I do?" lamented the outcast.

"How do I know? Go try the other garages, I suppose."

The discouraged driver peered from behind the windshield and saw me—saw who it was had the last inch.

I wish to conceal who he was. But I will say that he studied me a little and muttered, "And if I'd stayed home the worst I'd have met would have been the jailer or the hangman."

He didn't look at me again. He sheltered his eyes and drove away.

The autohobo in a town of which he has never heard, which he casually finds on his route, makes friends who endure for years. Once in a pine forest we discovered a doctor and his wife, both of them under thirty, who had created a sanitarium with trained nurses and a modern equipment, and they lent us the hardest thing to get on a tour—a real bath! Once among the buttes we brazenly picked up the commanding officer of an army post and his wife and an old-timer who had guided General Miles, and went rattlesnake hunting with them and—to their delight and our carefully concealed anxiety—even found the snakes. And once in a Kentucky hill town we met Judge Priest, the real Judge Priest or his cousin, and in the basement court room at nine in the evening, with rows of chocolate faces banked at the windows, we heard him pass judgment on a darky who had gone wooing with a razor.

Caravansary Redivivus

They were and they remain our neighbors.

To the real motor fanatic the only requirement for neighbors is that they live not more than ten miles from a passable road. The fact that they are also a thousand miles from his home is only incidental. The autohobo, a little weary of one street and one drug store and one movie theater, enlarges his neighborhood till the people he loves and daily remembers, are scattered from Spokane to Jacksonville; and the street he lives on is all of three thousand miles long—and ends at the Inn of Romance.

In the days of Harun-al-Rashid and the lure of Bagdad, the caravansary with its host of camels and its golden bales, its strangers black and white and brown in fez or turban or morion, was the hive of romance, the birthplace of thrilling tales; and still to-day at a Broadway theater we see enacted stories first devised by a fire of dung in the Syrian hills. The caravan has come again in the procession of motors with licenses from Massachusetts and Kansas, Florida and Utah, which all summer long fills the roads from coast to coast; and the caravansary is found again in dingy village inns.

Tellers of tales by the firelight we found in a little Montana town, and we forgot all the bad hotels and hard drives we had ever encountered. The proprietor had for years managed a factory in New York, but he had always wanted the West and the hunting. At fifty-five he had bought this village hostelry. The usual barren office he had replaced by a livable room with a big fireplace; the usual hash he had apotheosized into flaky meat pies; and—only traveling men and autohoboes know what this means—he actually had running water in the bedrooms!

There was mud to the east and west after an unseasonable rain. All day long the veteran transcontinental drivers had been slogging on at eight miles an hour, getting oozily stuck every time they turned out to let a car pass. The oasis of the tiny hotel was filled with twenty motorists from ten states. At supper a Michigan professor sat beside a Portland banker who proudly asserted, "There's still good Oregon air in my tires."

Like all wanderers since Ulysses, we sat by the fire and forgot the mud and told lies. We boasted how fast we could travel and how few blow-outs we had and how we invariably "put it all over these fresh traffic cops."

A few days ago, in office or shop or study, each of us had been reasonably prosaic and standardized and modern and dull. We had turned into soldiers of fortune gathered at a tavern of the Low Countries in the days of Marco Polo, courteously believing the good stout lies, marveling at tales of far countries where there were giants with seven heads and all the maidens were rose and ivory. It was that fellowship which seemed to vanish forever when trains came in and passengers, unwillingly crowded in the long, narrow, swaying room, sat silent and suspicious till the journey's end or talked only of safe, vague, heavy things in pompous banalities. Not merely to Montana had the autohoboes driven, but to chivalry rediscovered—for Sir Philip Sidney sat with Baron Munchausen in front of the fire.

The fellowship of the road is not a sentimental fancy, but a reality. Only once have I found a thoroughly surly fellow motorist, one who refused a favor without reason. To make up for him there have been hundreds ——

In back-country Virginia, in a wallow of yellow mud, my steering rod came unscrewed. A truck splashed up with two youngsters in overalls. I asked them to help me. They climbed out silently. And they worked with me for half an hour in the mud.

I cleared my throat in that foolish, indeterminate way males have when they are on unfamiliar ground and begged, "Now I want to pay you fellows ——"

One of them looked at me, shook his head and stolidly plodded back to the truck. The other demanded, "Pay? For what? I reckon you'd have done the same thing for us. If drivers didn't help each other there wouldn't be much hope for the world. Seems like a fellow gets kind of shook out of himself when he gets out on the road. So long!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Lewis. The last will appear in an early issue.

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

(Continued from Page 7)

For instance—the Sunday morning following the Gorgeous Girl's visit to Steve's office Trudy unwillingly dragged herself downstairs at half past ten in a faded bescrolled kimono over careless lingerie, her hair bundled under a partially soiled boudoir cap and her feet flopping along in tattered silk slippers.

"Oh, dear, it's Sunday again," she began. "Goodness me, Mary, I'd hate to be as good as you are—always up and smiling! Why don't you have a permanent smile put on your face? It would be lots easier."

At which joke Luke giggled, and Mrs. Faithful, ensconced in a large rocker behind the starched curtains so that nothing passing in the street could escape her eagle, melancholy eye, nodded approval and added: "I should think Mary would lie abed the one morning she could. But no, she gets Luke up no matter what the weather is, and flies round like a house afire. When I was in my father's house I never had to lift a finger. Trudy, I wish you could have seen my bedroom. I had a mahogany four-poster bed with white draperies, and a dresser to match the bed, and my father bought me a silver toilet set when he was in Lexington, Kentucky, one time. He used to go there to sell horses. I remember one time I went with him and if I do say so I was much admired.

"I rode horseback those days and I had a dappled-gray pony named Pet, and everyone said it was just like looking at a picture to see me go prancing by. Of course I never thought about it. I wore a black-velvet riding habit with a long train and a black-velvet hat with a white plume just floating behind, and I had white gauntlets too.

"Mary, Trudy wants her coffee. Hot cakes? Oh, pshaw, they won't hurt you a mite. I was raised on 'em. I guess I'll have another plateful, Mary, while you're frying 'em. I'm so comfortable I hate to get up. . . . You poor little girls having to go out and hustle all week long and not half appreciated! Never mind, some Prince Charming will come and carry you off sometime." Whereat she waddled to the table to wait for the hot cakes to arrive.

Mrs. Faithful had pepper-and-salt-colored hair and small dark eyes that snapped like an angry bird's, and a huge double chin. Her nondescript shape resolved itself into a high, peaked lap over which, when not eating hot cakes, her stubby hands seemed eternally clasped.

"Mary takes after her pa, poor child," she had told Trudy confidentially. "Lean and lank as a clothes pole! And those gray eyes that look you straight through. I wish she didn't think so much of the office and would get a nice young man. I'd like to know what it is in those books she finds so fascinating. Can you tell me? I tried to read Omar Canine myself but it was too much for me."

"I'm no highbrow," Trudy had laughed. "Mary is; and a fine girl, besides," she had added resentfully.

With all Trudy's shallow nature and shrewd selfishness she was as fond of Mary as she was capable of being fond of anyone. Besides, it was more comfortable to be a member of the Faithful household for nine dollars a week and be allowed hot cakes and sirup à la kimono on Sunday morning; to have Gaylord Vondeplosshe, her friend, frequent the parlor at will; to use the telephone and laundry and to occupy the best room in the house than to have to tuck into a room similar to Miss Luna's—and she was truly grateful to Mary for having taken her in. She felt that Mrs. Faithful underestimated her man of the family.

Mary at the present time earned forty dollars a week. Out of this she supported her family and saved a little. At regular intervals she tried persuading her mother to leave the old-fashioned house and move into a modern apartment, which would give her the opportunity of dispensing with Trudy as a boarder. But her mother liked Trudy, with her airs and graces, her beaux, her startling frocks. Trudy was company; Mary was not. She was the breadwinner and a wonderful daughter, as Mrs. Faithful always said when callers mentioned her. But the mother had never been friends with her children nor with their father. So Mary had grown up accustomed to work and loneliness; and, most important of all, accustomed to considering everyone else first and herself last. It was Mary who saw beneath the boisterousness of Luke's boy nature and espied the good therein, trying to develop it as best she could. Aside from Luke and her business she found amusement in her dream life of loving Steve O'Valley and vicariously sharing his joys and sorrows, safeguarding his interests.

She had told herself four years ago: "You clumsy, thin business woman—the idea of halfway dreaming that such a man as Steve would ever love you! Of course he's intended for the Gorgeous Girl; the very law of opposites makes him care for her—pretty, useless doll. So take your joy in being his business partner, because the Gorgeous Girl can never share the partnership any more than you could share his name; and there's a heap of comfort in being of some use."

After which self-inflicted homily Mary had set to work and followed her own advice. She had discovered very shortly that there were many things to enjoy and be thankful for.

As soon as she was able Mary had refurnished her father's study and taken it for her own. Here she made out household bills, lectured Luke, planned work, sewed and read. It was a shabby cheery room with a faded old carpet, an open fireplace, some easy-chairs and a black-walnut secretary over which her father had dreamed his dreams. On the walls were old-fashioned engravings such as Cherry Ripe and The Call to Arms, which Mrs. Faithful refused to part with—no one, herself included, ever knowing just why.

Mary also took herself to task in the little study in as impersonal a manner as a true father confessor. "You are twenty-six and growing set in your ways," she would mentally accuse—"always wanting a certain table at the café and a certain waitress. Old Maid! Must have your little French book to read away at as you munch your rolls and refuse to be sociable. Hermitess! And always buy chocolates and a London News on Saturday night. Getting so you fuss if you have square-topped hairpins instead of round, and letting milliners sell you any sort of hats because you are too busy to prink! Going to art galleries and concerts alone—and quite satisfied to do so. Now, please, Mary, try not to be so queer and horrid!" Followed a one-sided debate as to whether or not these were normal symptoms of maturity, and if she were mistress of a house would she not entertain equally set notions regarding brands of soap and so on?

"Office notions are not so nice as the frilly cry-on-a-shoulder-when-the-biscuits-burn notions," she would end dolefully. "Fancy my tall self weeping on the superintendent's shoulder because a cablegram has gone astray! Making women over into commercial nuns is a problem—some of us take it easily and don't try to fight back, some of us fight and end defeated and bitter, and some of us don't play the game but just our own hand—like Trudy. And what's the square game for a commercial nun? That is what I'd like to know."

She would then find herself dreaming of two distinct forks in the road, both of which might be possible for her but only one of which was probable. Each fork led to a feminine rainbow ending.

The more probable fork would resolve itself, a few years hence, into a trim suburban bungalow with a neat roadster to whisk her into business and whisk her away from it. The frilly cry-on-a-shoulder-when-the-biscuits-burn part of Mary would have long ago vanished, leaving the business woman quite serene and satisfied. She would find her happiness in mere things—in owning her home; in facing old age single-handed and knowing it would not bring the gray wolf; in helping Luke through college while her mother was in a comfy orthodox heaven with plenty of plates of hot cakes and dozens of starched window curtains; in rejoicing at some new possession for her living room, at her immaculate business costumes, new books, tickets for the opera season, in vacationing wherever she wished, sometimes with other commercial nuns and sometimes alone; in having that selfish, tempting freedom of time and lack of personal demands which permit a woman to be always well groomed and physically rested, and to take refuge in a sanitarium whenever business worries pressed too hard. To sum it up—it meant to sit on the curbstone—a nice, steam-heated, artistically furnished curbstone, to be sure—and have to watch the procession pass by.

The other fork in the road led to a shadowy rainbow, since Mary knew so little concerning it. It comprised the exacting, unselfish rôle of having baby fingers tagging at her skirts and shutting her away from easy routines and lack of responsibility; of having a house to suit her family first and herself last; of growing old and tired with the young things growing up and away from her, and the strong-shouldered man demanding to be mothered, after the fashion of all really strong-shouldered and successful men—requiring more of her patience and love than all the young things combined; of subordinating her personality, perhaps her ideas, and most certainly her surface interests. To be that almost mystical relation, a wife; which includes far more than having Mrs. Stephen O'Valley—just for example—on a calling card.

To her lot would fall the task of always being there to welcome the strong man with tender joy when he had succeeded or to comfort him with equal tenderness when he had failed, and at all times spurring him to live up to the ideal his wife had set for him. To stay aloof from his work inasmuch as it would annoy him, yet to be adviser emeritus, whether the matter involved hiring a new sweeper-out or moving the whole plant to the end of the world. Someone who ministered to the needs of the strong man's very soul in unsuspected, often unconscious and unthanked fashion; such a trifle as a rose-shaded lamp for tired eyes, a funny bundle of domestic happenings told cleverly to offset the jarring problems of commerce, a song played by sympathetic fingers, a little poem tucked in the blotter of the strong man's desk, an artful praising of the strong man's self!

Mary realized this latter fork was not probable—nor was she unhappy because of it. She sometimes retired to her study to vow eternal wrath upon Trudy Burrows for having attached herself to the household; or to pray that her mother be enlightened to the extent of moving; but beyond an occasional "mad on," as Luke said, Mary viewed life from the angle of the doughnut and not that of the hole.

"I wish someone else would try frying these greasy things," she said, coming in with another plateful.

"Why don't you slip on a kimono instead of a starched house dress, Mary? Whoever is spick-and-span on Sunday morning?"

"Don't get Mary to lecturing," Mrs. Faithful warned between bites. "She'll make us all go to church if we're not careful. Are you going out with Gay to-day, Trudy?"

"Yes. And I'm awfully mad at him too. It's fierce the way he gambles."

"Don't be too harsh; it's a mistake to nag too much—beforehand. He's a lovely young man and I wish Luke could have one of those green paddock coats. I always like a gentleman's coat with a seal-skin collar, don't you?"

"If it's paid for." Trudy's eyes darkened. "Just because Gay comes of a wonderful family he thinks he has the keys to the city."

"He's a lovely young man," Mrs. Faithful reiterated. "Oh, what did Beatrice Constantine wear when she came down to the office?"

"Clothes." Mary was deep in the Sunday paper art section.

"She looked like a Christmas tree on fire," Luke supplemented. "Lovely butter-colored hair she has!"

"That will do. She is very nice but different from our sort." Mary glanced up from her paper.

Trudy bridled. "She's no different; she has money. My things have as much style. Gaylord knows her intimately, and he says she is a wretched dancer and pouts if things don't please her. The best tailors and modistes in the country make her things. Who wouldn't look well? If I had one-tenth of her income I'd be a more Gorgeous Girl than she is—and don't I wish I had it! Oh, boy! Why, that girl has her maid, the most wonderful jewelry you ever saw, two automobiles of her own and a saddle horse, and her father owns the best apartment house in town, and Beatrice is going to have the best apartment in it when she marries Steve. And you can just bet she knew she was going to marry him a long time ago because she knew he'd rob the Bank of England to get a fortune. She's flirted with everyone from an English nobleman to the Prince of Siam, and now she's marrying the handsomest, brightest, most devoted cave man in the world." Trudy glanced at Mary. "Yet she doesn't really care for him; she just wants to be married before she is considered passée." Trudy was very proud of her occasional French. "She'll be twenty-six her next birthday!"

"Dear me, girls take their time these days; I was eighteen the day Mr. Faithful led me to the altar."

"When are you going to get married?" Luke asked Trudy with malice aforethought.

"Oh, I'll give Mary a chance. She doesn't want to dance in the pig trough."

Mary laid down the paper. "I wish you people would finish eating. Luke, are you going fishing with me out at the old mill? Then you better get the walks swept. We'll be home in time for dinner, mother. I'll leave the things as near ready as I can. How about you, Trudy?"

"Gay wants me to go to the Boulevard Café—they dance on Sundays just the same as weekdays—and then we'll do a movie afterward. I suppose Steve and his Beatrice are now reveling in the Constantine conservatory, with Steve walking on all fours to prove his devotion. Why is it some girls have everything? Look at me—no one cares if I live or die. First I had a stepmother, and then I tried living with a great-aunt, and then I went to work. Here I am still working, and a lot of thanks I get for it. I'd like to see the Gorgeous Girl have to work—well, I would!"

Mary came by with some dishes. Whereupon Trudy settled herself in an easy-chair and ran through the supplement sections, discussing the latest New York scandal with Mrs. Faithful. The next thing on Trudy's Sunday program was washing out "just a few little things, Mary dear; and have you a bit of soap I could borrow and may I use the electric iron for half a jiffy?"

Presently there were hung on the line some dabs of chiffon and lace, and Trudy taking advantage of her softened cuticle sat down and did her nails, Mrs. Faithful admiring the high polish she achieved and reading Advice to the Anxious aloud for general edification.

After ironing the few little things Trudy shampooed her hair with scented soap and by the time its reddish loveliness was dry it was high noon and she repaired to her bedroom to mend and write letters. At one o'clock, in the process of dressing, she rapped at Mary's door and asked to borrow a quarter.

"I'm terribly poor this week and if I should have a quarrel with Gay I want to have enough car fare to come home alone—you know how we scrap," she explained.

About two o'clock there emerged from the front bedroom an excellent imitation of the Gorgeous Girl. Trudy had not exaggerated when she boasted of her own style. Though patronizing credit houses exclusively and possessing not a single woolen garment nor a penny of savings, she tripped down the stairs in answer to Luke's summons, a fearful, wonderful little person in a gown of fog-colored chiffon with a violet sash and a great many trimmings of blue-crystal beads. She boasted of a large black hat which seemed a combination of a Spanish scarf and a South Sea pirate's pet headgear, since it had red-coral earrings hanging at either side of it. Over her shoulders was a luxurious feline pelt masquerading comfortably under the title of spotted fox. White-kid boots, white-kid gloves, a silver vanity case and a red-satin rose at her waist completed the costume.

Standing in the offing about to decamp with Mary, Luke gave a low whistle to tip her off to look out the window and not miss it. Mrs. Faithful was peeking from behind the starched window curtains as there glided before her eyes the most elegant young woman and impressive young man ever earning fifteen dollars and no dollars a week respectively.

"How do they do it?" Mary sighed. "Come, Luke, let's get on the trail of something green and real."

A few moments later there hurried along the same pathway a tall young woman in an old tailored suit which impressed one with the wearer's plainness. Instead of a silver vanity case she was laden with a basket of newspapers, string and a garden trowel, indicating that fern roots would be the vogue shortly. Shouldering fishing tackle Luke turned his freckled face toward Mary as

(Continued on Page 77)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

All You Need Know About *Spark Plugs*

We believe that AC Spark Plugs are by all odds the best spark plugs made and we believe you believe so.

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The truth about spark plug merit is established in the scales of cold fact.

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They chose AC's because their chief engineers after searching tests found AC's best suited to their needs.

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Brockway Trucks
Buffalo Motors
Bugatti
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Bullock Creeping-Grip Tractors
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Chalmers
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Commonwealth
Conestoga Trucks
Continental Motors
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Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco Light
Denby Trucks (Canada)
Diamond T Trucks
Diehl Trucks
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Duesenberg Motors
Eagle Tractors
Elmira
Essex
Fairmont Railway Motors
Federal Trucks
Frontmobile
F-W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
Geneo Light
Glide
G. B. S. Motors
G. M. C. Trucks
Gramm Bernstein Trucks
Gray Dort
Hackett
Hahn Trucks
Hall Trucks
Harvey Trucks
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Haynes
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Holt Tractors
Howell Tractors
Hudson
Hupmobile
Hurlburt Trucks
Independent Trucks
Jordan
Jumbo Trucks
Kalamazoo Trucks
Kent Concrete Mixers
Keystone Trucks
KisselKar
Kleiber Trucks
Klemm Trucks
Knox Tractors
Kochler Trucks
K-Z Trucks
La Crosse Tractors
Lalley-Light
Liberty
Liberty Aircraft Motors
Locomobile
Macear Trucks
Maibohm
Marmon
Master Trucks
Maxim Fire Trucks
Maytag
McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Meteor
Midland Trucks
Midwest Engines
Minneapolis Motors
Mitchell
Moline Knight
Moreland Trucks
Napoleon Trucks
Nash
National
Nelson
Nelson Tractors
Nelson & Le Moon Trucks
Netco Trucks
Noble Trucks
Northway
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Owens Light & Power Plants
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Pan
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Peerless
Perfect Power Sprayers
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pioneer Tractors
Premier
Ranger Trucks
Red Wing Thorobred Motors
Reo
Re Vere
Riker Trucks
Roberts Motors
Robinson Fire Trucks
Rock Falls
Rowe Trucks
Rutenber Motors
Samson Tractors
Sandow Trucks
Sanford Trucks
Saxon
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Signal Trucks
Singer
Standard "8"
Standard Trucks
Stearns-Knight
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Sterling Engines
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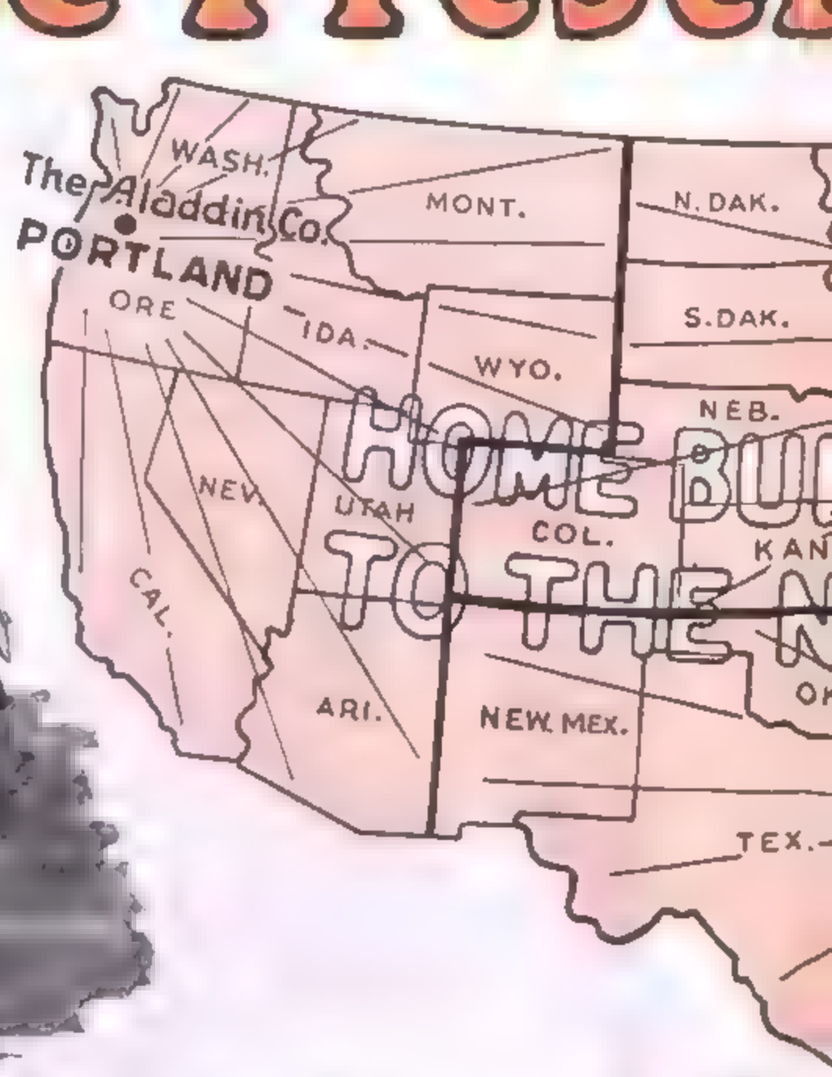
Vim Trucks
Ward La France Trucks
Westcott
White
Whitney Tractors
Wilcox Truc
Wisconsin Motors
Wolverine Tractors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Patent No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

How to Reduce Present

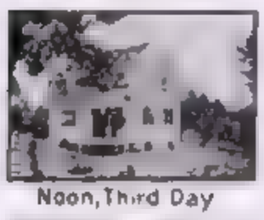


$100 MINUS LABOR WASTE $70

Save the Waste

$100 MINUS LUMBER WASTE $82

First Days Work


Noon, Third Day

Seventh Day

Twentieth Day

Save the Waste and Reduce the Cost. The Aladdin System Scientifically Prepares the Materials and Conserves the Labor. You Can Save 18% on the Cost of the Lumber and 30% on the Cost of the Labor.

Certified records of thousands of Aladdin Homebuilders in every state prove these statements. You can prove these statements for yourself, for there is an Aladdin Home near you wherever you live.

The pictures at the right tell the story of scientific preparation and handling of materials and the pictures at the left the efficient conservation and direction of the labor.

Fourteen years success of the Aladdin System of construction have firmly established its many advantages.

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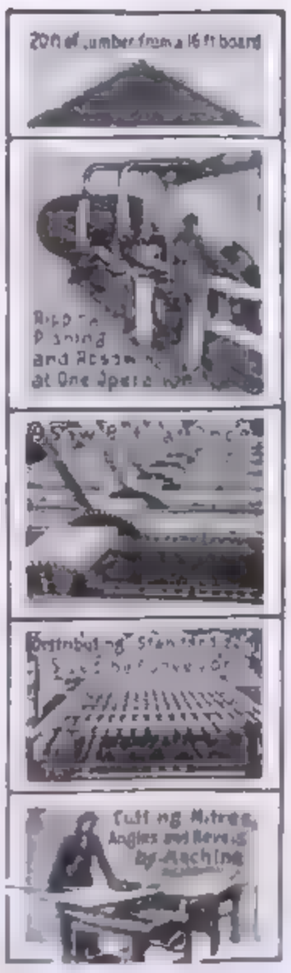
The only possible way to reduce present high prices of lumber and labor is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin System prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 2%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%. One man will do in six days, with Aladdin Materials, what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin's System. The book, "Aladdin Homes," sent free to prospective builders, explains this completely and thoroughly.



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General Offices and Mills of the [illegible] Company, Northern [illegible] are located at Bay City, Michigan. Complete lumber stocks are manufactured and shipped from [illegible] North Central and Northeastern territory. All mail from adjacent territory should be sent to this office for quickest attention.

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North Carolina

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Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company for all types of passenger cars and commercial cars in use in this country. It is for sale at dealers everywhere. Ask for Chart, and for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for motor cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Acme	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)							A	A	A	Arc.
Advance Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Allen					A	A	A	Arc.		
" (4 cyl.)			A	A						
Apperson	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Farm Tractors)			A	A			Arc.		Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)							A	Arc.		
" (6-10)	A	A			A	A	A	A		
Chandler Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	A	A	A						
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham									Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	E	E
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Federal	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
" (Model N)			A	A	A	A				
Federal (special)										
Franklin	E	E	E	I	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l										
" (Model 6)										
Haynes	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Super Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									A	Arc.
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Model 48							A	A	A	A
" 12 (6)			A	A	A	A				
Leppard Stewart			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Model V					A	A	A	Arc.		
" (Model MW)					A	Arc.				
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	I	E	E	E	E
Madison			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)					A	A	A	A		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (23-70)									Arc.	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)							A	A		
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monitor			A	Arc.	A	A	E	E	A	Arc.
" (Mod. M4			A	A	A	A				
" (Mod. S	A	A								
Moon			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A							
" Model 671			A	A						
" Quad	A	A	A	A						
National					A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" 12 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A			Arc.	Arc.
" 8 cyl.							A	A		
Oldsmobile	A		A		A		A		A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Overland	Arc.		Arc.		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard									A	Arc.
" 12 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Page (4 cyl.)									A	Arc.
"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
"							A	A	A	Arc.
" (6)					A	Arc.				
" (6-66)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A						
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless			A	A	Arc.		A	A		Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	
" Commercial	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)					A	A				
Simplex (4 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Stevens-Duryea	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)									A	Arc.
" 6 cyl.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" (34 cyl.)	A	A	A							
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	A		Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Sixteen Valve	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Willys-Overland	A	A	Arc.	Arc.						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.					
Wisconsin	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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they began a conversation, and his perpetual grin was momentarily replaced by an expression of respect. At least his sister was not like the average woman, who depends solely on her clothes to make her interesting.

Meantime Trudy and Gaylord Vondeplosshe were beginning their Sunday outing by walking to the corner in silence—the usual preliminary to a dispute. Gaylord was quite Trudy's equal as to clothes, not only in style but in forgetfulness to pay for them. Still, he was not unusual after one fully comprehended the type, for they flourish like mushrooms. His had been a rich and powerful family—only-the-father-drank-you-see variety—the sort taking the fastest and most expensive steamer to Europe and bringing shame upon the name of American traveler after arriving. Gaylord had been the adored and only son, and his adored and older sister had managed to marry fairly well before the crash came and debts surrounded the entire Vondeplosshe estate.

He was small and frail, a trifle bow-legged to be exact, with pale and perpetually weeping eyes, a crooked little nose with an incipient mustache doing its best to hide a thick upper lip. His forehead sloped back like a cat's, and his scanty, sandy hair was brushed into a shining pompadour while white eyelashes gave an uncanny expression to his face. Abortive lumps of flesh stuck on at careless intervals sufficed for ears, and his scrawny neck with its absurdly correct collar and wild necktie seemed like an old, old man's when he dresses for his golden-wedding anniversary. Everything about Gaylord seemed old, exhausted, quite ineffectual. His mother had never tired boasting that Gaylord had had mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, St. Vitus dance, double pneumonia and typhoid, had broken three ribs, his left arm, his right leg and his nose—all before reaching the age of sixteen. And yet she raised him!

Coupled with this and the fact of his father's failure people were lenient to him. "He's Vondeplosshe's boy," they said; so they gave him a position or a loan or a letter of introduction, and thought at the same time what a splendid thing it was Vondeplosshe was out of it instead of having to stand by and see his son make a complete foozle.

For some time Gaylord had been scampering up and down the gantlet of sympathy, and as long as he could borrow more money in Hanover than he could possibly earn he refused to go to work.

Originally he would have been almost as rich as the Gorgeous Girl herself, but as it was he was as poor as Trudy Burrows, only Trudy was a nobody, her family being a dark and uncertain quantity in the wilds of Michigan.

Whereas Gaylord was a Vondeplosshe and he could—and did—saunter past a red-brick mansion and remark pensively: "I was born in the room over the large bay window; the one next to it was my nursery—a dear old spot. Rather tough, old dear, to have to stand outside!" Or: "Father was a charter member of the club, so they carry me along without dues. Decent of them, isn't it? Father was a prince among men, bed right and left, y'know—always the way when a gentleman tries to be in business. Some say it was Constantine himself who did the worst of it. Of course never repeat it, will you? It takes a man with Steve O'Valley's coarseness to forge ahead."

His wobbly, rickety little body always wore the most startling of costumes. A green paddock coat well padded, a yellow walking stick in the thin fingers, a rakish hat, patent-leather boots, striped suits, silk shirts with handkerchiefs to match, a gold cigarette case and a watch chain like a woman's were a few of Gaylord's daily requisites. He lived at a club called The Hunters of Arcadia, where he paid an occasional stipend and gambled regularly, sometimes winning. He also promoted things in half dishonest, half idiotic fashion, undertaking to bring on opera singers for a concert, sometimes realizing a decent sum and sometimes going behind only to be rescued by an old family friend.

Gaylord was always keen on dinner invitations. And because he was a son of Vondeplosshe the same family friends endured his conceited twaddle and his knock-kneed wicked little self, and sighed with relief when he went away. It would be so much easier to send these dethroned sons of rich men a supply of groceries and an order for coal!

Besides these lines of activity Gaylord wrote society items for the paper, and as he knew everyone and everything about them he was worth a stipend to the editor. He was considered a divine dancer by the buds, and counted as a cutey by widows. But his standing among creditors was: If he offered a check for the entire amount or a dollar on account, pass up the check!

Steve had destroyed several I O U's with Gaylord's name attached, for the sole reason that Gay had been a playmate of Beatrice's and she rather favored him.

"He is so convenient," she had defended. "You can always call him up at the last minute if someone has disappointed for cards or dinner, and he is never busy. He can shop with you as well as a woman, lunch with you, dance with you—and he does know the proper way to handle small silver. Besides, he loves Monster." Monster was Bea's pound-and-a-half spaniel, which barked her wonder at the silken beauty of Beatrice's boudoir.

So Gaylord traveled his own peculiar gait, with his married sister occasionally sending him checks; as busy as a kitten with a ball of yarn in making everyone tolerate though loathing him. When he visited Steve's office in the first flush of Steve's success, to ask the thousandth favor from him, and spied Trudy Burrows in all her lemon-kid-booted, pink-chiffon-waisted, red-haired loveliness—as virile and bewitching as anyone Gaylord's pale little mind could picture—he proved himself a "true democrat," as he boasted at the club, and offered her his hand in marriage in short order.

Having just despaired of winning a money bride, Gaylord chose Truletta, reasoning that if she were a little nobody it would give him the whiphand over her, since she would feel that to marry a Vondeplosshe was no small triumph. Besides, a chic red-haired wife who knew how to make the most of nothing and to smile, showing thirty-two pearly teeth as cleverly as any dental ad, would not be a bad asset among his men friends. Had the Vondeplossne fortunes remained intact and Gay met Trudy he would still have pressed his attentions upon her, though they might not have taken the form of an offer of marriage. Trudy's virile, magnetic personality would have commanded this weakling's attention and admiration at any time and in any circumstances—which is the way of things.

Very wisely Trudy kept the engagement somewhat of a secret. She estimated that by being seen with Gay she might meet a not impoverished and real man; and Gay—who still hoped for an heiress to fall madly in love with him—was willing to let the matter be a mere understanding. So this oversubscribed flirt and this underendowed young gentleman had been waiting for nearly two years for something to live on in order to be married or else two new affinities in order that they might part amicably.

They did not speak until they were in the café, where it looked well for Gaylord to be attentive and Trudy gracious.

Under the mask of a smile Trudy began, "I'm cross. You were gambling again—yes, you were! Never mind how I know. I know! . . . I'll have macaroni, ripe olives and a cream puff."

"The same," Gay said mournfully; adding: "Well, deary, I have to live!"

"Why not work? I do. You sponge along and waste everyone's time. I'm not getting any younger and it's pretty rough to be in an office with horrid people ordering you round—to have to hear all about Beatrice Constantine and her wonderful wedding. I'm as good as she is—yet I'll not be asked, and you will be."

"Of course I'll be. I'm her oldest playmate," he said proudly.

Trudy's temper jumped the stockade. "So, you paste jewel, you'll go mincing into church and see her married and dance with everyone afterward; and I'll sit in the office licking postage stamps while you kiss the bride! I'm better looking than she is; and if you are good enough to go to that wedding so am I!"

"Why, Trudy," he began in a bewildered fashion, "don't make a scene."

"No use making a scene in a fifty-cent café," she told him bitterly, "but I'm plenty good-looking enough to have a real man buy me a real dinner with a taxi and wine and violets as extras. Don't think you are doing me a big favor by being engaged to me."

"Oh, you're a great little girl," he said nervously; "and it's all going to come out right. It does rile me to think of your working for Steve. Never mind, my ship will come in and then we'll show them all."

"I'm twenty-three and you're twenty-six, and my eyes ache when I work steadily. I'll have to wear glasses in another year—but I'll wash clothes before I'll do it!"

"When it gets that bad we'll be married," he said seriously.

The humor passed over Trudy's head. "Married on what?" She was her prettiest when angry and she stirred in Gaylord's one-cylinder brain a resolve to play fairy-godfather husband and somehow deliver a fortune at her feet.

"I can't live at your club," she continued; "and your sister is jealous of her husband and wouldn't want me round. We couldn't live with the Faithfuls; Mary's a nice girl but I can't go their quiet ways. I only stay because it's cheap. I owe over two hundred dollars right now."

Gaylord was sympathetic. "I owe more than that," he admitted; "but I'm going to have some concerts and there'll be good horse races soon—sure things, you know. You'll see, little girl. What would you say if I showed you a real bank account?"

"I wouldn't waste time talking. I'd marry you." Her good humor was returning. "Honest, Gay, do you think you might draw down some kale?"

Like all her kind she had an absurd trust in anyone who was paying her attention. With a different type of man Trudy would have been beaten, courageously had the gentleman arrested, and then interfered when the judge was directing him to the penitentiary.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way. When we are married and you meet my friends you'll have to brush up on a lot of things."

"I guess I'll manage to be understood," she retorted; "and when we are married maybe you can get my job so as to support your wife!"

The orchestra began playing a new rag, and Trudy and Gay left their chairs to be the first on the floor. They were prouder of their dancing than of each other.

After several dances they became optimistic over the future and finished their dinner with the understanding that at the first possible moment they would be married and Trudy was to be a hard-working little bride causing her husband's men friends to be nice to the Vondeplosshes, while her husband would persuade the Gorgeous Girl to be nice to his wife.

They decided too that Mary Faithful was clever and good—but queer.

That Steve O'Valley would discover that a self-made man could not marry an heiress and make a go of it as well as a man of an aristocratic family could marry an adorable red-haired young lady and elevate her to his position.

That Trudy was far more beautiful than Beatrice Constantine, and as one lived only once in this world—why not always strive for a good time?

Whereat they had a farewell dance and moved on to the moving-picture world, where they held hands and stared vapidly at the films, repairing to a cafeteria on a side street for a lunch, and then to the Faithful parlor. Mary had gone to church, Luke had boy friends in to discuss a summer camp, and his mother snored mildly on the dining-room sofa.

They took possession of the front parlor, and the enlarged crayons of the Faithful ancestors bore witness that for more than two hours these young people giggled over the comic supplement, debated as to the private life of the movie stars, tried new dance steps, and then planned how to get everything for nothing and, having done so, not to share their spoils.

"A perfectly lovely time!" Trudy said glibly as she kissed Gay good night.

"Perfectly lovely!" he echoed politely. "Don't work too hard to-morrow, Babseley, will you? And do nothing rash until you see me."

"Call me up to-morrow at eight, Bubseley," she giggled. The pet names were of Gay's choice.

So Bubseley tottered down the walk while Babseley turned out the lights and retired to her room with a bag of candy and a paprika-brand of novel. At midnight she tossed it aside and prepared to go to sleep.

"And I'll have to go to work to-morrow," she sighed, planning her next silk dress as she did up the titian hair in curlers.

III

WHEN the world was considerably younger it dressed children in imitation of its adults—those awful headdresses and heavy stays, long skirts to trip up tender little feet and jeweled collars to make tiny necks ache. Now th . the world "is growing evil and the tim s waxing late" the grown-ups have turne the tables and they dress like the children—witness thereof to be found in the costume of Aunt Belle Todd, Mark Constantine's sister, who had shared her brother's fortunes ever since his wife had been presented with the marble monument.

Like all women who have ceased having birthdays Aunt Belle had not ceased struggling. She still had hopes of a financier who would carry her off in a storm of warmed-over romance to a castle in Kansas. Her first husband was Thomas Todd, the carpenter, chiefly distinguished for falling off a three-story building on which he was working and never harming a hair of his head; also for singing first bass in the village quartet. Aunt Belle had slightly recolored her past since she had lived with her brother. The account of Mr. Todd's singing in the quartet was made to resemble a brilliant début in grand opera which was abandoned because of Aunt Belle's dislike of stage life and temptations, while his rolling off the three-story building was never alluded to except when Mark Constantine wished to tease.

She was a short plump person with permanently jet-black hair and twinkling eyes. Prepared to forgo all else save elegance, she had brought up her gorgeous niece with the idea that it was never possible to have too much luxury. Seated in the Gorgeous Girl's dressing room she now presented excellent proof that the world was growing very old indeed—for her plump self was squeezed into a short purple affair made like a panafore, her high-heeled bronze slippers causing her to totter like a mandarin's wife; and strings of coral beads and a gold lorgnette rose and fell with rhythmic motion as she sighed very properly over her niece's marriage.

"It will never be the same, darling," she was saying, glancing in a mirror to see if the light showed the rouge boundaries too clearly—"never quite the same. You'll understand when your daughter marries—for you have been just as dear as one."

Beatrice, who was busy inspecting some newly arrived lingerie, did not glance up as she answered, "Don't be silly. You know it's a relief. You can sit back and rest from now on—until I'm divorced," she added with a smile.

"How can you even say such a thing?"

Beatrice tossed the filmy creamy silk somethings or other away and delivered herself of her mind: "Alice Twill was divorced before she married this specimen; so was Coralie Minter; and Harold Atwater; and both the Deralto girls were divorced, and their mother too. Jill Briggs is considering it, and I'm sure I don't blame her. Everyone seems to think a divorce quite the proper caper when things grow dull. You may as well have all the fun you can. Steve wants me to have everything I fancy, and I'm sure he'd never deny me a divorce."

"You are marrying a splendid self-made young man who adores you and who is making money every day in the week. No girl is to be more envied—you have had a wonderful ten years of being a 'Gorgeous Girl,' as your dear papa calls it, and at twenty-six you are to become the bride of a wonderful man—neither too early nor too late an age. I cannot really grieve—when I realize how happy you are going to be, and yet ——"

"Don't work so hard, aunty," Bea said easily. "Of course Steve's a wonderful old dear and all that—I wish I had asked him for the moon. I do believe he'd have gotten an option on it." She laughed and reached over to a bonbon dish to rummage for a favorite flavor. She selected a fat deadly looking affair, only to bite into it and discover her mistake. She tossed it on the floor so that Monster could creep out of her silk-lined basket and devour the remains.

"If you call natural feelings of a mother and an aunt 'working hard' I am at a loss ——" her aunt began with attempted indignation.

"Oh, I don't call anything anything; I'm dead and almost buried." She looked at her small self in the pier glass. "Think of all I have to go through with before it is over and we are on our way west. Here it is half past twelve and I've not eaten breakfast really. I'm so tired of presents and bored with clothes that I cannot acknowledge another thing or decide anything. I think weddings are a frightful ordeal. Did you know the women on my war-relief

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BETTER PAPER BETTER PRINTING

(Continued from Page 77)

committee presented me with a silver jewel box? Lovely of them, wasn't it? But I deserve it—after slaving all last winter. My bronchitis was just because I sold tags for them during that rainy weather."

"No, I haven't seen it. But I am glad you decided on a church wedding—there is such a difference between a wedding and just a marriage."

Beatrice shoved the box of lingerie away. "Those are all wrong, so back they go; and I can't help it if that woman does need money; I told her I wanted a full inch-and-a-half beading and she has put this crochet edge all round everywhere. I shan't accept a single piece!"

Whereupon she sat down at her dressing table and rang for her maid. Madame Pompadour herself had no lovelier boudoir than Beatrice's. It was replete with rose-colored taffeta curtains, padded sky-blue silk walls with garlands of appliquéd flowers. Lace frills covered every possible object; the ivory furniture was emphasized by smart rose upholstery, and the dressing table itself fairly dazzled one by the array of gold-topped bottles and gold-backed brushes.

Johanna, the maid, began brushing the sunshiny hair, the Gorgeous Girl stamping her feet as snarls asserted themselves.

"Two more days before the wedding," she complained. "There's the Twill luncheon to-day and a bridge and tea at Marion Kavanaugh's—I hate her too. She gave me the most atrocious Chinese idol. I'm going to tell her I have no proper place for it, that it deserves to be alone in a room in order to have it properly appreciated." She laughed at herself. "So I'll leave it for papa. The apartment won't hold but just so much—it's a tiny affair." She laughed again, the apartment having only eleven rooms and a profusion of iron grille work at all the windows. "But it's a wonderful way to start—in an apartment—it is such a good excuse for not dragging in all the terrible wedding presents. I can leave everything I like with papa because he never minds anything as long as he has his old slippers and plenty of mince pie. After a year or so I'm going to have a wonderful house copied after one I saw in Italy. By then they will all have forgotten what they gave me and I can furnish it so we won't have to go about wearing blinders. . . . The blue dress, Jody, that's right."

"And what is it to-night?" her aunt asked meekly.

"The Farmsworth dinner; and to-morrow another luncheon and the garden party at the club. Then the dinner here, rehearsal; and Wednesday, thank heaven, it will be all ended!"

Johanna helped fasten the king's-blue satin with seed-pearl trimmings and place a trig black hat atilt on the yellow hair.

"The ermine scarf, please."

The Gorgeous Girl was slipping matronly looking rings on her fingers and adding an extra dab of powder. She took another chocolate, hugged Monster, gave orders about sending back the lingerie, remarked that she must send her photograph to the society editor for the next day's edition and she thought the one taken in her Red Cross outfit would be the sweetest; and then kissing the tip of her aunt's right ear she sailed downstairs and into the closed car to be whirled to Alice Twill's house, a duplicate of the Gorgeous Girl's. There she was enthusiastically embraced and there followed a mutual admiration as to gowns, make-ups and jewelry, and a mutual sympathy as to being desperately tired and busy.

"My dear, I haven't had time to breathe—it's perfectly awful! I'll have to drop out of things next winter. Steve will never allow me to be so overburdened. I can't sleep unless I take a powder and I can't have any enthusiasm in the morning unless I have oodles of black coffee. Of course one has had to do serious work—thank heavens the war is over!—but you can't give up all the good times. . . . What a lovely center piece! And those cunning little gilt suit-cases for favors! A really truly gold veil pin in each one? You love! Oh, let's have a cocktail before anyone comes in. It does pick me up wonderfully. . . . Thanks. . . . Yes, I had breakfast in bed—some coffee and gluten crackers was all, and aunty had to stay in my room half the morning trying to be pensive about my wedding! No, Markham didn't make my traveling suit half as well as he did Peggy Brewster's. I shall never go near him again. . . . And did you hear that Jill found her diamond pendant in her cold-cream jar, so it wasn't a burglar at all!

"Yes, Gaylord Vondeplosshe is going to be an usher. . . . Well, what else could I do at the last moment? Wasn't it absurd for a grown man like Fred Jennings to go have the mumps? Gay knows everyone and I'm sure he is quite harmless. . . . Oh, Steve is well and terribly busy, you know. He is giving me the most wonderful present. Papa hasn't given me his yet and I'm dying to know what it is, he always gives me such wonderful things too. . . . There's the bell. I do hope it isn't Lois Taylor, because she always wants people to sign petitions and appear in court. It is Lois Taylor! Why didn't you leave word to have all petitions checked with wraps?" Giggles. "Good heavens, what a fright of a hat! Well, are you ready to go down?"

Five hours later Beatrice was being dressed for the evening's frolic, dipping into the bon-bon box for a stray maple cream and complaining of her headache. At this juncture her father tiptoed clumsily into her room and laid a white-velvet jewel case on her dressing table, standing back to watch her open it.

"You dear——" she began in stereotyped high-pitched tones as she pressed the spring. "You duck!" she added a trifle more enthusiastically, viewing the bow knot of gems in the form of a pin—a design of diamonds four inches wide with a center stone of pigeon's-blood ruby. "You couldn't have pleased me more"—trying it against her dressing gown. "See, Jody, isn't this wonderful? I must kiss you." She rustled over to her father and brushed her lips across his cheek, rustling back again to tell Jody she must try the neck coil again—it was entirely too loose.

"I guess Steve can't go any better than that," her father said, balancing himself on his toes and, in so doing, rumpling the rug.

He was a tall, heavily built man with harsh features and gray hair, the numerous signs of a self-made man who is satisfied with his own achievements. He had often told his sister: "Bea can be the lady of the family. I'm willing to sit back and pay for it. It'd never do for me to start buying antiques or quoting poetry. I can wear a dress suit without disgracing Bea, and make an after-dinner speech if they let me talk about the stockyards. But when it comes to musicals and monocles I ask to be counted out. I had to work too hard the first half of my life to be able to play the last half of it. I wasn't born in cold storage and baptized with cracked ice the way these rich men's sons are—I've shown this city that a farmer's boy can own the best in the layout and have his girl be the most gorgeous of the crew—barring none!"

"This is a joy," Beatrice was saying rapidly, her small face wrinkled with displeasure.

She wished her father would go away because she wanted to think of a hundred details of the next forty-eight hours and her nerves were giving warning that their limit of endurance was near at hand. This big awkward man who was so harsh a task-master to the world and so abject a slave to her own useless little self annoyed her. He offended in an even deeper sense—he did not interest her. Things which did not interest her were met with grave displeasure. Religion did not interest her; neither did Steve O'Valley's business; her head ached whenever he ventured to explain it. She had never had to listen to anything to which she did not wish to listen; the only rule imposed upon her was that of becoming the most gorgeous girl in Hanover, and this rule she had obeyed.

"Tired?" he asked timidly.

"Dead. It's terrible, papa. I don't know how I'll stay bucked up. I want to burst out crying every time a bell rings or anyone speaks to me. . . . Oh, Jody, your fingers are all thumbs! Please try it again."

"It looks nice," her father ventured, indicating the puff of gold hair.

Beatrice did not answer; she sighed and had Johanna proceed.

"The Harkin detectives will watch the presents," her father ventured again. "There are some more packages downstairs."

"I'm tired of presents; I want to be through unwrapping crystal vases and

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(Continued from Page 79)

gold-lined fruit dishes and silly book ends and having to write notes of thanks when I hate the gifts. My mind seems quivering little wires that won't let me have a moment's rest." She took another piece of candy.

"When I married your mother," her father remarked softly, evidently forgetting Johanna's presence, "we walked to a minister's house in Gardenville, about five miles south of here. Your mother was working for a farmer's wife and she didn't say she was going to be married. She was afraid they might try talking her out of it—you know how women do." He looked round the elegant little room. "I was getting ten dollars a week—that seemed big money in those days. I rented two rooms in the rear cottage of a house on Ontario Street—it's torn down now. And I bought some secondhand stuff to furnish it."

He paced up and down; he had a habit of so doing since he was always whisked about in his motor car and he feared growing stiff if he did not exercise.

"But your mother liked the rooms—and the things. I remember I bought a combination chair and stepladder for a dollar and it didn't work." He gave a chuckle. "It stayed in a sort of betwixt and between position, about one-third stepladder and about two-thirds chair, and that worried me a lot. A dollar meant a good deal then. But your mother knew what to do with it; she used it for kindling wood and said we'd charge it up to experience. Yes, sir, we walked to the minister's—she wore a blueprint dress with a little pink sprig in it, and a sort of bonnet." His hand made an awkward descriptive gesture.

"The minister was mighty nice—he took us into the garden and let your mother pick a bunch of roses and then he hitched up his horse and buggy and drove us back to the farmer's house. The farmer's wife cried a little when we told her; she liked your mother. She gave us a crock of butter and some jam. While your mother packed her little trunk—it wasn't any bigger than one of your hatboxes—I went out and stood at the gate. I kept thinking, 'By jingo, I'm a married man! Mr. and Mrs. Mark Constantine.' And I felt sort of afraid—and almost ashamed. It frightened me because I knew it was two to feed instead of one, and I wondered if I'd done wrong to take Hannah away from the farmer's wife when I was getting only ten dollars a week.

"Well, when she came out of the door she looked as pretty as you'll look in all your stuff, and she came right up to me and said, game as a pebble, 'Mark, we're man and wife and we'll never be sorry, will we? And when you're rich and I'm old we will stay just as loving!' I didn't feel sorry or frightened any more—not once. Not until you came and they told me she had gone on. Then I felt mighty sorry—and frightened. She looked so tired when I saw her then—so tired."

He paused, staring at his sunken gardens as seen from Beatrice's windows. Some men lazily raked new-cut grass and a peacock preened itself by the sundial. The glass conservatory showed signs of activity. The florists were at work for the coming event. Then he looked at his daughter, who waited with polite restraint until his reverie was ended.

"I've given you all she would have had," he said, as if in debate with himself this was the last rebuttal against possible criticism.

Beatrice glided over beside him; she looked out of the window too, and then at her father. Something quite like tears was in his harsh eyes.

"Daddy," she began with a quick indrawing of her breath, "do you think she'd have wanted me to have all—all this?"

"Why wouldn't she?" he answered, taking her arm. He had always treated her with a formality amounting almost to awe.

"I don't know—only I sometimes do almost think—would you suspect it? When I go to the office and watch those queerly dressed women bending over desks and earning a few dollars a week and having to live on it—and when I see how they manage to smile in spite of it—and how I waste and spend—and shed a great many tears—well, I wonder if it is quite safe to start as Steve and I are starting!" Then she threw her arms round him. "Steve won't believe that I've been serious, will he? Now, daddy dear, please go 'way and let me dress, for I'm 'way late."

She kissed him almost patronizingly and he tiptoed out of her room, rather glad to get into his own domain—the majestic library with its partially arranged wedding gifts.

"We're doing ourselves proud," he remarked to his sister, who had been rearranging them.

"What I told Beatrice this morning. Only she is all nerves. She can't enjoy anything—it will be a relief to me, Mark, as well as a loss, when it is over."

Her brother viewed her with a quizzical expression. Like the rest of the world his sister never fooled him. But like all supermen there was one human being in whom all his trust was centered, and who very often thus brought about his defeat. In his case, as with Steve O'Valley, it chanced to be Beatrice.

Regarding her both men—merciless with their associates and dubbed as fish-blooded coroners by their enemies—were like gullible children following a lovely and willful Pied Piperess. But Mark's sister with her vanities and fibs irritated and amused him by turns. Perhaps he resented her sharing this material triumph, instead of the tired-faced woman in the churchyard.

"Do you remember the time you did the beadwork for the head carpenter's wife and when she paid you for it you spent the dollar for liquid rouge? Todd was so mad he wouldn't speak for a week," he chuckled unkindly.

"Don't say such things! Think how it would embarrass Bea. Of course I don't remember. Neither do you."

"Oh, don't I? What's the harm recalling old times? I remember when you tried to make Todd a winter overcoat and he said it looked most as good as a deep-sea diver's outfit. My Hannah nearly died a-laughing."

Fortunately Steve appeared, flourishing Beatrice's corsage by way of a greeting.

"Aha, the conquerer comes. My dear lad, your ladylove has just ousted me from her room, she'll be down presently. Belle, Steve and I are going into the den to smoke."

"I'm trying to look as amiable as possible, but I wish fuss and feathers were not the mode." Steve smiled his sweetest at Aunt Belle and then took Constantine's arm. "The cave-man style of clubbing one's chosen into unconsciousness and strolling at leisure through the jungle with her wasn't half bad. By the way, I did sell the Allandale man to-day, and the razor-factory stock is going to boom instead of flattening out—I'm sure of it."

He lit a cigarette and threw himself into an easy-chair. Constantine selected a cigar and trimmed its end, watching Steve as he did so.

"You've come on about as well as they ever do," he remarked unexpectedly. "None of these rich young dogs could have matched you. Seen the presents?"

"Scads of 'em. Awful stuff. I don't know what half of it is for. Bea is going to hand you most of it. The apartment is to be a thing of beauty and she won't hear of taking the offerings along."

"How is the shop?"

"Splendid—Mary Faithful will manage it quite as well as I do. I shall hear from her daily, you'll stroll over that way, and I can manage to keep my left little finger on the wheel."

"Mary's a good sort," Constantine mused. "Sorry I ever let her go over to your shebang. What's her family like?"

"Don't know. Never thought about 'em. Her kid brother works round the place after school. Guess Mary's the man of the family."

"How much do you pay her?"

"Forty a week."

"Cheap enough. A man would draw down seventy and demand an assistant. I never had any luck with women secretaries—they all wanted to marry me," he admitted grimly.

"Mary's not that sort. Business is her life. If she were a man I'd have a rival. I'm going to give her fifty a week from now on; she's giving up her vacation to stay on the job."

"Don't spoil her."

"No danger. I've promised Beatrice to really learn to play bridge," he changed the subject.

"Accept my sympathy ——" Constantine began, and then Beatrice in a lovely, Bohemian rainbow dinner gown came stealing in to stand before them and complain of her headache and admire her corsage and let Steve wrap her in her cape and half carry her to the limousine.

"I shan't see you a moment until we're married," he began mournfully. "I've been most awfully neglected. But as you are going to be all mine I can't complain. You're prettier than ever, Bea. . . . Love me? . . . . . Lots? . . . . . Whole lots? You don't say it the way I want you to," laughing at his own nonsense.

"I'll scream it and a crowd can gather to bear witness." She dimpled prettily and nibbled at a rose leaf. "It's all like a fairy tale—everyone says so, and lots of the girls would like to be marrying you on Wednesday."

"Tell them I belong to the Gorgeous Girl until six men are walking quietly beside me and assisting me to a permanent resting place. Even then I'll belong to her," he added.

"Your nose is so handsome," she said, wistfully recalling her own.

"Talking of noses! Bea, sometimes it's terrible to realize that my ambitions have become true. To dream and work without ceasing and without much caring what you do until your dream merges into reality—it makes even a six-footer as hysterical as a schoolgirl."

"You're intense," she said soberly. "Jill says you'd make a wonderful actor."

Steve looked annoyed. "Those scatterbrained time wasters—don't listen to them. Let's find our real selves—you and I; be worth while. Now that I've made my fortune I want to spend it in a right fashion—I want to be interested in things, not just dollars and cents. Help me, dearest. You know about such things; you've never had the ugliness of poverty bruise the very soul of you."

"You mean having a good time—and parties ——" she began.

"No; books, music; studying human conditions. I want to study the slow healing of industrial wounds and determine the best treatment for them. I have made the real me go 'way, 'way off somewhere for a long time until I won my pile of gold that helped me capture the girl I loved. Now it is done the real me wants to come back and stay."

"Oh, I see," she said vaguely. "Of course there are tiny things to brush up on—greeting people, and you mustn't be so in earnest at dinner parties and contradict and thump your fist. It isn't good form."

"When whippersnappers like Gaylord Vondeplosshe ——"

"Sh-h-h! Gay's a dear. He is accepted everywhere."

"We're nearly there, tough luck! One kiss, please; no one can see. Say you care, then everything else must true up."

The wedding took place at high noon in church, with the bishop and two curates to officiate. There was a vested choir singing The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden; a thousand dollars' worth of flowers; six bridesmaids in pastel frocks and picture hats, shepherdess' staffs and baskets of lilies of the valley; a matron of honor, flower girls, ushers; a best man, a papa, an aunty in black satin with a large section of an ostrich farm for her hat—and a bridegroom.

After the wedding came the breakfast at the Constantine house. Though certain guests murmured that it was a trifle too ultra like the house itself, which was half a medieval castle and half the makings of a village fire department, it was generally considered a success. Nothing was left undone. The bride left the church amid the ringing of chimes; her health was drunk, and then she slipped up to the rose-taffeta adorned boudoir to exchange her ivory satin for a trim suit of emerald green. Everyone wished on the platinum circlet of diamonds and there was the conventional throwing of the bouquet, the rush through the back of the grounds to the hired taxi, the screams of disappointment at the escape and Mr. and Mrs. O'Valley were en route on their honeymoon.

The office forces of the O'Valley and Constantine companies had been excused so as to be present at the ceremony. But Mary Faithful and Trudy Burrows had not availed themselves of the opportunity. Womanly rebellion and heartache suddenly blotted out Mary's emotionless scheme of action. Besides, there was a valid excuse of waiting to catch an important long-distance call. With Trudy it was mere envy causing her to say over and over, "See Gay, the ragged little beggar, walk up the aisle with one of those rich girls and never glance at me—just because he's a Vondeplosshe! And me have to sit beside Nellie Lunk, who'll cry when the organ plays and wear that ridiculous bathtub of a hat? Never! I won't go unless I can walk up the aisle with Gay. Wait until I see him to-night; I'll make it very pleasant."

Life seemed rather empty for Trudy as she sat in the deserted offices pretending to add figures and trying to hum gayly. Even the box of wedding cake laid on her desk—it was laid on everyone's desk—brought forth no smile or intention of dreaming over it. Was she to spend her days earning fifteen dollars a week in this feudal baron's employ? Tears marred the intensive cultivation on her rouged cheeks as she looked out the window to see the office force being brought back from the church in trucks.

"Like cattle—peasants—all because of money. A war profiteer, that's what he was. And she isn't anything at all except that she has her father's money." She glanced toward Mary's closed door. "Poor Mary," she thought; "she cares! I don't—that makes it easier. Well, he could have done worse than to take Mary," tossing her head as she tried to create the impression of indifference now the employees were coming back to their desks.

For there was a forked road for Trudy as well as for Mary Faithful. Women are no longer compelled to accept the one unending pathway of domesticity. Trudy's forked road resolved itself into either marriage with Gay as a stepping-stone to marriage with someone else or a smart shop with society women and actresses as patrons, being able to live at a hotel and do as she wished, inventing a neat little past of escaping from a Turkish harem.

Hearing the scuffle of feet Mary opened the door and forced herself to ask about the wedding. Presently the excitement died down and the round of mechanical drudgery took its place. An hour later someone knocked at an inner door which led to steep side stairs connecting with a side street entrance. Wondering who it was Mary opened it, to find Steve, very flushed and handsome, a flower in his buttonhole yet no hint of rice about him.

"Sh-h-h! Not a word out loud! I want to escape. Mrs. O'Valley is waiting round the corner in a cab. I forgot the long-distance call—the one we expected yesterday."

"It came while everyone was at the church. I stayed here in case it did. They will pay your price, so I closed the deal."

"Hurrah for Mary Faithful! But I wish you could have been there. It was like a picture. I never saw her look so lovely. Well, that's settled. Wire me at Chicago. I think that's everything. Oh, you're to have fifty a week from now on. What man isn't generous on his wedding day? Good-by, Miss Head of Affairs."

For a long time Mary sat watching the hands of her desk clock slowly proceed round the dial. Someone knocked at the door and she said to come in but her voice sounded faint and far away

Fifty dollars a week generous on his wedding day! She ought to be very glad; it meant she could save more and have an occasional treat for Luke. It was good to think women had forked roads these days. How terrible if she were left in the shelter of a home to mourn unchecked. Besides, she was guarding his business, that was a great comfort. The Gorgeous Girl was sharing him with Mary Faithful—would always share him That was a comfort too.

After the errand boy left, Mary tried to write a letter but she found herself going into the washroom off Steve's office and without warning weakly burying her face in an old working coat he had left behind. She had just made a great many dollars for him which he would spend on the Gorgeous Girl; she would make many more during the long summer while she stayed at the post and was Miss Head of Affairs. She had laid her woman's hopes on the altar of commerce because of Steve O'Valley, and he rewarded her with a ten-dollar-a-week raise since a man was always generous on his wedding day.

Yet there was a distinct satisfaction in the heartache and the responsibility, even in the irony of the ten-dollar-a-week advance. Life might be hard but it was not empty! She was glad to be in the deserted office replete with his belongings and breathing of his personality. She was glad to be an acknowledged Miss Head of Affairs.

"You'd miss even a heartache if it were all you had," she whispered to herself from within the folds of Steve's office coat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Un-retouched photograph showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires still in service, after nearly a year, for The Wadley Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

Copyright 1920 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

GOODYEAR

Pneumatics Protect Loads for This Produce Company

"PNEUMATICS offer all-around advantages over solid tires in our hauling—save trucks, loads and improve working spirit of drivers. They require 1½ less gallons of gasoline on a 90-mile run. Solid-tired trucks sway over the road but trucks on pneumatics run straight. Goodyear Cords are giving excellent service."—P. P. Triller, Purchasing Agent, The Wadley Company, Produce Wholesalers, Indianapolis, Indiana

Twenty-five motor trucks distribute poultry, eggs and butter for The Wadley Company throughout central Indiana.

During the past year Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires have demonstrated their ability to reduce time and costs in comparison with solid tires in this service.

A 90-mile trip has been made repeatedly on the pneumatics in 3 less hours with 1½ less gallons of gasoline than when covered by a solid-tired truck.

Due to the jarring and shifting action of trucks on solid tires delicate produce has been damaged frequently, whereas the pneumatics prevent such loss.

Mud has stalled the solid-tired trucks, but the gripping Goodyear Cords have proved dependable under all adverse road conditions by reason of their firm traction.

An official describes the present mechanical condition of a Goodyear-Cord-equipped truck as being far better than could be expected on solid tires after a similar long term of hard work.

The photograph at the left affords additional and important evidence by showing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires still on duty after nearly a year of continuous hauling.

So this narrative confirms the many other records of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires that have saved trucks, loads, fuel, time and labor.

It indicates the force of Goodyear pioneering work in developing Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires, Goodyear Truck Tire Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials and in co-operating with others developing proper engine pumps, pressure gauges and vulcanizing equipment.

Information concerning pneumatic equipment for motor trucks and its results can be obtained from local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations or by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

SAVE TRUCKS LOADS BUSINESS
Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

THE CHRISTMAS DRIFTER

(Continued from Page 9)

"He won't need 'em, anyhow," the engineer interposed. "Th' Drifter ain't goin' to be a drinkin' man. He's goin' to be a engineer."

"How come he goin' to be a engineer?" the mate objected. "We're goin' to make him a mate. Hand him them bottles—he can drink all he wants."

For a moment the argument rose strenuously. Then Cap'n Dan broke in.

"Shut up, you ol' wildcats!" he said. "This is Christmas. You're supposed to be friendly."

The mate and the engineer looked at each other for a moment.

"Leave him be a mate," said the engineer. "It suits me."

"We'll make him a engineer," the mate conceded.

"Shut up, before I crown you both!" Cap'n Dan spoke quickly. "This is a time for peace an' good will. Fat Pat Kelly has done noble bein' Santa Claus, an' I know th' Drifter will remember this night as long as he lives."

Eyes turned toward the child upon the table. The Drifter was asleep.

On the day after Christmas the Drifter was attached for rations in St. Louis at the domicile of an uptown widow after having been transported there in the arms of his two jealous guardians.

"I lugs him th' next block—hand him over."

"There ain't no next block. That's th' house four doors f'm here."

And at the house four doors from there the Drifter was turned over to the administrative authority of a fat old woman who claimed she'd treat him as one of her own.

"Treat him better'n that if possible," Mr. Connor admonished. "These runts of yours don't look like they'd grade more'n nubbins when they git growed—an' th' Drifter's got to be a whale."

The two old men retraced their steps in silence to the boat.

"He ain't headed into no mate's job," the engineer finally said, "nor yet no engineer's. He grows up eddicated. All th' schoolin' from A, B, C to th' best rubber-tired-spectacle learnin' in this country is his. That's somethin' I almost got—and lost."

"What'll she cost?" the mate asked.

The engineer looked at him.

"Meanin' we're too old to figger that fur ahead?"

"You're goin' on seventy-three, Sammy—I'm more'n seventy. Not much chance of us hangin' on long enough to pilot th' Drifter through his schoolin'."

The two old men fell silent until they reached the landing where the Gilmore was moored. They walked above and into the cabin of the boat.

"Come in here an' let's have a talk."

The engineer led the way into his stateroom. He flopped full length on his bed. The mate sat down on a locker at the foot of the bed.

"Jake, I got seven hundred dollars saved up an' I'm good for thirty a month as long as I stay here. Thirty-two mebbe if I cut out tobacco an'——"

"You cuts out no tobacco, Sammy," the mate interrupted. "Th' Drifter needs us. You ain't goin' to risk your health an' stren'th by gittin' righteous sudden an' sayin' adoo to what little whisky an' tobacco you absorbs. Th' shock might run you aground at your age. Me—I drinks heavy an' eats tobacco day an' night. I'll do th' cuttin' down on them things. I'll do th' quittin'. I quits both—now!"

The mate reached into his hip pocket and fished out a thin leather tobacco pouch.

"Here!" he said to the engineer.

He threw the pouch on the top of the engineer's locker. He got up and walked from the room. He returned presently with the bottle which he had fished from the rubber boot under his bed. He set the bottle down heavily. Beside it he deposited two unopened packages of fine-cut tobacco.

"I'm done!" he repeated. "That's six to eight dollars a month saved f'r th' Drifter. An' now I'm goin' to cut adrift."

"You're what?"

The engineer sat up in astonishment.

"I'm quit th' river," the mate answered. "Fifty years is enough. An' in Saint Louis I'll play a big chance. They'll be no more worry, or else no more me."

The engineer reached out for his blackened pipe, which lay on a little shelf at the head of his bed. He bit the end of the stem off. He laid the pipe back on the shelf and lighted a match. The match burned unnoticed to the trembling old fingers which held it.

"Hell, Jakie, that'll leave me plumb alone!"

"Cheer up! F'r a little while each of us'll be alone, but purty soon I'll land enough f'r th' three of us. I got a scheme."

"You'll have a chancet to see th' Drifter in Saint Louis whilst I'm down river. An' that's more than ——" The engineer was silent for a little while. "I guess it's best, Jake," he finally said. "I'll stick! All I know is steam an' I'm too old f'r a city job. I'll stick an' mebbe I kin perduce cash with some side line—them knit tidies or somethin'."

"Sammy, with your book learnin' you kin easy write a thick book. If I knowed what you does about engines I'd invent some machinery or somethin'. Anyway, it's only temporary. My luck never backslid none in a pinch." The mate looked long at the bright light above him. "'Ceptin'—Linnie an' th' baby. That was hard luck enough to last me f'r life." He breathed heavily. "Enough to last me forever an' ever." He got to his feet. "I'm goin' to pack up now."

That night the mate said good-by to the Mississip'. At midnight the Gilmore was under way, headed downstream.

At morning, when the watchman came to call him, the engineer lay still awake.

"I know it's six o'clock," he replied petulantly to the watchman's summons. He lighted the pipe with the broken mouthpiece before he got to his feet. For a moment he smoked in silence and then, "Dang it," he said, "I wish you was here, Jake! It don't mean nuthin' without you—nuthin' means nuthin' 'less you're where I kin hear you cuss once in a while."

At the same hour in St. Louis the mate was thinking of the Drifter and thinking hard so as to keep his feet from catching the train that would presently overtake the Gilmore down river.

"You knows damn well, Sammy," he said aloud to the empty room—"you knows damn well that only this varmint of a baby, Drifter, could hold me here—an' you downstream."

For the first few days of the downstream trip the engineer's mind plunged round in the jungles of poverty, seeking a way out that would insure financial independence for the Drifter. He repeatedly recalled the mate's remark, "You can write a thick book," and presently the thick book began to assume the elements of reality. The thickest book in his possession was the Origin of Species, a work to which he had not subscribed the tribute of belief.

"I figger Jake was right. Th' bird is crazy. It's just the other way round, near as I can see. It stands to reason th' first human bein's on earth was men—reg'lar animals. Th' more I see of this gang round here th' more I figger how easy it would be f'r animals to descend off 'em. Look at that lantern-jawed cinder eye of a fireman. If he had kids th' chances is a million to one they'd be bulldogs. Look at that little gopher of a waiter. A thousand years f'm now his family'll be canary birds. It shows up naturalest on 'em when they gits scared. Mebbe I could write a book about that. Mebbe she'd sell heavy. Most folks is interested in where they're headin' f'r."

After a while his planning suffered a normal transition and work on How Animals Happened was started.

"They look nacheral when they're scared," he repeated to himself. "An' nuthin' scares 'em like somebody shootin' at 'em."

On the theory that fear would be the only true source of his comparative data he began work on an outfit which would enable him to get his evidence together in tangible form. In an open space on the lower deck between the coal bunkers and the engine room he partitioned off an experimental laboratory. Above a chair against a bulkhead he fixed a heavy plate of sheet iron. Opposite it on a substantial table was mounted a cheap camera. He worked for days on the construction of a gun which would use gasoline for its explosive. The barrel of this gun he drilled out carefully from a bar of steel. To this he attached a water jacket and an explosion chamber, a carburetor and a reciprocating shuttle. To the shuttle from a hopper there was fed an endless supply of lead bullets.

The day of the initial experiment came and in the laboratory there assembled a miscellaneous group of deck hands, oilers, firemen and engineers.

"How fast'll she shoot?" one of them asked.

"God only knows! There's a thousand bullets in this hopper. We'll touch her off an' time her."

"Your bullets is apt to fly back."

"No, they won't. They'll drop square down from that iron plate. Lead ain't got no bounce molecules in it like steel."

Nevertheless, the crew stood well back as Mr. Connor made ready to throw the switch of the spark coil that would produce the first explosions in his gasoline gun.

"Let her go!" somebody yelled.

Mr. Connor closed the electric circuit and hell broke loose. It endured for ten seconds, at the end of which time the observers were scattered from the bow of the boat to various points on the upper deck. Mr. Connor stuck faithfully by his gun. One by one the crew drifted back to view the remains.

"If all you want is to scare a man to death she sure is a roarin' success!"

Under the sheet-iron plate a little heap of flattened lead bullets was all that remained of the hopper full.

"Ten seconds, a thousand shots! Boys, she fires a hundred shots a second an' she's safe as a church. I want volunteers to set in that chair while this shebang goes off so I can get some fear pictures of 'em with their faces all twisted up while the noise is goin' good."

One of the firemen was first to volunteer. He was presently joined by all of the crew who were present.

Mr. Connor obtained a supply of buckshot at the next town down the river and on

(Continued on Page 90)

"An' Here," the Cook Continued, "Is a Handy Thing F'r a Lad to Have"

Erected in Rosedale Cemetery
Los Angeles Cal. by Senator Hanford Lennox Gordon

The Indelible Register

IN the early days of memorial art, man was forced to be content with the use of the softer stones; but the demand for an everlasting material has developed machinery and methods which have not only made it possible to quarry and shape the harder granites, but to polish the surface in such a way that it produces a most beautiful effect and makes it practically impervious to the ravages of time and the elements.

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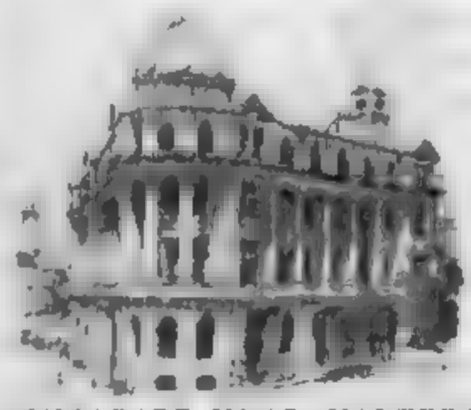
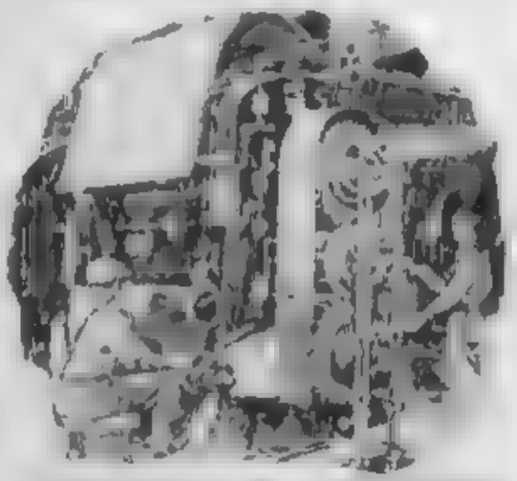


SINGAPORE HEADQUARTERS IN CHARTERED BANK CHAMBERS—Firestone saves car owners $1,000,000 a year buying rubber at source of supply



THOUSANDS of FIRESTONE WORKERS ARE STOCKHOLDERS in the Company. They have a financial interest in every Firestone customer.

FIRESTONE CLUBHOUSE—Firestone advantages attract and hold the best men.

FIRESTONE has built tires since the beginning of automobiles and trucks.

Firestone built carriage tires before that.

Firestone has built millions and millions of tires of all types.

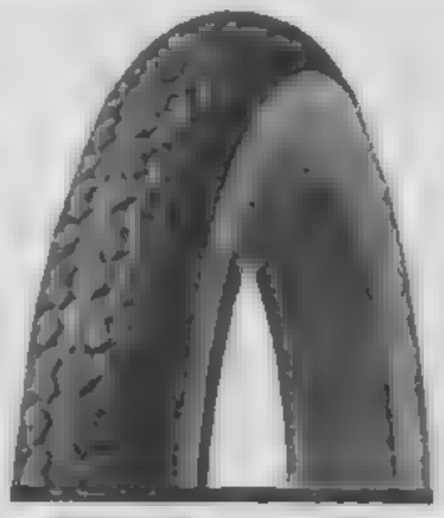
Firestone has built acres and acres of factories, mills and branch houses all over the world.

Most important of all to the tire-using public, Firestone has built an organization of such brains, such energy, and such determination to do the better thing and do it first, that leadership has followed as a natural result.

It is this character of man power that has put Firestone on a pedestal of quality in tires while keeping the prices down.

And the greatest things that Firestone men have done have been accomplished this year.

The New Firestone cord tire is one of these things. It jacks up tire making and tire service far beyond the ordinary standards. It is built to the largest standard established by the industry.



The Firestone Cord Tire with extra heavy non-skid tread—built to the largest size established by the industry.

The greater size means much more mileage — more rubber and cord.

And it is built by the top-sergeants of tire makers.

The new extra heavy non-skid tread looks the part of its greater mileage. And has sure, true traction, yet no suction hollows to waste power or slow up speed.

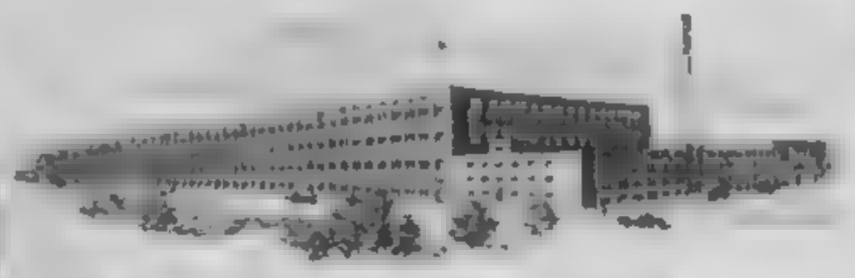
Today these big cords are being made more efficiently than ever, and Firestone men hope soon to catch up closer to the demand for them

Because the parent factory, Plant No. 1, is being relieved of manufacturing the 3½-inch tires, the size used by over half the car owners of the world, and is concentrating on large tires, cords and truck tires.

The new 3½-inch Firestone is another thing done for car owners this year. Back of this special molded tire are years of planning and millions of investment.

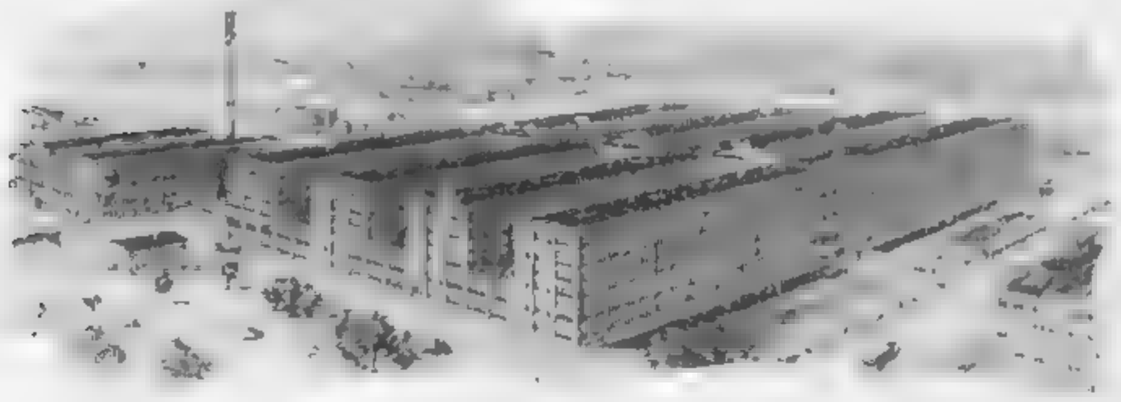
To make this tire and put the extra mileage into it at so low a cost—

Firestone Giant Solid. Firestone Giant Cord and Demountable Rim. There is a Firestone Truck Tire for every road, load and condition of service.

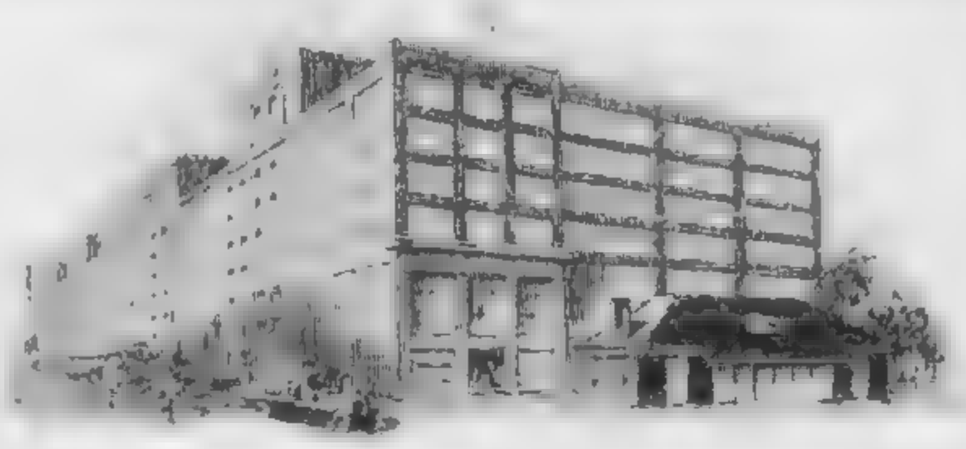


FABRIC MILL—To insure the best without having to add a premium to price of tires and to get uniform quality and supply, Firestone invested in this mill

SHIP BY TRUCK SYMBOL—Designed by Firestone and contributed to the furtherance of motor truck transportation.



PLANT No. 1—Capacity 20,000 tires a day—concentrated on large tires, cords and truck tires.



PLANT No. 2—Devoted exclusively to 3½-inch tires—capacity 16,000 a day. Builds the most nearly perfect 3½-inch tire possible.

Firestone built a special factory, Plant No. 2 — designed special machinery—invested in a special fabric mill—set apart a special organization.

This is specialization in its truest sense.

In this factory every method, every machine, every man is concentrating on one job—3½-inch tires and tubes. The capacity is 16,000 tires per day.

3½-INCH Special Molded Firestone Non-Skid Tire. Firestone Plant No. 2 makes this size exclusively. 6,000 miles adjustment basis.

It is only logical to bank on every user of 3½-inch tires wanting these Firestones if Firestone continues as far in advance as at present. And the swift progress the Firestone organization is making right now is the talk of the trade.

Important truck tire improvements have been made by Firestone men this year, also.

Firestone, having built the first truck tire, acquired a lead which has grown more pronounced every year.

Firestone made the Giant Pneumatic practical by the creation of the demountable rim.

Firestone furnished wheel manufacturers designs to make changes easy.

Firestone designed for truck manufacturers a device that manipulates the Giant spare tire without handling.

And Firestone, through the "Ship by Truck" movement, and similar activities, has brought everybody to realize what motor transportation means toward business expansion.

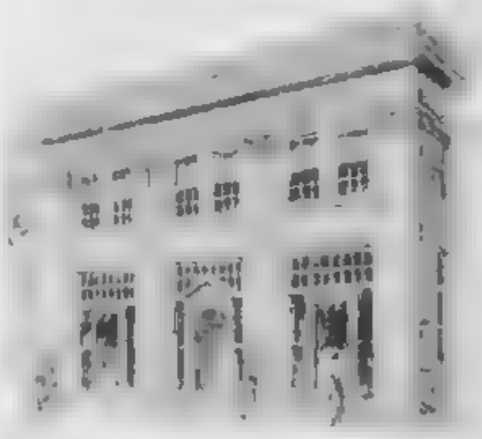
These are just a few of the high spots in this year's work of the Firestone men. Thousands of them own stock in the company—common stock. Thousands of them own their homes. Firestone Park is one of the most sensible, attractive home communities that any big organization can point to.

The Firestone Bank, Firestone Clubhouse, Firestone Insurance Fund—all mean mileage to you at lower cost; because Firestone people put more into their work; because they get more out of life.

Get your share of the saving Firestone offers. Have your dealer put Firestones on every wheel.

THE FIRESTONE RIM PLANT—Exclusively for Firestone Rims. Vast, but inadequate. Ground is broken for a plant double this capacity.

FIRESTONE PARK—Firestone men own their homes. They put more into their work and get more out of it.



FIRESTONE PARK BANK—For convenience of employees. There is also a Free Insurance Fund.

Firestone

(Continued from Page 86)

the following day the actual experiments began. Day by day the data and photographs accumulated in his stateroom.

"Fat Pat Kelly," the notes read in the cook's instance. "His nose walks all over his face. Probably Brazilian anteaters descended from th' Kellys. Also hoot owls. His ears flaps like the Mexican burro. He roars like a lion.

"Summary: Th' Kelly family probably has descendants consisting of hoot owls, African lions, Brazilian anteaters an' Mexican burros."

With the advent of summer Mr. Connor's industry had resulted in six or eight cubic feet of assorted knowledge. A waiter, bringing him his evening coffee, expressed his admiration for the importance of the great scientific work on which the engineer was engaged. The engineer waved his hand grandly toward the accumulated reports of his experiments.

"Compared to all the knowledge what is," he said, "that stuff there don't amount to a grain of sand. A million years f'm now she'll be dust. She's worthless junk—insignificant—a two spot in th' deck of science."

The waiter set Mr. Connor's coffee on the locker at the foot of his bed.

"I thought she amounted to somethin'," he said.

Next day during Mr. Connor's absence the waiter entered the stateroom to clean it up and make the bed.

"This here damn junk," he said, looking at the folios of notes, "might as well go overboard."

He was about to clean out the stateroom when the accumulated manuscript of How Animals Happened was saved by the announcement from the galley that any son of a gun who wanted a piece of hot apple pie would have to burn a foot gettin' there.

Mr. Connor's work had come within a segment of pastry of reaching its final resting place.

On a day in October a colonel in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington worked for seventeen consecutive minutes and got up from his desk believing that he had discharged his obligation to his Government for the ensuing month.

"What I need is a trip outdoors somewhere," he said. "I might get Jimmy and one of the Universal Arms gang and somebody else and take a little run round the country."

He reached for the telephone.

"This is Colonel Sluggard speaking. Get me George Rimfire of the Universal Arms Company of New York." He hung up. "We can jump over to Chicago and slide down an hit the Mississip' and get Jim's motor boat and plug on down to New Orleans."

After a little while the telephone at his desk summoned him

"George, this is Sluggard speaking. What say to a little foursome—St. Louis, New Orleans and all way points? I've got to inspect the river plant and make a report on feasible fortifications along the Mississip'. Never can tell when the Japs will take Chicago or St. Louis. Thought you might want to go along."

Mr. Rimfire accepted the invitation and expressed his appreciation in extravagant terms.

"Right—meet me Thursday! The trip will take us about a month."

That night orders issued from the adjutant general's office directing Colonel Sluggard to inspect all floating property of the War Department on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans.

In St. Louis Mr. Jake Miller, ex-mate of the Gilmore, was enjoying several varieties of assorted bad luck. In the back room of Monahan's saloon he had started a poker tournament with a crumpled twenty-dollar bill at four o'clock one afternoon and had awakened in an adjoining room twelve hours later flat broke.

"How come I this way?" he questioned. "All I've been drinkin' is soda pop an' that stuff ——"

"She carried the kick," the saloonkeeper observed. "I got a job for you if you want it."

Jake looked at him.

"I want it."

"Down the river," Monahan began, "at the north tip of Driftwood Bend they tell me that durin' Centennial year a cargo ——"

"I know all about what you're goin' to say," the ex-mate interrupted. "The Lily Dale sunk there with a thousand barrels of whisky. I know within a hundred feet of where she sunk."

"D'you know that a barrel of it was found last month—river cuttin' th' bank away?"

"Can't be th' same one. Th' Lily Dale sunk in thirty foot of water. They ain't no bank there."

The saloonkeeper looked at him out of the corners of his eyes.

"S'pose I stake you—how much will it take to cover th' expenses of a prospectin' trip?"

The mate made an audible approximation of the probable expense.

"Me an' another man an' a derrick barge an' a diver workin' a month might make a haul. Chances are we'd have to rig a little dredge an' dig round some before we struck pay dirt. She's a big gamble. Might cost anywhere f'm a thousand dollars to ten thousand."

"Suppose I put up th' money," the saloonkeeper questioned—"you an' I goin' equal shares?"

"You an' me an' my two pardners," Jake amended.

"Who are they?" the saloonkeeper asked.

"Fellow by th' name of Drifter an' Sam Connor, engineer of th' Gilmore. Share an' share alike."

"Can they put up their part of the money?"

Jake hesitated.

"Never thought of that—Sam can, I guess."

The saloonkeeper studied for a moment.

"Never mind," he said. "I'll back you f'r three thousand dollars. You put in your time an' your two pardners come in on equal shares on anything over three thousand dollars' worth that we find. When can you start?"

"Right now."

On the following day the whisky-mining expedition, with Mr. Jake Miller in command, headed downstream toward Driftwood Bend in a little shanty boat. In the cabin of the shanty boat Jake, seated across the table from his helper, was deep in the composition of a letter.

"Tell Sam to send me all th' money he's got—that this here deal is probably a sure thing. Wish I knew how to write. That reminds me"—he fished round in his pocket and produced a crumpled letter. "What does this here letter mean?"

His associate read it.

"It says, 'Gents: For the Drifter's board and keep during November I inclose bill which please pay at once. He's getting along fine.'"

"I know what it is. How much money does she want?"

His associate stated the amount.

"I guess she kin wait a little while. We'll have a hundred times that much as quick as this whisky mine begins to pay."

In the gray of the morning mists which hung across the Mississip' a figure shambled from a levee saloon down river and made for the gangplank of the Gilmore, which was lying at the Cairo levee.

Enjoying his first night's liberty in many days, young Jimmy Davis, the waiter, had absorbed three or four times as much liquor as he could conveniently carry away. Now conscience-stricken at overstaying his leave, he sneaked back to the boat. In his narrow chest beat a frenzy of resolve to overcome by furious industry whatever censure might be at the moment headed his way.

He began a whirlwind house-cleaning campaign down the long line of staterooms which opened from the main cabin of the Gilmore. Reaching Mr. Sam Connor's room, his first act was to pick up several armloads of closely written manuscript which lay in one corner of the room. A moment later the fruits of the engineer's months of scientific industry had suffered its finish in the muddy Mississip'. He was arranging Mr. Connor's accumulation of old shoes when the engineer entered his stateroom. The scientist's eyes swept instinctively toward the space which had been occupied by several cubic feet of his accumulated data.

"Hell, Jimmy," he began, "what did you do with them bundles of writin'?"

The waiter sensed the great error of his life. He realized that instant confession was all that would save him.

"She's overboard! You said she was trash and worthless compared with science!"

The engineer was silent for a minute and then through tense lips he smiled faintly.

"Get out o' here!" he said slowly. "I'm tired."

The waiter left the stateroom. He closed the door very gently from the outside.

For a little while Mr. Connor lay inert on his bed. Then he got up and sought the captain of the boat.

"I'm feeling all flabbergasted inside again. Think I'll lay off an' go up to Saint Louis for a week, or until th' doctor gets through with me. If I don't come back," his voice trailed to a whisper, "sling my junk ashore, cap'n, th' next time th' Gilmore comes upstream."

The engineer went ashore and bought a ticket to St. Louis.

"I got to see him—I got to see ol' Jake an' th' Drifter. To-morr's Saturday an' he ought to be in town f'm that whisky mine."

He settled down in his seat on the train.

"I'm done," he said. "All things is dust."

A realization of the integrity of the universe and a chew of fine-cut tobacco was about all that the old man had with him that night to cheer him up.

"But to-morrow I'll see my pards," he muttered.

Presently his old head drooped and he was asleep.

Colonel Sluggard and George Rimfire, general manager of the Universal Arms Company, together with two other guests, got sick of motor-boat menus three seconds after the colonel announced that the boat in the distance with the white upper works was a government steamer.

"She might be the Gilmore," the colonel said, "and if I remember Fat Pat Kelly's cookin' we won't regret having hailed her." He smiled. "Duty demands that I inspect all floating craft according to my orders."

Mr. Rimfire reached round into a locker against the wall and produced a bottle, a siphon and some glasses.

"Here's to Fat Pat Kelly and lunch on board the Gilmore! My stummik heard you an' thinks it's Christmas."

On board the Gilmore the colonel and his party strolled about the decks while Fat Pat Kelly perspired with responsibility. In Mr. Sam Connor's abandoned laboratory the party lingered for several minutes.

"Ingenious, this," the general manager of the Universal Arms Company replied to the colonel's criticism of the engineer's gasoline gun.

He wrote a few words in a notebook which he deposited in the buttoned pocket on the inside of his vest.

"I wish you'd get that rig for me," he said to Colonel Sluggard as they were leaving—"that gasoline gun. It has a principle or two that intereats me."

"Easiest thing in the world," the colonel replied. "I've got all the authority of the War Department back of me. You can have this steamboat if you want it."

He dispatched a deck hand, who presently returned carrying the gasoline gun. That night from a point farther down the river the assembled mechanism was shipped by express to the vice president in charge of the experimental laboratory of the Universal Arms Company.

Mr. Sam Connor discovered upon his arrival in St. Louis that his crony was working downstream at the whisky mine at Driftwood Bend. He played with the Drifter for a day or two and paid the bill which that young person had incurred, after which he determined to visit the scene of operations at the whisky mine in search of his friend Jake. On the following

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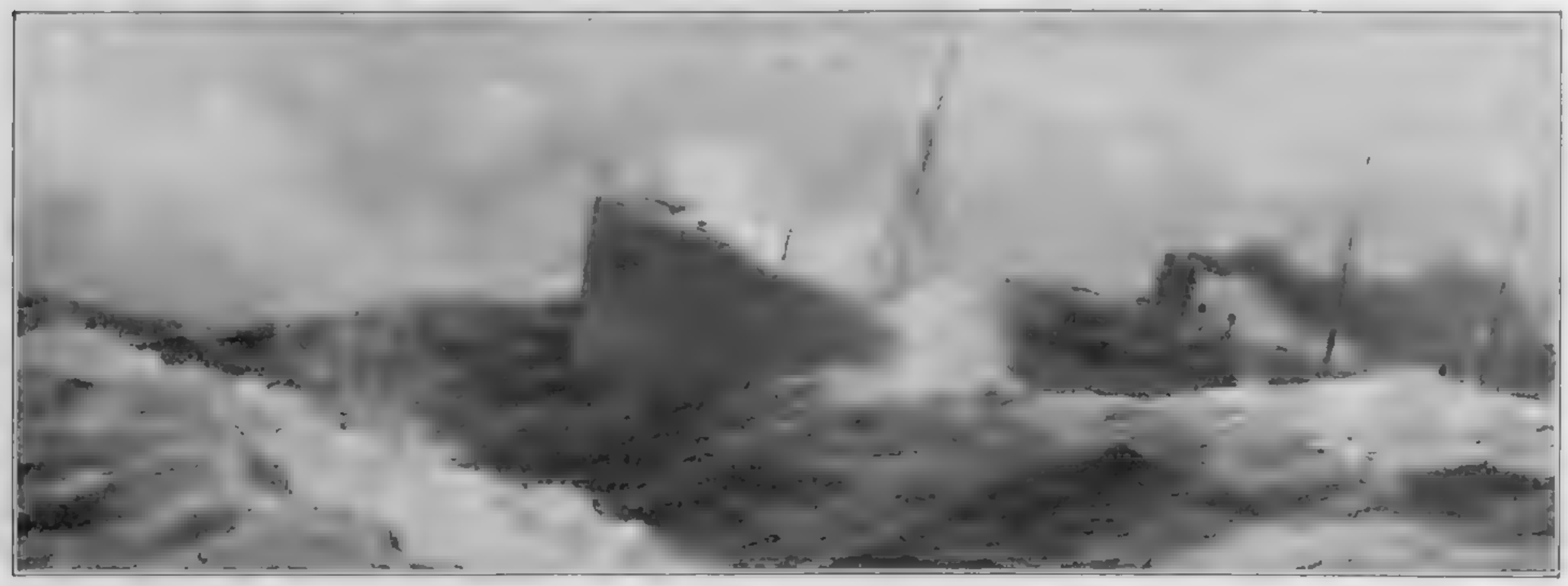

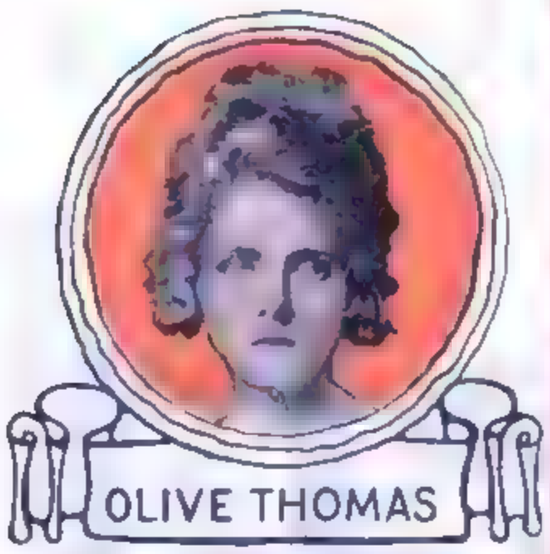

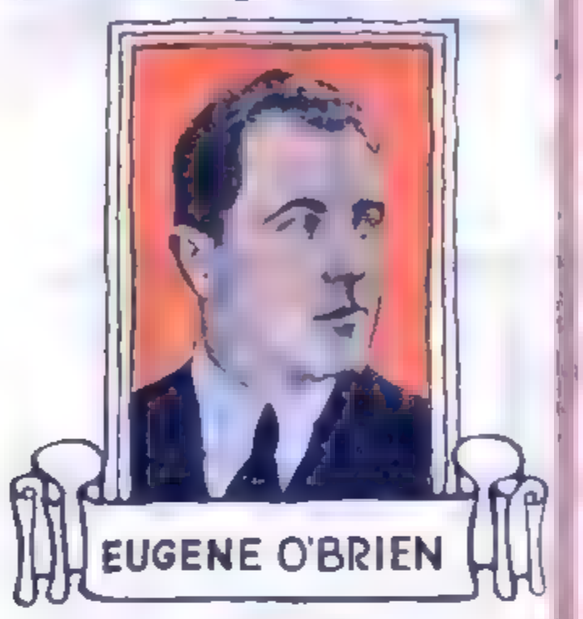

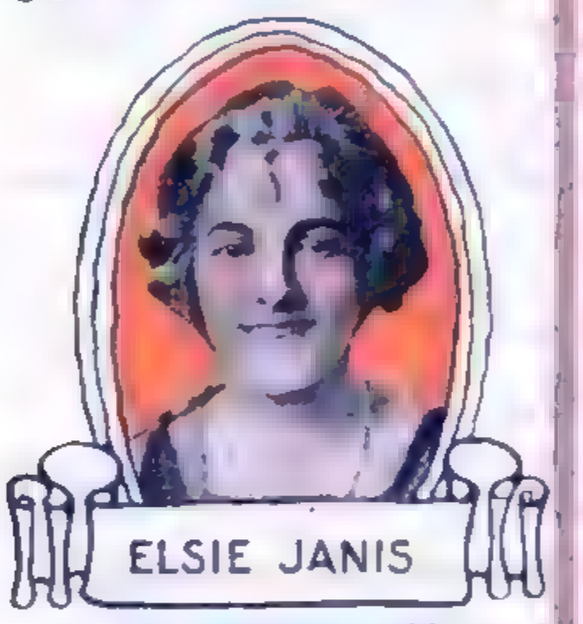

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

THESE are *your* stars—not ours.

They are stars because their talent won your favor.

No one can successfully force stars upon you. We simply listen to the voice of public demand, and give you your own favorites.

And so SELZNICK PICTURES have opened the door of opportunity for many a youthful genius.

They say SELZNICK stars become famous over night. This is true only because the SELZNICK organization is close to the public, quick to recognize its wishes, and thorough in carrying them out.

By discovering your favorites and placing them in worthy productions we arrive at the secret which makes SELZNICK PICTURES create happy hours.

Lewis J. Selznick

AT THEATRES WHERE QUALITY RULES

Lewis J. Selznick Herbert WEE

"Herbert Kaufman is one of the great thought-moulders of our time—indeed I think he is the greatest."

Sir Arthur Pearson
England's great publisher and philanthropist

"Herbert Kaufman entered the Great War when Belgium did—and he has been in it ever since. He dedicated his pen to the service of Democracy. No man has fought harder or longer for the cause of human right."

Frederick L. Collins
Publisher of McClure's Magazine

I am undertaking a momentous service to the American theatre and to American journalism.

I am bringing America's highest-paid and widest-read author to the screen.

I am bringing to the motion picture theatre the largest audience commanded by any living personality.

Herbert Kaufman is the one writer of our generation who has everything essential to success on the screen.

He puts an epic in a couplet. He dramatizes Opportunity. He writes prose-poems like "The Dreamers" and "The Man Who Sneered at Santa Claus"—and little things like these!—

"Take a risk or take the count."

"Some men would get in oftener if they'd get out sooner."

"Christmas gifts don't count if they aren't brought down the chimney."

"Most roosters wear their crows too long and their spurs too short."

SHOWN AT THEATRES

Presents

Kaufman's KLY

He can cram Plato and Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mark Twain and Santa Claus and the Russian Soviet and Mary Donovan's love affair into a few reels of fast-moving, interest-attracting, attention-holding motion picture entertainment!

And that's the kind of thing he *will* do as only he can do it—in Herbert Kaufman's Weekly.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly will appear in every motion picture theatre that is fortunate enough to secure a Herbert Kaufman franchise.

To the millions of Herbert Kaufman admirers who will want to see Herbert Kaufman's Weekly—I say "Ask your theatre manager, and ask him now!"

To the thousands of exhibitors who will want to show Herbert Kaufman's Weekly—I say "See the nearest Select exchange man to-day—or wire."

Samuel Zelnick

"Mr. Herbert Kaufman has been an assistant to Secretary Lane in this work [Americanization] for the last year, giving up his own business and serving the Government without price. Mr. Kaufman is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of America."

Senator Kenyon
Chairman
Committee on Education & Labor
On the floor of the Senate,
October 27, 1919

"The country should rejoice that a man of such exceptional talents and pre-eminent sympathy with all good things, as Mr. Herbert Kaufman, has undertaken to give his views through the moving picture medium."

Franklin K. Lane
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.
November 11, 1919

WHERE QUALITY RULES

Shown At Theatres

Herbert Kaufman's WEEKLY PAGE

SAN FRANCISCO CALL
"Kaufman's editorials have made him famous wherever men of our speech hire or are hired. They seem to me of the finest, strongest, most helpful deliverances that have been penned 'since spoken word man's spirit stirred beyond his belly's need.'"

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT
"Sympathy with mankind in all its lowest and highest manifestations is the keynote of Mr. Kaufman's writings. He sees into the heart of the man to whom he writes. He is keen and clear eyed."

AUSTRALASIAN NATION
"He will be the pathfinder for an army of conquerors."

DULUTH HERALD
"He writes with a sword."

OTTAWA CITIZEN, CANADA
"His dynamic word has revealed the greatness of human power. * * * He has seen the sins and injustice of life and has realized the power inherent in man to conquer environment, both individually now and socially ultimately."

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS
"The spirit of America is in his pages."

CATHOLIC HERALD, LONDON
"His message is very much to the point, straight from the shoulder, epigrammatic and brilliant. * * *"

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE
"As an editorial writer of international influence, Herbert Kaufman is perhaps the greatest individual force in shaping the world thought currents of today."

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page, published simultaneously by a nation-wide chain of newspapers, including the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the New York American, the Washington Star, the Boston Herald, the Indianapolis News and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, has reached the largest audience in America.

And now—he brings this vast audience to the motion picture theatre.

"It may be doubted," says the Chicago Tribune, "if any man before him ever had so many readers in his own time."

The millions who have followed Herbert Kaufman during the past decade, subscribing to magazines and weeklies for his writings—searching through the great Sunday newspapers for his scathing indictments of social and national wrongs and his messages of inspiration and encouragement—will now find concentrated in their local theatre the full range of his unique genius.

Presented by

Where Quality Rules

Kaufman's KLY

The New Orleans Item says: "He is a man of marvelous versatility. He has been the associate and adviser of the men who captain American industry. His wide acquaintance among men of thought and accomplishment in the new and old worlds gives him a first hand knowledge of many problems that the ordinary man has not the opportunity to master."

You will find on the screen Herbert Kaufman's dynamic word-pictures living, moving and proving their statements by their irrefutable evidence of the motion picture camera.

You will find in your favorite theatre the big new thing in motion pictures—Herbert Kaufman's Weekly.

You will find "a heart as big as the world behind his pictures."

See that you see them.

See that your theatre runs them.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

"He thinks new thoughts. He sees from a new and different angle. He is not like anyone else. More than any writer I know Herbert Kaufman seems to me to have the faculty of getting under the skin of humanity."

PITTSBURG PRESS

"Herbert Kaufman, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, is known throughout both Europe and America as one of the most brilliant of living writers. He is a notable figure among the dollar-a-year men who have placed their talents and energies at the disposal of the Government."

DUBLIN DAILY EXPRESS

"He writes in a spirit of splendid Optimism, very stimulating to the reader nauseated by the wretched pessimism of many of our modern philosophers."

WASHINGTON STAR

"A heart that appears to be about as big as the world is behind these pictures. And, in the making of them, there is a gift for getting this bigness out in terms of human sympathy and good cheer, a power that seizes one and either convinces him or convicts him."

BINGHAMTON PRESS

"There is the love of mankind in all of them—that is why Mr. Kaufman writes, and that is what makes his writings popular; also, it is that which makes him one of the great influences in the world."

LONDON STANDARD

"A master of epigram, a cunning weaver of words, playing with their color and rhythm, glowing, militant, courageous, energetic and red-blooded by turns, this hater of humbug, cant, idlers and cowards has leapt to the forefront in a very few years."

PORTLAND OREGONIAN

"A new King Solomon, with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson in his makeup."

LONDON ACADEMY

"As a figure, a personality, he has no living rival."

Lewis J. Selznick

729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 90)

day the pair met on the river bank near the spot where the Lily Dale had sunk.

"How come you walkin' round th' middle of December an' no overcoat on?" the mate yelled in greeting.

"Same to you, you ol' fool!"

"I'm workin'. I don't need none."

"How long you been here?"

"We've been pluggin' away f'r two months now."

"Any luck?"

The whisky miner looked long at his partner.

"Not a damn bit—an' they ain't goin' to be none. I found some of her timbers, but th' current's got th' whole thing downstream years ago."

The engineer said nothing for a little while. Finally he spoke.

"Tell that Friday of yours to round up this junk. Have it towed back to Saint Louis. You an' me starts back now."

"That's a good scheme," the mate agreed, "only ——"

"Only what?"

"How much money you got?"

The engineer looked at him.

"I've got about two dollars."

"I ain't got nuthin'."

"Well, Jake, you an' me walks to Saint Louis."

The mate returned from the shanty boat, which lay in the eddy above Driftwood Bend. He carried a bundle under one arm and on his back a roll of three blankets.

"Let's go," he said.

The two old-timers started for St. Louis.

"Christmas's only ten days away. We'll make it easy in five days. That'll give us five days to rustle some Christmas f'r th' Drifter."

Five days before Christmas the Drifter was requisitioned from the uncertain care to which he had been subjected. On the strength of an elaborate verbal report disclosing his complete failure Jake borrowed two dollars from a saloonkeeper, and an hour later the trio was established in a room on which the rent was to be paid somewhere round Christmas Day.

"You an' th' Drifter sleep in that there bed," Sam directed. "I'll make me a pallet on th' floor over here an' we'll be all set f'r th' winter campaign."

"Providin' we round up a job," the mate amended. "How long would it take you to write that book of yours again, Sammy?"

"She's done! They ain't goin' to be no book. What we needs is jobs."

They consigned the Drifter to the temporary care of the mistress of the rooming house.

"Sling an eye over him once in a while. Me an' my pardner is goin' out lookin' f'r work."

That night at nine o'clock Jake displayed a one-dollar bill as the result of his day's industry.

"I got me a easy job in a restaurant, where it's warm. All I does is wash dishes as fast as th' waiters brings 'em in."

"I can't show no money yet," Sam replied, "but I got me a job too. I'm assistant janitor in the downtown branch of th' lib'ary. All I does is lug books round ten hours a day. I guess we'll get along all right."

On the following night the mate stood swearing over the gas plate on which they cooked their meals.

"I never knowed rice would swell up so much," he complained after all the available kettles were filled with half-boiled rice. "Lug this 'ere over to that Drifter an' feed him. Mockin'-bird food is th' best thing in th' world f'r that boy. Egg chopped up with potato. Fetch me that bottle of milk. Th' lady said to give it to him warm."

He emptied one of the rice-filled kettles onto a newspaper and set the milk on the gas plate to warm.

"I got bad news f'r you, Sam," he said.

"They ain't no more bad news," the engineer replied. "Spring it."

"I was luggin' about four million plates an' saucers to th' pantry to-day in th' rest'rant when my hind leg slipped an' th' next thing I knowed I didn't have no job. I owe th' lizard four dollars f'r busted dishes yet, accordin' to him."

The engineer received the announcement without comment. Finally he spoke.

"You ain't got no edge on me. I'm as free f'm my job as a orphan jack rabbut. Th' lady boss of th' lib'ary told me I read books too much an' that I needn't come back."

The pair were silent for a little while.

"Well, they's lots more jobs," Jake finally concluded. "You 'n' me can do dang nigh anythin'."

The Drifter noted no change in his own rations, but the two old men lived until the day before Christmas on a straight rice diet.

"I bet I walked a thousand miles this mornin', Jake," the engineer reported. "They don't seem to be no work no place."

Jake at the sink was doing a small and select jag of washing. He rigged a clothesline across one corner of the room from which was presently suspended an assortment of the Drifter's clothes.

"Luck'll turn, Sammy—you never can tell. I'm goin' to feed this Drifter up now."

He poured the Drifter's milk into a pan and turned on the gas. He held a match to the burner until the match burned down.

"I guess that dang meter's run out ag'in." He searched through his pockets. "I ain't got no quarter for that gas meter neither. How much you got, Sam?" he asked.

The engineer looked up.

"Me? I got a nickel."

The mate turned and looked at the Drifter.

"Here's where you learns to drink cold milk."

He tried the burner with another match without result. He turned off the valve.

"You feed that Drifter, Sammy. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Where you goin'?" the engineer asked.

"Right now I'm goin' down th' street a little ways. Next week I'm goin' deckin' down th' river."

The mate put on his overcoat and walked from the room. The noon whistles were blowing as he reached the custom house. He lingered for a little while on the post-office steps, half expecting to see some acquaintance of his river days. He walked into the post office.

"Might be some more of them official letters for Sammy or somethin'," he said half aloud.

At the general-delivery window he asked for Mr. Connor's mail. The clerk handed him two long envelopes.

"Some more o' that civil-service stuff. More trouble breakin' loose f'm th' Guv'ment than it is to get a job."

He put the letters in his pocket and walked out of the post office.

He entered the Panama Loan Office with his overcoat tightly buttoned round him. Emerging therefrom five minutes later he was not wearing the overcoat. He rapidly retraced his steps toward the room in which Sam and the Drifter waited for him.

"I never seed so many people in my life on th' street," he mused. "It sure is crimpy Christmas weather."

A sign in the window of Feingelt's Toy Emporium attracted his attention. "Boy Wanted," he read.

"Anythin' a boy can do, I can do." He shouldered his way through the crowd into the store.

"Who hires these here boys?" he said to one of the clerks.

The clerk directed him to a sleek-looking nonentity who in turn pointed out the business office in one corner of the store.

"See Mr. Feingelt himself."

Ordinarily the old man's application would have received no attention whatever, but on this day of commercial stress Mr. Feingelt welcomed him.

"At one o'clock come back and you go to work. Two dollars the wages is for this afternoon and evening. We close at nine o'clock to-night—mebbe."

"Two dollars—that'll be Christmas f'r th' Drifter."

The mate hurried back to the room where his partners waited for him.

"I got a job!" he announced. He drew his clenched hand from the side pocket of his coat. "An' here's a dollar."

The engineer looked at him.

"Jakie, what've you done with y'r overcoat?"

"Never mind about th' overcoat," the mate answered. "I've got me a job in a toy store, workin' till nine o'clock to-night."

He suddenly remembered the two letters and began pawing through his coat, half afraid that he had left them in the overcoat at the Panama Loan Office. Relieved at finding them, he tossed them on the bed.

"Here's a couple of them dang civil-service things f'r you. To-night we eats hearty. I'm goin' to work."

The mate walked hastily from the room and headed toward his new job. For a little while the engineer looked at the silver dollar which lay in his hand. Then he addressed the Drifter.

"I guess you gets all the mockin'-bird food you want to-day, Drifter," he said. "Leave it to that red-headed ol' devil of a mate. I guess mebbe now you can have y'r milk warmed f'r you."

He walked downstairs to get the dollar changed so that he might feed a quarter to the hungry gas meter. He returned, and presently the Drifter was working overtime on his midday meal.

"Eat hearty, Drifter, you've got to grow up six foot high."

After the child had eaten, the engineer lay down on the bed.

"I'm tired. I think I'll take me a nap."

The two letters on the bed attracted his attention. He opened the first one.

"Another one of them dang Form 41," he said. "'Color, age, sex, previous condition of servitude. Married or single. Sign here.' T'hell with you!"

He threw the enclosed documents on the floor and opened the second letter. Halfway through it his old head bobbed forward. He laid the letter carefully under the pillow and got upon his feet. He walked over to the sink and washed his face with great deliberation. He walked over to the Drifter.

"Hit me in th' head, Drifter."

The Drifter smiled at him.

The engineer returned to the sink and held his head under the cold water which ran from the faucet.

"Drunk or dreamin'."

He dried his face slowly on a brunette towel and retrieved the letter from its resting place under the pillow. He read it again and then folded it up carefully and placed it in the inside compartment of his flabby pocketbook.

"Stick here, Drifter," he said. "I'll be back before long, pardner." His voice was unsteady. "Use y'r eyes, Drifter, whilst I'm gone. You might not see this place again after I get back."

At nine o'clock that night the mate left Feingelt's Toy Emporium. Under his arm he carried a small package. He made his way to the room in which the trio lived. The room was dark when he opened the door.

"How come you doused th' glim, Sammy?" he called into the darkness. "It's Christmas Eve. Let's light up."

He struck a match and held it to the gas jet. He placed the package upon the rickety bureau which stood against the wall. He looked about the room. It was empty. For a moment the absence of his two companions unsteadied him. He sat down.

"Walkin' him round, mebbe. Pretty dang cold f'r a walk."

And then in the hallway he heard the step of the engineer. A moment later the pair met.

"Where's th' Drifter?" the mate began. "Where th' hell ——"

"Keep y'r eyes open an' walk six blocks with me," Sam said.

"Where we goin'?"

"Never mind where we're goin'. Come on with me. I been lookin' f'r you in all th' dang toy stores in town."

The mate picked the package from the bureau and the two old men walked into the night. At Fourth Street they turned south and presently they stood at the entrance of the Planters Hotel.

"Come on in here," the engineer said. "It's Christmas Eve. We're goin' to hoist one drink."

"Let's find th' Drifter first."

"Never mind th' Drifter. Come in here, you ol' fool, an' don't ask no questions."

Together they walked into the great hotel.

"Th' bar's this way, Sammy," the mate interposed as the engineer started toward the elevators.

"Follow my wake," the engineer dictated.

Presently on the third floor they stood before the elaborate panels of an unnumbered door. The engineer opened it.

"Go in, Jakie," he said. "You're home now. This here's what they calls th' royal suite." His voice was unsteady. "Th' Drifter's inside where all th' rest of th' kings lives when they lands here."

The Drifter at that moment was providing entertainment for two negro servants and a maid.

"This here saddle-colored nigger's yours, Jake," the engineer said. "That triflin' wildcat's mine. That there white lady's th' Drifter's nurse. They's a cook an' a waiter hangin' round here some place. Come on with me until I show you y'r stateroom."

He led the way to a parlor which opened from the great reception room. The mate, silent, followed slowly after him.

"Sammy, round up that drink before I falls over."

The engineer walked to a table which sat against the wall of the room. On it were decanters and an array of crystal glasses. He lifted one of the decanters.

"This here stuff's older'n th' cargo of th' Lily Dale that sunk at Driftwood Bend."

The mate sat down. The package which he had been carrying under his arm fell unnoticed to the floor.

"Drunk or dreamin', Sammy? What's this here mean?"

One of the negro servants entered.

"Professuh at de do' fo' Marse Jake," he announced.

The mate looked up in surprise.

"Tell him to heave in here next week sometime," the engineer ordered. He turned to the mate. "I got a college professor hired for you, Jake, at twenty dollars a hour to teach you how to write y'r name."

He reached into his pocket and produced a check book, which he handed to the mate.

"Whenever you wants money all you has to do is write how much in this book an' sign y'r name."

"Drunk or dreamin'?" the mate repeated. "What'n hell's this, Sammy?"

A man appeared at the door.

"Dinner is served, gentlemen," he announced.

"Never mind what she means, Jakie. Let's eat."

Accumulating the Drifter en route, the pair walked across the great reception hall and entered the dining room. After the three were seated at the dinner table the engineer reached into his pocket and produced a letter.

"Makin' it short, Jakie, this here letter says: 'Six hundred thousand automatic rifles f'r th' British Gov'ment'—an' you an' me draws two dollars royalty on each one of 'em."

Across the table the mate looked at the Drifter and batted his eyes.

"That's more'n I can figger. How much is she?"

"They was a ten per cent check in that letter an' if we work at this Christmas business a month there'll still be more'n a hundred thousand dollars left out of the first check. They're payin' us f'r th' guts of that gasoline gun I rigged up on th' Gilmore."

The mate sat silent, looking down at his plate.

"Go ahead an' eat," the engineer finally said. "What's pesterin' you? Does you miss th' rice?"

The mate looked up at him.

"I left th' gaslight burnin' back in th' room, Sammy, an' I've been thinkin' about it."

The Drifter's nurse entered carrying a small steamboat and a gaily painted locomotive.

"From the package which you dropped, sir," she said to the mate.

He took the toys and handed them to the Drifter.

"At Feingelt's I rounded these here up. It's Christmas Eve an' I figgered th' Drifter would need toys more'n we'd need grub."

The Drifter banged the engine down on the table and broke his plate into a dozen pieces.

"Reg'lar young hell raiser already."

The old men looked at each other.

"It's his bedtime now, Sammy," the mate said.

The nurse took the child away and after a little while where kings and presidents had snored the Drifter smiled and fell asleep.

At midnight one of the negro servants confidentially informed Mr. Sam Connor that his bath was ready.

"Leave us alone!" that gentleman ordered. "Git away f'm me before I kills you! Me an' my pardner had a bath a year ago to-day—when we fished th' Drifter out of th' Mississip'."

A moment later the bells of the city rang forth their promise of the day.

"Christmas!"

The engineer looked toward his companion, who was sogged down in a great leather chair.

"Not bein' a drinkin' man, Jakie, this is the last one I hoists to-night. To you an' th' Drifter—Merry Christmas!"

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News Notes

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Every submarine built in this country in recent years is equipped with an Electric Submarine Range which is ingeniously built in sections small enough to pass thru a 30" manhole.

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Send all suggestions to THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE CO.,
Kansas City, Missouri *Contest Department A*

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN ON POLITICS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Let me rush to the defense, not of those who retain me, but of Thornton's proposition," Atchinson said. "Every undertaking, individual or collective—especially government—has two distinct sides: Determination of policy and execution of policy. There has been much agitation against the corporations, but the criticism has been directed against their policy—not against the efficiency of their organization. They are charged with adopting policies hurtful to the general public—the non-stockholders. Much of this criticism is deserved. I know something about that from my own practice. But there is another side to corporation work—administrative and executive. Men like Thornton haven't had to determine policies, they have carried them out. Whether you think the policies of the corporations have been generally good or bad, you must admit that the standard of efficient operation which they have developed is immensely higher than that of the Government—the point, I think, of Thornton's argument."

"Yes, thanks," Thornton took up his discourse. "We have a democratic system that puts control of policy in the hands of the electorate. The man who wants to improve the Government has two fields of activity. One is to improve the policy by educating the electorate. The other—the one I'm interested in—is to improve the organization so that after the vote is cast its decision can be smoothly carried out. I'm not a political philosopher. I don't know what the voters want or what they ought to want, but I know that we haven't any adequate machinery to find out and that if we knew it would not matter much. There is no doubt in my mind that the shareholders—in England and France and Italy as much as here—wanted to win this war. But our governments were so ineffectually organized that we came unpleasantly near losing.

"The Germans weren't so foolish as some people pretend. They had studied our peacetime governments and knew that their own machine was more efficient. Their theory was all right. They ought to have won, except for one thing—they did not figure on civilian brains. What defeated the Germans was that in the democratic countries thousands of men from industrial life jumped in and pulled the soldiers and politicians through. The real turning point of the war was when Lloyd George tore open the War Office in London and created the Ministry of Munitions with civilian brains—put the war on a business basis."

Pros and Cons of Competition

"We've been fighting to make the world safe for democracy—well, let's make our democracy modern, efficient, businesslike. Because our Government is freer than the Germans' is no excuse for antiquated methods, bungling, muddling administration. Be as democratic as possible in working out a policy for the nation and then let's insist that the governmental machine be tuned up to the very highest degree of efficient organization that our American brains can devise. And above all—just because some of the corporations have a black eye—don't ignore the lessons which are taught by industry.

"There's a constant struggle for existence in business, competition, fierce, ruthless, uncontrolled—altogether too much of it. Progressive business is eliminating competition where it is wasteful. But competition has kept our corporation practice on its toes. A company that is poorly organized, that is inefficient, goes under. Some people have tried forms which were too radical and have blown up, some have been too conservative and have dried up. Our business organization keeps changing, evolving under this pressure.

"Change, evolution, growth is the only form of life. Nobody outside of politics believes in the status quo. There hasn't been any competition at Washington forcing the Government to evolve and grow, to adapt itself rapidly to new conditions. There has been some change of course, but no pressing necessity to keep in step with the times. In general things have stayed still, untouched, uninspired by the amazing progress we have made in the real world.

"There is infinite variety in the organization of our other collective enterprises—charities, country clubs, stock companies. A comparative study of them all would show certain things which are fundamental to all success. Cost accounting has proved its worth and is becoming universal. In industry there must be close intercourse between the executive office and the policy-forming board of directors. Above all, a successful corporation must have coördination, clear-cut division of labor, definite responsibility.

"These are a few concrete lessons which men have learned in the ordinary work of the world. The Government has heeded none of them. No budget, a most cumbersome and confusing system of bookkeeping—in this America is far behind most European governments. No coördination—the President is hardly on speaking terms with Congress. No sharp division of function, no fixed responsibility."

Perverting a Good Idea

"If I may interrupt once more," Atchinson said, "I'd like to call your attention to another matter. One of the most exasperating things which men from business life encounter in Washington is the civil-service system. Like much else in the Government, it is a good idea gone wrong. A generation ago the spoils system was the rule. Every public servant was thrown out when a new party came in. It could not have been much worse. The reformers proposed a merit system. In the end they won, but how did their ideas work out? Appointment on the basis of competitive examinations, permanent tenure of office, promotion by rote, the seniority rule. Certainly it is better than the spoils system, but there is another standard of comparison. Private business is also interested in personnel problems—getting the right man for each place. Active corporations are doing a great deal to develop their personnels, giving careful study to the problem of recruiting and training. Business men have learned that it pays to have quick promotion to reward merit and a quicker way of getting rid of the unfit. There is all the difference between fat dividends and bankruptcy in the personnel system adopted. But the mere suggestion that a big corporation should accept the civil service regulations to meet this problem is laughable. We know it wouldn't work."

"You are my star witness," Thornton said. "We all know that an organization which does not offer quick promotion to a good man is dead. Wander round the government departments in Washington and see if you would like to have a son of yours enter the civil service. The good jobs on top don't go to the men who have worked up in the service by their own ability. Promotion depends on the death rate of those above you, not on merit. The seniority rule takes all the snap and go out of the job.

"The minute war is declared the Army drops the seniority rule. That Frenchman I told you about said that the biggest one thing Joffre did for victory was the way he cleaned out the peacetime accumulation of deadwood in their army. In the weeks between the outbreak of war and the Battle of the Marne the average age of generals commanding French army corps went down ten years.

"The seniority rule is tolerable in an army during peace, but they drop it automatically when they go into action. The other departments are supposed to be on active service all the time. Why smother the good men in the Bureau of Mines, in the Land Office, in the Department of Agriculture, by a rule which won't work in an active army, which would ruin any industrial enterprise?

"The idea of civil-service reform is good—we must have a merit system. But the people who worked out the regulations wouldn't take lessons from private business—where men have to solve the problem or go broke.

"As I said, our first reaction to these conditions was to get good men into Congress. A lot of us were ready to lay aside our regular jobs and do it ourselves—throw out the old board of directors and get a good one. Yes, dozens of men like us decided to go on being citizens after the peace was signed. You'd be surprised at all the men I could name—big men—who talked of running for Congress at first. It did not look like a hard job to smooth out these maladjustments, to get the machine tuned up and running efficiently—improve the layout of the whole plant as Cross was doing on his job. But when we got better acquainted with Washington we changed our minds. Sooner or later we got past the executive offices and had to go up to Capitol Hill. What we found up there wasn't like any board of directors we had ever worked for. We saw there was no chance for us in Congress—the way it is run now. The trouble isn't in the men who are elected, but in the way the machine is organized.

"I had quite a lot to do with Congress. The bill which started us going had a flaw in it—more than one. And by the way, Atchinson, did you ever notice how many congressional bills do have flaws? What would happen to you, as a corporation lawyer, if you didn't know how to draw up a document that would hold water? You'd starve. But in Congress nobody gets excited over a little flaw—no matter how much it costs the good people. The bill on which our organization was founded told us just what Congress wanted us to do, but in several important details it did not give us the authority to do it. We did not want Congress to change its mind or reverse its policy. In that case, they might have been right and we wrong. No. All we wanted was the necessary amendments to allow us to go ahead and do what they had explicitly told us to do. It looked simple.

"But it wasn't. We were in the blackest days of the war, when every delay meant more graves in France. But unless you've been up against it you can't realize what a cumbersome, effort-wasting machine Congress is. There wasn't any opposition to the amendments we proposed, but getting them through was the most wearisome and sickening experience I have ever had.

"The thing interested me and I looked up an old college friend who was in Congress. We'd been pretty close in the old days and he talked frankly, almost cynically, about how he had been taken captive. He had no illusions left about the noble game of politics. He had come to Washington full of ideals—the kind of thing the folks back home expected of him. And the first thing he had learned was that a congressman doesn't begin to count till he's been reëlected half a dozen times.

"'No sensible constituency,' he said, 'will go on reëlecting a man unless he delivers some goods and the only way for a youngster to get a smell of the goods is to play the game.'

"He had wasted ten years in Congress already. If he could get elected again he would be in line for an important committee post."

Too Much Hand Washing

"Do you suppose that the most capable financiers in Congress are on the Finance Committee—or real farmers drafting bills on Agriculture—men who know about ships on the Naval Committee? No! The seniority rule prevents that. It is just as pernicious in Congress as in the civil service. Ability to get yourself reëlected is the only merit test on Capitol Hill.

"When we began to realize—my friends and I—what the chances were against our drawing committees where we could do real work if we did get ourselves elected we gave up the idea of running for Congress. Life's too short. There's nothing in Congress for anyone but the professional politician, who thinks that getting himself reelected is the chief end of man. The really capable men in this country—the kind who inevitably work up in regular life—throw themselves away if they go to Congress. Real live men won't stand for the seniority rule."

"Certainly, we must work out a real merit system for Congress," Atchinson said. "That is a first step. But we will have to go much farther than any mere change in congressional rules. The whole idea of the Government is out of touch with the times. The system was worked out on the eighteenth-century theory of checks and balances, which grew from fear of tyrants—the idea that the best government was the one that governed least. And so for every way of doing a thing they invented seventeen ways of not doing it. There are too many little wash basins round Washington where anyone can wash his hands of all responsibility."

"Remember the paragraph about prohibition in the President's message from Paris to the new Congress," Thornton asked—"trying to pass the buck to the Republicans? And do you remember how quick they were to pass it back? It would be good farce on the stage. It would bankrupt business. It's the ordinary practice of politics.

"You've all heard stories of departmental jealousies down at Washington. In times of peace they mean waste and inefficiency. During the war they were tragic—worse than any scandals. There isn't any undue amount of friendship in business. Everyone wants to be chief, no one loves the man who stands in his way. We'd all like to see sudden death overtake some of our business associates. But outside of politics—in the real world—a man is a dead one if he gets the name of an intriguer, if he's willing to double-cross the concern just to put his rival in bad. But that's the way to succeed in Washington."

More Checks Than Balances

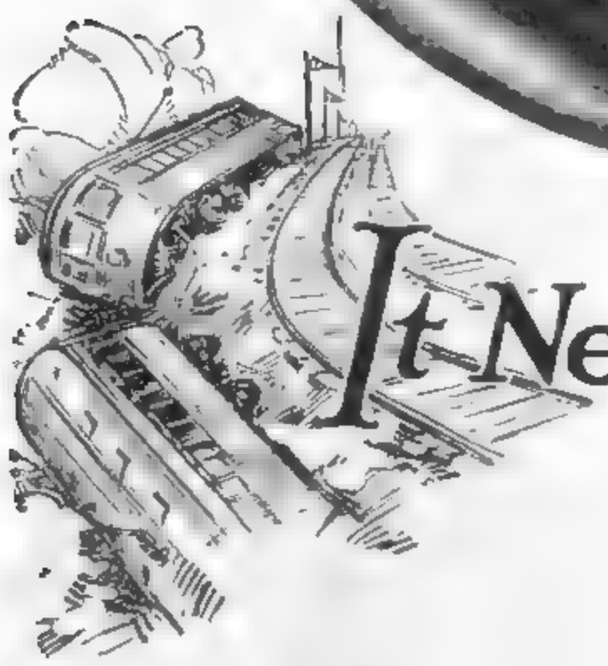
"You can't find in any successful corporation," Atchinson took up the indictment, "a counterpart to the position of a cabinet member. His job is ill defined. He's always in jurisdiction disputes with his colleagues. Other departments overlap with his on every side. His relation to Congress is grotesque. Any senator can introduce a bill that would destroy his work and he cannot go to the Senate to oppose it—at best, he may have a chance to put his case before a committee.

"His relation to his subordinates is just as grotesque. He cannot discharge them—they are protected by civil service—and so has no real control over them. The politics among the permanent employees is a constant trouble. The jealousies within the departments are even worse than those between them. The secretary can give orders, but he cannot enforce them—there are too many pigeonholes. I know of one case from my own experience where there was a direct order from the President, approved and initialed by the secretary, but the department employees disapproved. They sabotaged, and after two weeks' fruitless struggle to overcome this internal friction it was decided to change the plan. In another case a project approved by a secretary was defeated by the permanent employees of his department which should have put it through and it was transferred to another department, where it succeeded. A great many people dislike Daniels, but he is to be congratulated on the way he broke up the cliques in the Navy. Most of the cabinet are nearly helpless in the hands of the permanent organizations.

"Or take the position of the President. Wilson has talked more to Congress than his predecessors, but no corporation could do business if its executive was so cut off from the policy-forming body. The constitutional theory of three coördinate and independent branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judiciary—has broken down. Whether you're pleased with the process or not, whether or not you like our recent Presidents, it is evident that the executive has encroached on the functions of the legislative body. Congress doesn't determine policy any more. At best it is little more than a rubber stamp—at worst a stone wall of obstruction. If it will not authorize the President to do what he wants to he appeals to the people and either gets his way or the machine is stalled. Congress cannot force him to carry out a policy he doesn't like. The balances have disappeared—if they ever existed—but the checks remain."

"The fight over the Food Administration was typical," Thornton said. "The President wanted Hoover. Congress didn't. There was instinctive common sense in their opposition—it was self-defense. Turning a man like Hoover loose in Washington was like Mark Twain's story of the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. The old-line politicians signed their death warrants when they were forced to give in and let us outsiders take their jobs. It was a sharp conflict over a matter of important policy. The executive was stronger and overrode the legislative branch. Congress couldn't determine policy.

(Concluded on Page 103)



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THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

MORE motorists are realizing every day that what they have been considering car care is really car drudgery. This conviction is being forcibly brought home by the daily sight of Franklin owners' freedom from common motoring troubles.

At business or at home, no car anxiety distracts the attention of the Franklin owner from what he is doing. No disconcerting thought of a radiator repair bill to pay as the result of the car's being frozen into uselessness at the curb or in the garage; no worries about draining and refilling, anti-freeze mixtures, or hard starting. The Franklin is direct air cooled, and has no water to boil or freeze.

Neither is the Franklin owner a slave to the customary heavy tire investment. Light weight and flexibility free him from tire troubles and expenses, as they free the car from the destructive pound which causes them. Nor is every red gasoline sign a disquieting reminder that his tank may need refilling. Just how great Franklin economy is, the records of its owners show:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

And never at any time of the year is he tied down to good roads and short distances. Resiliency and absence of heavy, rigid weight make the Franklin Sedan comfortable to ride in, and easy and safe to handle under all conditions. It therefore takes roads as they come and can go farther in a day than the average open car.

Freed from the *necessity* of thinking about his car, then, it is not surprising that when the Franklin owner *does* think of it, he experiences always a sense of keen satisfaction and personal pride.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

After a 13,000 Mile Trans-continental Tour:

"Car behaved beautifully all the way. No engine trouble whatever. Spark plugs were not even cleaned and no carbon removed from cylinders. The valves were untouched. Two whole days we were not once out of low gear."

(Concluded from Page 100)

"If we want ordinary efficiency in our Government we must redefine all these relations. Now we have an obscure, sticky, spider web—a lot of semi-independent and jealous organs without coördination and no clear-cut responsibilities. It's no wonder the machine doesn't work well. It would be a miracle if it did.

"We've had several generations of business experience—since the Constitution was adopted—when everyone except the politicians was learning things about how to run big organizations. And the important thing is that during the war we had a chance to demonstrate that business methods can be applied to the problems of government. Before the war my argument would have been purely theoretical—business methods tested out in the competitive struggle of industry ought to be better than old-fashioned unprogressive political methods. But it isn't a theory any more—we've proved that they were better."

The Punctured Balloon

"There had always been a big bluff about statecraft being mystic and very different from the jobs regular fellows had to handle. Well, the war punctured that balloon—let out the hot air. The government machine was so inadequate that we, rank outsiders, were asked to help. We had to tackle these mysterious problems of statecraft and found that they weren't any different from our ordinary day's work. The War Trade Board—regular fellows we'd done business with for years—took hold of problems a lot more difficult than peacetime tariff and solved them in a quick, efficient, business-like way. The Food Administration cut circles round the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce—showed them tricks they had never dreamed of. Men from private factories showed ordnance officers and naval architects how to turn out big guns in quantity and fabricate ships. We who weren't supposed to understand taught them how their jobs should be done—beat them at their own game. It wasn't a difference of brains or of patriotism; it was a difference of system, of epochs—the twentieth century against the eighteenth. And the important thing is that it was a public demonstration. All the world could see it.

"At last we have a standard with which to compare the government machine. A good many thousand American citizens—shareholders in the concern—had the chance to see the two systems side by side at work on the same problems—eighteenth-century political methods and modern business enterprise. No one could be so dense as to miss the contrast.

"Take the Food Administration—and there are other examples just as good. Food was needed to win the war. Nobody seriously thought of giving the job to the Department of Agriculture. A full-sized American—a man of business training—was needed. I doubt if Hoover knew a dozen senators by sight. But he knew how corporations plan and carry through big work and had a sense of organization.

"He didn't need any marble palace for his job. They put up a stucco shack where men could take off their coats and go to it. The minute you entered the door you knew it was a live-wire concern. You did not waste hours trying to locate a man with authority and responsibility to deal with your business. You found your man easily, he knew his job, he wasn't afraid to commit himself. He didn't consult precedent to discover a way not to do it. There weren't any waste motions—things went ahead with snap and precision. Of course it was a tremendous—an impressive—success.

"Then Mister American Citizen tries to do business with one of the old departments—or worse still, with Congress. He got all tired out and exasperated telling his troubles to a lot of two-thousand-dollar clerks who weren't interested and couldn't decide anything if they were. The man with authority was always 'in conference.' It didn't do much good to make appointments—they were seldom kept. The only thing to do was to locate your man and then sit on his doorstep and waylay him. Mister American Citizen couldn't help seeing the contrast and he's been thinking about it ever since.

"Everybody is talking about reconstruction these days. Our antique political system is coming in for its share. The Government—the kind of men who run it, the way they run it—has lost prestige. The old bluff is called. From the standpoint of corporation practice, or compared with the way the ordinary citizen runs his Masonic lodge or his trade union, the present system—with its fool seniority rules and its tangled responsibilities—is impossible.

"Have you noticed what's happening to the church? You would naturally expect churchmen to be set in their ways—conservative. But they've watched the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. during the war and they've learned the lesson. A clergyman—who didn't wear a clerical collar—came into my office the other day and talked for half an hour about this interchurch world movement. He interested me. And he wouldn't be satisfied with a check. He wanted me to work for them, said they were looking for my kind of brains and experience. They wanted to put the church on an efficient, business basis.

"Well, the Government must wake up and get on board the twentieth century too. If they don't start it themselves, we who call ourselves citizens must keep on the job till we force them to. We must make Congress attractive to the best men in the country."

Quick Methods Needed

"But as Atchinson says, putting Congress on a working basis is only a beginning. The executive must be in closer touch with the legislative body. Occasional presidential messages are not enough. The head of every department should have a congressional secretary in constant attendance on Capitol Hill. If the Capitol and the White House can't agree there ought to be some quick way to let the nation decide. The people—the shareholders—should have the machinery either to force Congress to support the president or to fire him. It is ridiculous to let the responsibility tumble into the ditch between them. All possibility of a deadlock—like the row between the Senate and the President on the Peace Treaty—should be eliminated. The appeal to the electorate should be regulated and organized. There is no way now for them to decide—and it's their country. There is no machinery by which they can stop the wrangle. It's absurd."

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" a white-haired gentleman broke in as Thornton's voice fell. "How this reminds me of my youth! How often I have heard such talk before! Your civil-service reform—which you now want to tear up—I was enthusiastic about that myself once upon a time. I've seen so many hopeful young people start out to set the River of Corruption on fire. But the boating is still good on that stream.

"Reformers—like all Gaul—are divided into three parts. One crowd is going to bring in the millennium by getting good men elected. Another crowd is going to pass some good laws. The third are going to change human nature.

"The first crowd get themselves elected—they either drop out in discouragement or cease to be good. The second get their laws on the statute books and the ones with kick in them—the real reforms—are declared unconstitutional. The third crowd are the only ones with the right idea—they fail."

Thornton smiled with a large indulgence at this pessimism.

"I'm not talking about the millennium. All I'm interested in is evolution and progress. I'm not proposing any perfection. I never saw anything yet that couldn't be bettered. My standard of comparison is modern corporation practice, and nobody pretends that's perfect. Out of the hurly-burly struggle for existence in industry we have learned some definite lessons in effective organization. All I ask is that the Government shall not lag too far behind the procession. The only ideal in corporation practice is growth—constant adaptation to new circumstances. In the regular life of the community every organization which isn't changing, experimenting, evolving—all the time on the lookout for the better form—is dead. It's only in politics that we encounter this pre-Darwinian idea of immutability."

Heresy as a Job

"Our projects don't require any change in human nature. We want alterations made according to human specifications—not away from them. You'd have to change human nature with a vengeance to make our present political machine—all muffled up in the grave clothes of two centuries ago—do the work of this generation. The old-line politicians, the stand-patters, are the impractical visionaries.

"We're not proposing untried reforms. We've seen them work. A lot of people have seen them in operation. This is the new and decisive element in the situation. Down in Washington during the war a lot of ordinary business men—not angels or miracle workers, just the regular product of our industrial life—were put to work on the business of government, were given the chance to demonstrate their methods. You know how we made things hum. We don't claim to have been any more patriotic than the others. We had business training, a sense of modern organization. If we hadn't been good at these things we would never have succeeded at our own professions. The fatal comparison—the deadly parallel—was made; on one side order, large powers, quick smooth action, precise responsibilities—results; on the other side routine instead of order—and the war wasn't a routine job—red tape and debate instead of action.

"What was needed was the environment of competitive struggle round Capitol Hill. We put it there. Without intending to, by just doing our jobs in the regular way, we made the comparison.

"I'm not interested in one political party as against another or in the choice of candidates. I don't think the mass of the people are—the way they used to be. The old slogans and burning issues are dead. Everybody's bored by the old political wrangle. We've got to make a new issue—a conflict, a struggle for existence, between two systems, two epochs, two ways of doing things."

"What's the answer?" one of the younger men asked—"a new party?"

Thornton made a broad gesture of impatience.

"That would be playing the game according to the old rules. That would be orthodox—and our job's heresy. We don't want a new hierarchy—ward heelers, district leaders, a national committee. That was Roosevelt's game—the professional politician trying to reform politics. To start that again would be a futile waste of time. No! We must force them to accept new rules.

"How are we going to do it? I can only tell you my idea—apply to politics the tried-and-tested methods of successful business. There's no axiom of business more generally accepted than 'It pays to advertise.' I believe in publicity. The first step in company reorganizations is to educate the shareholders. First of all, we'll have to sell this idea to the public. There are a dozen ways to go at it—perhaps a newspaper, perhaps ordinary press-agent methods in the regular press, pamphlets, lectures—the Chautauqua circuit. But the idea will sell itself. All that's necessary is to state the issue clearly—the old political methods versus modern efficiency. I tell you, the people are sick of the old game.

"Don't get the idea," he went on, "that I'm speaking for an organization. There isn't any. I'm just unloading my personal opinions. But if there are no organizations yet pushing these ideas, there is a tendency that way—just waiting for leadership. When it does organize—as I hope it will, as I am sure it will—it will surprise everyone by its strength. It will smash the old political machines to pieces—scrap them. And we'll put in a new plant. I'll throw up my job once more and go to it if I see a chance to help, and I know a lot of dollar-a-year men who think just the same and will be just as quick to drop every private interest and try to modernize the organization of government—put a little efficiency into the conduct of public affairs.

"All over the country there are people who never were really citizens before the war. They were too busy with their own jobs to worry about the *res publica*. Then one day the bugles blew and they stepped up to enlist. Most of them went into uniform, but those who had to stay at home did their work as state food administrators, district fuel controllers, on draft boards, for the Council of National Defense, as Red Cross organizers, four-minute men, Liberty Loan boosters, canteen workers—housewives trying to persuade the good man that he liked corn meal just as much as white flour."

Dividends for All

"Men and women by the million have been giving their services to the nation. They've become citizens—and like the feeling. More or less clearly they have seen that it won't do to trust public affairs to the regular politicians—they weren't getting good service from them. They realize the inefficiency of the old political machine. They've compared it unfavorably with the way they do things in private life. They've seen business men doing public work—without any front, in a way they are used to and can understand—a whole lot better than the politicians ever did. A good many of them have been doing it themselves."

Someone looked at the clock and found it was dinnertime.

"It's like snatching pennies from a child," Thornton said cheerfully as he got up. "Talk about the blind leading the blind! There aren't a dozen of the old-line politicians who have their eyes open to what has happened to the country. Their old monopoly of statesmanship is broken, their prestige is gone. Next Fourth of July the man who is asked to read the Declaration of Independence on the village green won't be a senator or governor—anybody who draws a salary for serving his country—but some boy who left a leg or an arm in France. The man who is listened to in discussions of government will be one of the fellows who threw up his job or let his business go to pot and jumped in to pull the country through when the politicians fell down on the job.

"That's where they're blind, up on Capitol Hill. They think all these returned soldiers, all these dollar-a-year men, all these millions of people who were turned into citizens by the war, are going to return to their private jobs and let the politicians run the public affairs the way they used to. I don't know a single one of my friends who did their share—in khaki or in their regular clothes—who feels that way about it. No! We're going to stick to our citizenship. We're going to reorganize this country so that every shareholder will get his dividends."

This dependable craft for traffic in the air marks the morning of a brand new day

For sale *now*—and ready for immediate use—the United Aircraft!

For the first time in the world's history the flying ship becomes a thing of commerce—a *thoroughly practical* utility for business and pleasure.

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That distant city to which you habitually travel, your country home, the outlying golf club, the widely scattered branches of your business, all far away places are by this means brought miraculously near.

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Out of the great test of the World War came the United Aircraft. The most dependable factors which the stress of the times evolved are incorporated in its construction.

It is built by men who have the "*know how*" engineers and executives who are responsible for some of the big achievements of the war—both here and abroad.

Now—let it be the morning of a new day *for you*.

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One for water and one for land—two United models, Vought design, flying boat, speed 75-85 m. p. h., V E 10, $8500; land plane, speed 83-85 m. p. h., V E 14, $8000; three seats; complete with equipment, ready to fly. Particulars from general sales office, 1018 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—or from our representative in your city.

UNITED

ALLIED PENETRATION IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 13)

goods for the purpose of filling orders abroad than to lose neutral markets altogether.

It is proposed to employ the clearing house as a sort of exchange. England will buy German goods both for home consumption and for export, but with the understanding that every pound sterling employed must in turn be spent by Germany for British-made goods. Thus England gets two advantages while the German gets only one.

Long before the clearing-house idea developed, however, England was buying goods in Germany. At Cologne I picked up a copy of the memorandum issued by the British Customs concerning the marking of foreign merchandise imported into Great Britain for home use. The significant feature of these instructions is that German-made goods, for example, need not necessarily be marked "Made in Germany."

Section One reads as follows:

"Foreign goods imported into the United Kingdom which do not bear any marks whatever, either on the goods themselves or on the packages or wrappers containing them, are not required to bear any qualifying statement or indication, such as 'Made abroad,' 'Made in Japan,'" and so on.

Thus under this provision German-manufactured merchandise can go into England without bearing the one-time brand "Made in Germany." Of course Germany loses what might be called her national advertising because of the absence of any indication of origin. On the other hand Germany just now is not concerned with advertising her name. It is not a strong selling point.

Her main object is to plant goods wherever they can be planted.

What is England buying and selling in Germany? The imports and exports during my stay at Cologne will illustrate. England was sending Germany cotton, fibers, hemp, hides, rubber, woolen cloth, rice, cinnamon, tapioca, ginger, nutmeg, pepper, toilet and household soap, wearing apparel, paint, candles, starch, carpets, woolen traveling rugs and cotton lace. From Germany she was receiving furs, china and earthenware, sundry articles of metal manufacture, bristles and wood pulp.

This list of German imports covers only a small fraction of the German needs. German shelves and German warehouses are bare, and for some time to come the country will be obliged to buy almost every necessity. Beggars are not generally choosers and she will undoubtedly be glad to accept anything that comes her way.

British Capital Wanted

When I was in Germany more than ten million dollars' worth of British goods were congesting the docks at Cologne because of the inability of the Germans to pay for them with the mark at its present low value. Between the time these goods were ordered and the date of their arrival in Germany the mark had dropped thirty per cent. This mark problem, however, will be dealt with later on in the article.

The Germans are seeking British capital, as the following advertisement that I cut from the English newspaper published at Cologne will show:

English capitalist wanted to take over a first-class German patent. Value £100,000, installable to the British Army. The price is negligible having regard to the great importance of the article. Every facility for thorough examination and investigation.

Many things combine to strengthen the British strategic position in Germany. For one thing Cologne is the richest and most prosperous city on the Rhine. It has every advantage, because the transportation facilities, both for rail and water, are admirable.

Still another important asset just now lies in the customs arrangement. Foreign goods entering Germany through the occupied area are taxed by the present depreciated paper standard. All goods that come through unoccupied, neutral or free gateways are taxed according to the old gold standard, which is much higher. In other words a pound of coffee that comes through Cologne would cost the consumer, based on the tariff that was assessed, one-third the price of a pound of coffee that came through Hamburg and was assessed there. The value of this procedure is self-evident.

Turn to the French area of occupation and an entirely different process of penetration is revealed. The French economic section is making a survey of German needs as well as anticipating the inroads that French manufacturers and merchants must make upon German goods. France still leans, for example, on German dyes.

Regardless of the bitter hatred that exists between France and Germany these two nations must do business with each other. Throughout the French area I found manufacturers and merchandisers from many points in France making a study of the situation and getting ready for the economic relationship which will come the moment peace is finally ratified.

France has learned many things from the war. None is more important than the necessity for having a buffer state between Germany and herself. The proposed Rhineland republic would meet this requirement. Since there is likely to be much discussion of this project it may be well to make some explanation of it.

The Rhineland Republic

Clearly to understand it you must know first of all that the one-time Kingdom of Prussia was composed of various provinces. The richest and most important among them is the Rhine Province. For years prior to the war it paid a large proportion of the taxes within the Kingdom of Prussia but had little or no voice in the administration of local affairs. Practically all its administrative officers were Prussians, and this meant that they were bullies and browbeaters. Long before the doom note of the German Empire was first sounded in 1914 the people of the Rhineland felt a desire for independence. But Berlin was all-powerful and they had to submit. With Berlin—and this means the Prussian—shorn of power, this desire has become a strong and organized demand. The Separatist Party, which worked and hoped in the dark, has now come out in the open.

The moment that autocracy tumbled in Germany the Rhineland Separatists got to work. The movement has assumed great strength within the province. The Rhinelanders desire a republic of their own, which would be a part of the German federation but independent of Prussian rule.

Under the leadership of a Doctor Dorten, of Wiesbaden, the Separatists proclaimed the Rhineland republic last June. They are now striving to obtain a plebiscite to determine their self-government. Dorten claims that ninety-five per cent of the voting population of three millions would vote for separation if an election were held.

Bitter opposition to this separation plan has sprung up all over Germany, and as a result a two-year ban has been written into the new German Constitution, forbidding any portion of the German Commonwealth to undertake a movement for independence during the next two years.

A Rhineland republic under more or less French inspiration would give France her much-needed political rampart against German aggression.

Of course the Germans are up in arms over this enterprise. Talk to a German about it and he foams at the mouth. He denounces it as a conspiracy to make the Rhine republic a part of France and alleges that the Separatists are, to quote a characteristic opinion, "using illegal methods in the attempt to ruin the great constitutional document which alone provides the possibility for the reconstruction of Germany."

A rather amusing German comment on the separation scheme which I took from a proclamation issued by the Social Democrats against the Dorten movement is as follows: "The truth of the situation is that the Rhenish republic would at once fall prey to the economic and political influences of the Entente, and the broad masses would be threatened with the loss of their Kultur. Likewise impediments would be placed in the path of their further progress."

My own impression is that the Rhenish people have had about all the Prussian Kultur they want.

Belgian trading with the Germans is well under way. King Albert's little country has two considerable advantages over the British: One is proximity; the other lies in the all-important detail of a consistent and continuous output. Though the other European nations are rent with discord and industrial strife Belgium has gone to work, with a result that her exports are growing and her prosperity is increasing. Belgium is shipping iron, textiles and food products into Germany in considerable quantities.

Before August, 1914, Italy was perhaps the best, or I should say worst, example of German economic penetration. Germany had Italy literally sewed up tight. She owned ninety per cent of her corporate institutions, and the Banca Commerciale Italiana, which was German owned and German operated, was the motor that drove the Italian business machine.

The German banks in Milan and Turin were only mildly molested during the war. Practically no German industrial enterprises suffered seizure or sale. I was told in Frankfort that on the day after the Armistice was signed Italy and Germany were dealing with each other through Switzerland. A new commercial agreement between the two nations was in process of construction when I left Germany last September.

Italy has joined the procession of Allied penetrators in Germany. The first outpost has just been established in Munich in the shape of a large industrial bureau which bears the name of Italia. It will be the rallying point for Italian commercial interests seeking to expand their connections in Germany.

Summarize all this British, French, Belgian and Italian economic activity in Germany and you come to the somewhat satisfying conclusion that after all there is such a thing as just retribution and that Germany in the years to come will herself feel the prod and price of a system she ruthlessly employed for so many years. There will be this difference, however—that Allied penetration in Germany will lack the venom of the German brand.

Captain Mason's Work

We now arrive at the American signboard in Germany. If you think you are going to find the same enterprise and activity that animate the French and the British you are very much mistaken. Whether on the Rhine or elsewhere the American commercial salesman is almost a rarity. Though the demand for American goods exceeds that for any others in Germany very little is being offered, and less is sold.

I can give no more striking illustration of this than to recount my experience at the bureau of commerce and information at Cologne. Thanks to the courtesy of the British military authorities the United States was given an office at the Bureau. When I visited it the official in charge told me that he had been visited by exactly fourteen American salesmen during the entire period of his stay, and that so far as he knew not one of them had obtained an order. I saw the cards of these American emissaries and they represented lines that ranged from canned goods to leather.

Yet wherever I went in Germany the invariable question hurled at me by German business men was, "When can we get American goods?" Though the German realizes that but for us the Kaiser might have succeeded he seeks to curry favor with everyone who comes from the United States, and will pay almost any price for Yankee commodities.

When I reached Berlin in September I found, to my great astonishment, that the only accredited American official in the German capital was a young reserve infantry officer, Capt. Frank Mason, who was discharging the functions of ambassador, first aid and refuge for all visiting fellow countrymen in trouble, and in short acting as a real Pooh-Bah. He had been left behind in the exodus of American officers who had gone to Berlin last spring, and with a fine sense of public duty he assumed the many responsibilities that should have devolved upon a whole mission.

I cite this incident to emphasize two important facts: The first is our failure to have adequate military and economic representation in Berlin; the other is to point out another evidence of the way America is conspicuously absent from inter-Allied activities in Europe. We did a tremendous job in the war and yet wherever you go to-day, whether to a post of prominence or an occasion of importance, the American is usually absent. I have not gone into the causes. I am merely stating the facts.

When I was leaving France in October I learned that a United States trade commissioner at Coblenz was among the possibilities. If he should be named he will find that even in our own area both the British and the French have got ahead of him.

American Agencies

Many of us seem to forget the immense amount of commerce that formerly existed between the United States and Germany. She was our second-best customer. In 1913 we sold Germany $351,930,541 worth of goods. The biggest item was raw cotton, which amounted to $168,202,528. Next in volume was copper, which we exported in the sum of $47,419,150. Lard was represented by an item of $19,862,405; wheat by $13,000,000. Among other things, we sent Germany agricultural implements, meats, automobiles, cotton seed, furs, office aids, lubricating and illuminating oil, timber, flour, fertilizers and boots and shoes.

In 1913 Germany sold us $184,211,352 worth of merchandise of all sorts. Thus the balance of trade was ours. The biggest items were coal-tar colors and dyes; toys; lace and embroidery goods; earthen, stone and china ware; wood pulp, and art novelties. We can, of course, do more readily without these articles than Germany can dispense with her imports from us. But we cannot sell without buying.

Regardless of what our Government may do in the matter we still have two definite agencies in Berlin at the service of the American business man who seeks to enter upon new or to renew old relationship with Germany. One is the American Association for Commerce and Trade, organized and conducted by Americans; the other is the German-American Commercial Union, founded by the late Herr Ballin, who was head of the Hamburg-American Line, which is in the main endowed and promoted by Germans. Both organizations continued their existence throughout the war.

The American Association for Commerce and Trade not only maintained its offices in the Equitable Building but Frederick W. King, the acting president, and Arthur E. Dunning, the secretary, remained in Berlin during the great struggle. They employed the facilities of the chamber for the succor of interned Americans and other nationals, and for the compilation of a complete register of all Americans then in Germany.

I asked Mr. Dunning to make a statement concerning Germany's principal needs. He said: "The first Americans who came to Germany to do business after the signing of the Armistice had and those who come now have the sole idea of selling on the basis of cash against documents in New York. Here is where they strike the weakest spot in the present German economic situation, namely—credit; without which the German cannot buy, and until it is established the American exporter will find it extremely difficult to sell, if at all possible.

"Though here and there cases are known to the association where German buyers have succeeded in securing American credit the question to-day still remains unsolved

(Continued on Page 109)

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Adams Yucatan
Adams Sen Sen
Adams Clove

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in its broad sense. The matter of granting credit is so gigantic and involves such enormous sums that the unorganized efforts of a few individual banks and commercial houses are not felt. To finance the immediate requirements of approximately sixty millions of people in food and clothing and raw material for their factories will require concerted action of American heavyweight financiers."

When I asked Mr. Dunning what concrete steps could be taken to develop the German-American trade he replied: "Four factors enter into this matter. Summed up they are: First, the raising of a huge loan in America; second, the willingness of American exporters to sell to Germany, accepting marks in payment and allowing the amounts to remain in Germany until a more favorable rate of exchange is established; third, the sending of a financial and industrial mission to study German conditions at first hand; fourth, the shipping of American raw material to Germany and having it refined in German factories, the raw material and refined goods to remain the property of the American shipper. The goods could be sold partly in Germany or near-Eastern countries or wherever stipulated by the American owner."

These suggestions reflect the desire of practically every German business man with whom I talked. They constitute what might be called the German creed in the present acute economic crisis in the country.

"What are the concrete commercial opportunities for American capital in Germany?" I next asked Mr. Dunning.

"Since the war," he responded, "there is a great desire on the part of Germans to sell all kinds of real estate. The association has already received a large number of offers, including private dwellings, business houses and factories. Considering the value of one hundred dollars in marks—namely, over three thousand marks—as compared to the prewar value—four hundred and twenty marks—it is clearly evident what the possessor of dollars could do in Germany.

"For the American investor the questions rise: Is Germany safe for American investments? and, What is the taxation to be? Germany can be made safe for American investments. The first step in this direction is the appointment of a financial commission. Discountable securities are available. As to taxation, the peace treaty protects Americans against a rate of taxation higher than is imposed upon the Germans themselves. Taxes are high in all countries, and for the investor it is only a question of the proper percentage of turnover.

"The American manufacturers and exporters are also interested in the near-Eastern countries. There are opportunities for purchasing factories in Germany at advantageous prices—in view of the low value of the mark. With American raw material and German labor new commercial territories could be opened."

Germany's Dumping Activities

I also asked the German-American Commercial Union to express an opinion on the situation with reference to America, and the following was sent to me officially by the secretary in response to my request, and I reproduce it in full:

"In due course of time Germany will import anything and everything. For the present, however, due mostly to her decreased purchasing power, Germany is forced to curtail her purchases in foreign countries. The cause of this lies in the lack of foreign long-term credits and, especially at the present time, in the depreciated value of the mark.

"Germany will have to buy her foreign imports not solely with money but with labor. So long as the laboring man is not getting a fair return for the earned money that he spends on his daily necessities, as long as the high cost of living in Germany and, for that matter, in entire Europe does not come to a speedy end, the political unrest and the unrest of labor will not stop. There is only one way to bring this unhealthy situation to an end—provide the worker with work.

"A great deal has been written on the matter of German exports. The standing argument on the part of uninformed people has always been the dumping of German goods on foreign markets. We ask you to name us only one single German product that has been dumped. We do not know of any such product, nor does anybody else. As a matter of fact Germany has not practiced any more dumping than the United States has, or any other country. Germany was able before the war to export at low prices certain staple products which were gladly bought in foreign countries because these goods were good sellers and brought profit to the retailer. This can be said of American or the products of any other country—they all have certain wares to export in which they excel in price and character.

"The situation has changed, however. Germany has ceased to be the manufacturer of low-priced staple goods. The cost of labor has enormously increased and bids fair to remain so. If Germany wants to retain a part of her foreign trade it can be only in the export of quality products. It is obvious therefore that Germany is not any more the formidable and monopolizing competitor that she has been painted by the economic writers before and during the war.

"A main point should not be forgotten when it comes to the delivery of raw materials for Germany: Germany has been swept bare of all her materials and the products essential to daily life. Clothing and house furnishings are sadly wanted. There is not enough to go round. I believe therefore that it will take several years before the domestic demand of Germany is filled."

I present this statement for several reasons, mainly because it is a naive expression of what the German thinks about his dumping activities.

Wanted—Foreign Capital

I made a special investigation of all the American industries in Germany. Without exception they had more orders than they could fill. Their only trouble was a lack of new stocks, and the managers chafed at the failure of the Government at home to expedite cargoes of goods. They have been forced to every conceivable kind of makeshift to keep the pot boiling. The country, for example, has been scoured for old typewriters and cash registers for renovation. The salesman who formerly got commissions for selling new machines now gets them for finding old ones that can be remodeled.

Prices indicate the demand for American products. In 1914 a new American cash register sold for two thousand marks. To-day a remade second-hand one brings ten to twelve thousand marks. A new American typewriter that brought five hundred marks before the war is now in demand at prices ranging from two to four thousand marks.

Though Germany needs our goods acutely she will impose an import license on all our products the moment peace is ratified. Moreover, German competitors are already up in arms over what they feel will be inevitable invasion by our output, and will seek to combat these licenses. On one hand they yell for our help and on the other they are getting ready to put the knife into us.

Still another matter with reference to American prewar business in Germany remains to be cleared up. I refer to our patents, trade-marks and copyrights that were in vogue there, and they were considerable.

Americans are more concerned than any other belligerents with the readjustment of industrial property rights abroad. Whereas we grant patents for an unrestricted term of seventeen years without requirement of taxes or invalidating conditions of any kind after the issue of the patent, Germany and practically all European countries not only levy annual taxes on patents but require continuous exploitation. Failure to meet these requirements is usually penalized by complete forfeiture of the rights. During the war Americans could not fulfill these conditions, even in Allied countries. The result was that practically all American patents in Germany automatically became invalidated for nonpayment of taxes and failure to manufacture. At the same time the validity of German and Allied patents in the United States was not affected because of the absence of the conditions that surrounded patents abroad.

The treaty of peace, however, restores our trade rights. It validates American patents, commercial marks and copyrights. Americans who were prevented by the war either from patenting or registering their trade-marks in Germany or from exploiting them, as is required by law, may do so now.

Not only does the peace treaty protect all these American rights abroad but it reserves to each of the Allied and Associated Powers the right to impose, with the conclusion of peace, conditions or restrictions on the employment of German-owned industrial property in Allied countries in all cases where the national defense or public interest may require. This stipulation is the direct result of Germany's flagrant abuse of her patents in foreign countries for many years. She used her dye and chemical formulas, for example, as a subtle political asset and also as a weapon for the restraint of trade.

Henceforth her hands are tied in this all-important matter. It is just one more obstacle to her swift recovery.

Throughout this and the preceding articles of this series has run the refrain of German credit abroad. By common consent, regardless of sentiment or sympathy, it seems to be the one logical means of putting Germany to work, preventing further economic dislocation throughout all Europe and guaranteeing the payment of the much-needed indemnities.

The question naturally rises, How is this credit to be managed? If Germany were an ordinary business institution and made an application to a bank for a loan she would be met with the query: "What have you to offer?" To get the money she would be forced to produce collateral of some kind or show a proved earning power extending over a considerable period. This is true of a solvent enterprise.

But Germany to-day is to all intents and purposes a bankrupt concern, and if the Allies are going to get anything out of her they must help her to make money. This is precisely what the creditors of any bankrupt business with earning power and equity would do. All this leads to an examination of the whole German financial situation, which is no easy task.

On account of the low price of the mark, cash transactions are practically impossible, as I have repeatedly pointed out. Thus it becomes a question of how long the German credits are to be and what security can be offered. One thing is certain—despite the pressing needs of the country Germany will insist upon long-term obligations. This is based on the argument that her chief security to-day is her industrial plant and the trained hands that operate it. She is willing to give a mortgage on this plant in the shape of a lien on the manufactured output in case she gets the raw material. Her proposal is to expend the proceeds of loans for the purchase of raw materials. More than this, she declares, cannot be offered.

In addition I found a strong sentiment throughout industrial Germany for a participation of foreign capital. Before the war it was almost impossible to break into one of these copper-riveted German industries. "German industry for the Germans," was the maxim. To-day, in the face of overwhelming defeat and a far-reaching economic disorganization, the German manufacturer is begging for foreign cooperation. Many producers are willing to offer third or fourth interests in their factories in exchange for either credit or the equivalent in raw materials.

All the Traffic Will Bear

With any foreign credits America will be wise to profit by a lesson that some of our bankers learned to their cost during the war. Stated in a sentence it is this: Every dollar of credit issued must mean a dollar spent in America. There is a definite reason for this provision. Not very long ago a certain large American financial institution gave one of the new self-determined little nations a credit of five million dollars. The loan was partly animated by sentiment. The little nation immediately expended practically the whole credit in England. Subsequently she was able to get a loan in England and spent all the proceeds there.

This matter of credit naturally involves an examination of the German financial balance sheet. No nation ever emerged from war with such a staggering debt. For many generations to come the sins of the Prussian military masters will be felt in the Teutonic pocketbook. Just as the war itself was projected on an unprecedented scale, so do you find the money aftermath equally stupendous. On April 1, 1920, Germany's debt will aggregate the colossal sum of 212,812,000,000 marks.

The new German budget passed late last October reaches the staggering sum of 8,000,000,000 marks. Of this sum 875,000,000 marks will be needed to pay war pensions, disablement allowances and other expenses of the old imperial army; 750,000,000 marks will be required to pay for imported food; and 4,250,000,000 marks must be raised in the coming year for carrying out the peace terms, including payment for the armies of occupation and the housing and feeding of the various inter-Allied commissions.

This immense sum does not include any consideration of indemnity. It will be news to many people that the exact indemnity that Germany will be obliged to pay has not been finally fixed. The Reparation Commission, which will be an inter-Allied body, is charged with the task of determining the limit of the burden to be imposed upon Germany, a burden which may not exceed her maximum power of taxation if national bankruptcy is to be avoided. Thus the power to make or break Germany rests with this all-important body.

Just how much Germany will be able to pay may be gathered from the fact that the German taxes for 1920 are expected to yield nine billion marks. If the budget is eight billion marks this would leave a surplus of one billion marks for reparation.

German taxation will be something well-nigh overwhelming. The proposed income tax will absorb sixty per cent of the large incomes. In addition there will be a drastic excess-profits tax and likewise a progressive tax up to sixty-five per cent on all new capital employed. On top of all this Germany will impose what is called a capital levy. This means a direct tax on accumulated wealth. If a man has a million marks, for example, he will be obliged to give one-third of it to his fatherland as a present. This is one reason why there has been such a huge smuggling of actual money and securities out of Germany during the past year. Still another whack at wealth is the confiscation of all increases in fortunes during the war above three hundred thousand marks.

The Overhead on Folly

So difficult will be the problem of raising money that the government's next loan—it is proposed to raise five billion marks—will be a lottery loan. It will create ten new millionaires yearly for the next eighty years. Every person who buys a bond will have a chance at drawings held twice a year, at each of which there will be twenty-five hundred prizes with a total prize money of twenty-five million marks. There are five maximum prizes of one million marks each. England, by the way, proposes to adopt this same scheme with her next national loan.

To return to the indemnity item for a moment, M. Klotz, the French Minister of Finance, declared in a speech delivered in October that Germany would be able to make the last payment of an indemnity of three hundred and seventy-five billion marks within thirty-six years. He added that France would do everything in her power to aid the German production for the simple reason that continuous German production will mean a prompt and unfailing payment of the overhead charge on Prussian folly.

This is as good a place as any to interject a word about the decline and fall of the mark. No one need be told why the mark, which was worth about twenty-three cents before the war, is below three cents on the day this article is written. It is an "easy mark" for everybody but the Germans! The circulation of paper money in Germany exceeds that of any other country that went to war; it approximates forty-five billions of marks. The mark will begin to recover only when Germany has imported enough raw materials to set her factories going and to make a stab at something like her old export business.

Though the abnormally low value of the mark was an excellent thing for men like myself who went to Germany and got enormous rates of exchange for American money, fundamentally it works hardship to general business. It is just as bad as the top-heavy trade balance in our favor. Both these procedures impede the natural and logical flow of commerce.

So much for the debit side of the new German ledger. Turn to the credit page and you find that Germany has one asset denied the Allies—practically her whole war debt is owed at home. Thus she can manipulate it at will. She will not repudiate it because it would mean an immense

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Cord Tires 8000 Miles

GRAW

The Quality Of Your Tire Service

TIRE service cannot be figured in miles merely. Motorists want quality as well as quantity of service—freedom from worry, bother, delays, the same confidence in their tires that they have in their motor.

This is exactly the kind of service a McGraw Tire yields. Its mileage is not only high; it is ASSURED, as far as humanly possible. There is a definite reason for it.

The casing is remarkably free from structural defects which arise in curing and make mileage uncertain. The DUPLEX METHOD OF CURING prevents them.

What the Duplex Method *Is* and *Does*

This is a McGraw process of vulcanization which prevents fabric buckles and mold pinches—the worst menace to tire life. It consists in deferring compression of the tire in the vulcanizing molds until the rubber becomes heated and plastic. Then, when hydraulic pressure is applied to vulcanize the tire, the rubber "flow" is not stiff enough to pull the fabric out of place. The fabric layers "set" smooth and even. No creases can form. Pinches and buckles are avoided. The tire is a perfect structure.

In the McGraw, all the mileage inherent in highest grade material is ACTUALLY DELIVERED

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CLEVELAND, OHIO
Factories: EAST PALESTINE, OHIO
Makers of Fabric and Cord Pneumatics, Standard and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes

Fabric Tires 6000 Miles

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loss that would fall entirely on German shoulders.

National economists have fixed a valuation of immobile German property at something more than four hundred billion marks, and this stands practically untouched. Another asset is the gold in the Reichsbank, which amounted to 1,109,000,000 marks on August 1, 1919. Still another item not to be despised in this appraisal is the cessation of the tremendous old-time budget for the army and the navy. Behind all this, and it is worth repeating again, are an unscathed industrial machine and a highly trained population that, if given the means to work, will get the Bolshevism and all the other poison out of its system.

No matter from what angle you view it, German finance bristles with problems and difficulties. The storm center of it all is Mathias Erzberger, vice president of the republic and Minister of Finance. He is to-day the most execrated and discussed man in Germany and, with the exception of Gustave Noske, her strongest public figure. About him beats a perennial storm.

Erzberger's Troubles

So to Erzberger I went one day last September. The inaccessibility that hemmed him in was reminiscent of the barrier about Lloyd George back in those dark war days when the little Welshman was the prop of empire. Like Lloyd George he was performing many tasks, but chief among them was the supreme responsibility of finding the money to meet the colossal German war bill.

His office is in the Finance Ministry, a gloomy gray building that stands in the Wilhelmsplatz. The American Embassy, where Mr. Gerard held forth, is less than a stone's throw distant, while down the street stands that one-time holy of holies, the German Foreign Office.

My appointment was for nine-thirty in the morning. I made my way up a wide red-carpeted stairway, and after giving the watchdog outside the ministerial door an American army cigarette—the most acceptable gift that you can offer in Germany just now—I at once was received by a young secretary, who conducted me into Erzberger's presence.

I found myself in a long, stately, high-ceiled room. At a flat-topped desk in the center and facing the door sat a stocky, thick-necked, red-cheeked man whose eyes shone behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He looked like the stolid burghers one used to meet at the German watering places, usually surrounded by large and noisy families. Such was my first sight of Erzberger. Despite his persistent political somersaulting he gives a distinct impression of having staying power.

As I watched his solid bulk settle back into the chair after he rose to greet me there flashed across my memory a picture which I had lately seen in France and which has a proud place in the battle abbey of the great war. It showed an epic scene, not only in the drama of that event but in all history. It was the salon of Marshal Foch's private car on a memorable November morning. On one side stood the French generalissimo, with arms folded—the personification of grim and masterly dignity. Facing him was a stocky spectacled German, come to sign the death warrant of German imperialism and Teutonic world power—the Armistice. That German was Mathias Erzberger. His very association with that occasion, humiliating though it was, invested him with a peculiar and dramatic interest.

Erzberger speaks some French but no English. Our whole conversation—or I should say his monologue—was entirely in German. He had evidently prepared himself for this meeting, for he at once launched into an animated statement of Germany's troubles and anxieties. He said:

"Defeat and everything that goes with defeat would be bad enough for Germany to bear in this troubled hour, but added to this misfortune is the fact that we do not know where we are. We have not been told how much indemnity we are required to pay to the conquerors, and, until we know, the whole economic situation is unsettled. Once we find out what our definite obligations are, Germany will get to work and, despite the terrible handicaps on all sides, will find her way to recovery.

"The German is naturally thrifty and industrious, and though his mind has been preyed upon by dangerous influences he is coming to his senses and will find his salvation and the larger salvation of his country in a close application.

"The German economic recovery, however, is being impeded by enemies within and without her borders. English and French banks, for example, are making special inducements to get German money which should be employed in paying our debts and helping to rebuild the nation. The lure they hold out is that if deposited in these foreign banks it will escape the heavy taxation that unfortunately we must impose. Such a procedure gives the average German workman a feeling that German taxes are unjust and unfair. The German Government needs all the good will and support that it can have from every one of its citizens.

"Then too we are imposed upon by the customs arrangement, which enables goods to come through the occupied area under a tariff based on the depreciated paper standard, while the imports through gateways like Hamburg and Bremen must pay according to the old gold standards.

"Another and even more serious trouble is the persistent smuggling of luxuries into Germany, when our acute need is for such necessities as food and clothes. One reason for the discontent in Germany is the constant sight of the smuggled goods, which inflames the people who have empty stomachs and threadbare clothes."

"How do you feel about a possible invasion of American capital?" I asked the minister.

"Nothing could be more welcome than American money," was the reply. "We look to America to help us out of our difficulties. American capital is needed to revive our industry, and American money generally could be employed to useful and profitable advantage in German investment."

"How about taxes on this foreign money?" was my next question.

"We will make our investments attractive in every way for Americans," came from the minister. "I will guarantee that the only tax on the capital of nonresidents will be an income tax not to exceed thirty per cent."

What Erzberger said expressed the official government point of view. I wanted to get the impressions of a practical banker, so I talked with Hermann Waller, managing partner and real head of the Berlin Disconto Gesellschaft, the largest of all the German banks, whose deposits aggregate something more than four billion five hundred million marks. To get such an opinion before the war I would have sought out Von Gwinner or Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank. They were the financial war horses of the old Pan-German group and held the keys to the coffers that paid the way of German penetration the world over. Now they are both out of commission and newer and younger men are at the money helm. Waller is a type.

Commenting on the general German financial situation he said:

"The working conditions in Germany are improving slowly. If we can get raw materials and keep our workmen busy I believe that the Bolshevism which menaces not only Germany but all Europe can be not only discounted but eliminated. If Germany is once turned over to the forces of unrest they will soon have all Europe in their grip."

The Antidote for Unrest

"What Germany needs more than anything else is a long-term foreign loan of not less than several billions of dollars. Small loans and commercial credits for a short time are not of much avail, for the reason that during the next few years we shall not be able to export sufficiently to cover these loans at maturity. One must consider that the goods manufactured out of the raw material that we need so sorely must be used first to fill the urgent wants of Germany. The surplus may be exported, but it will in no way stand in relation to the large quantities of dyestuffs, chemicals, potash, toys and porcelains that we formerly sold to the rest of the world.

"If our urgent requirements can be secured through a long-term foreign loan it will be possible to avoid the many dangers rising out of the closing down of thousands of factories and driving our workingmen into the arms of radicalism. Likewise it will improve the price of the mark. Remember the only large asset that Germany has to-day is her labor. Stifle this and we are lost. If Germany is allowed to go to work I am convinced that she can discharge all her obligations."

Now for a word in retrospect. What was said at the beginning of this series may be emphasized here. Germany in transition is a molten mass, to be shaped by the strongest hand. Her salvation lies in work—the unfailing antidote for all unrest.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with conditions in Germany. The next and last will be a character study of Gustave Noske, Minister of Defense.

Uniformity

In huge mills and factories, interested workmen are blending with painstaking care the ingredients that insure the excellent quality of *Certain-teed.*

Perfected formulæ and machinery, possible only in institutions of this size, assure no variation from the determined standard of excellence.

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You have, no doubt, noticed that a great many of the "demonstrating cars" used by the better motor car dealers are equipped with wire wheels.

The reason is very plain, simple and easy to understand.

Cars equipped with Hayes Wire Wheels have so much better style that they actually do sell more readily.

Owners of the higher priced cars first preferred wire wheels.

Now that preference has extended to owners of *all* types and makes; and Hayes Wire Wheels are specified on a big majority of the better cars as standard wire wheel equipment.

Any motor car dealer who uses wire wheels on his "demonstrators" will tell you that, in addition to style, Hayes Wire Wheels give greater riding ease; give greater gasoline and tire mileage; and are easier to handle than demountable rims.

Because these things are so, motor car manufacturers and dealers themselves are predicting the universal use of wire wheels.

Your own motor car dealer, or the Hayes sales and service station in your locality, will replace your present wheels with Hayes Wire Wheels in your favorite color.

DEALERS: Hayes Wire Wheel dealerships are being rapidly taken by the better accessory and special agencies. There may be an exceptional opportunity in your city.

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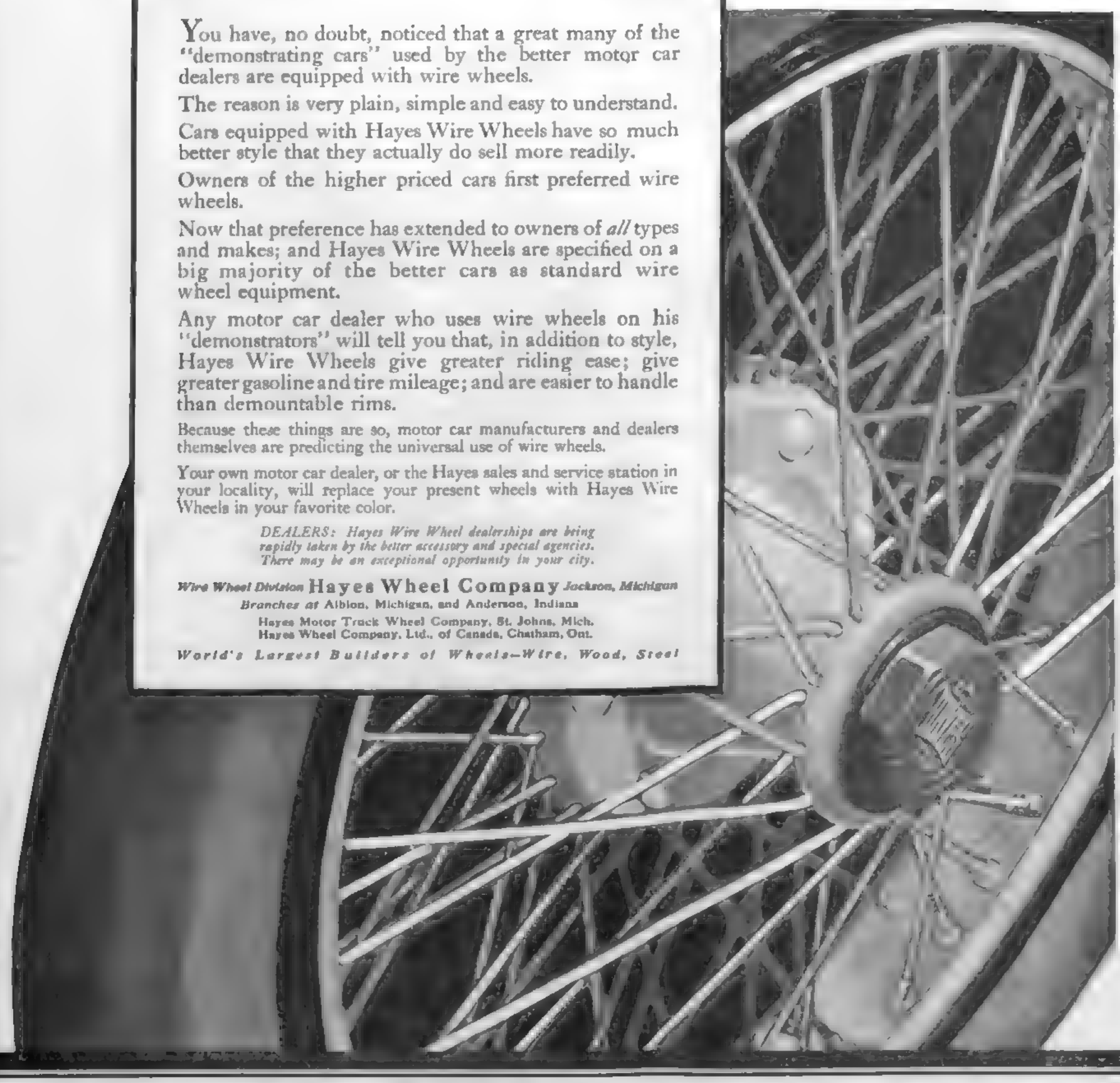
World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel



HAYES *Wire Wheels*

HAYES Wire Wheels

HOT METAL

(Continued from Page 19)

watch the driving engines and the whirring rolls and the laboring cranes and motors; the old awe that had remained with him through all the years he had labored in and about the mills, delving into the mysteries of steel, learning the significance of steel, sensing the greatness of steel. And always the old feeling of awe found expression in the old words of awe that had leaped to his lips a thousand times—"Oh, but it's great! Big work! Big work!"

Kirk's iron was good iron—for a while. Then it began to cause trouble. Wally, watching the laboratory reports on tests taken from the ladles at the mixers, noticed that the sulphur content of the iron was steadily climbing upward. It went up one point, two points, three points. Then, one day, he saw a seventy-ton heat of steel piled out in the stockyard in ingots. The next day the ingots came into the Open Hearth and were charged as scrap.

"Sulphur too high," explained the superintendent of the ingot mill, who had rejected the heat. "No orders for any steel with sulphur that high."

Wally made a list of the sulphur determinations on Kirk's iron for the past two weeks. He carried this to the meeting of the superintendents at the lunch table. For he now had a place at this table, sitting there with Ackerman, who had worked him for years as a roustabout and had named him "everybody's goat"; with Jaster, who had kept him slaving in a hot and wet underground tunnel beneath the ingot rolls; with Chief Clerk Calla, who had refused to give him a trial job in the accounting department because he did not consider him sufficiently cultured and refined—with these he sat, and with others who had once sneered at him and laughed at him and imposed upon him, and when Manning was not present—for Manning was his immediate superior—his voice carried as much weight as any of theirs.

To-day he spoke about the high-sulphur iron coming in from Ferro Junction, read the list of sulphur determinations he had compiled. Goodlow listened carefully.

"I've had my eye on that sulphur too," he said. "I have phoned Kirk about it and I've written to him about it. Kirk has a good contract with us, but he can't unload that kind of junk on us indefinitely. If we didn't need his iron right now I'd give him a jolt. Keep that memorandum, Wally, and to-morrow morning I will go down to the Junction and line him up. I want to go down anyway—I've never been there. I'd like for you to go with me, Wally—you've been watching this iron pretty closely and you know how it has been coming from the first. We'll run down on the hot-metal train. Tell McNutt to have it held for us at the Transfer."

Seated on a bench which stood on a flat car coupled to the last of the three ladles in the train Goodlow and Wally traveled to Ferro Junction the following morning. As the four tall furnace stacks came in sight Goodlow remarked to his companion: "There they are." And he then went on: "The Mastersons, I understand from what I've heard, were really great iron people—that is, old Kent Masterson and Kent Masterson, Jr. Dunwood Masterson was never interested in the industry; he was more the student than the business man."

"I never knew anything about them," returned Wally. "I've heard the name spoken about the mills—that is all."

"You've been to the Junction of course?"

"Oh, two or three times when I was a youngster beating through the country with a gang of other young Indians like myself. I don't remember anything about it."

"I'm going to put a flea into Kirk's ear about that high-sulphur iron. There was another bad heat last night, wasn't there?"

"Yes, Number Ten came too high to pass."

"Well, here we are. That's the office building yonder, I suppose."

They entered the brick building that stood in front of the row of furnaces. Goodlow walked to the end of a hallway and looked into a room the door of which stood open. Stanley Kirk was at his desk talking to a white-mustached gentleman sitting near him. He heard Goodlow's step and turned and saw him.

"Hello, Goodlow!" he cried, rising and advancing to meet his caller. "Glad to see you down here. Are you acquainted with Senator Masterson, Mr. Goodlow? Let me introduce you. Senator, Mr. Goodlow of Steelburg Mills. You have heard me speak of him."

The two men shook hands. Then Goodlow turned and introduced Wally to Masterson. Kirk and Wally had met before, and they shook hands.

"Goodlow, I know what you're here for," said Kirk as the four sat down. "It's about that high-sulphur iron you've been getting for a few days."

"You've guessed it, Kirk," returned Goodlow. "Senator," and he looked at Masterson, "you may find my language somewhat sulphurous before this interview with my friend Kirk here is over."

Masterson smiled, but made no remark. He had been staring at Wally from the moment he had shaken hands with him and he continued to stare at him now, staring with such fixedness that Wally grew uneasy beneath his gaze.

"Senator Masterson will have no occasion to be disturbed by your language, Goodlow," laughed Kirk, "for I am going to explain things satisfactorily to you in about two minutes. We were puzzled where that sulphur was coming from, but now we have found out where we were picking it up and we have dropped a certain pile of ore. We cleared the furnaces of it all last night. Here—look how we're going now."

Goodlow took the slip of paper Kirk handed him and studied it for some moments.

"That's all right if you keep it like that. But don't forget there's a sulphur clause in that contract."

"Tut, tut, Goodlow!" interrupted Kirk. "What's a pinch of sulphur between friends? Send me your bill for the trouble we've caused you."

Goodlow laughed and the conversation between him and Kirk quickly drifted into other channels. Wally, who had been growing more and more uneasy under Masterson's stare, excused himself and left the office. The door had hardly closed behind him when Masterson turned to Goodlow.

"Mr. Goodlow, who is that young man?" he asked, and there was a note in his voice that caused Kirk to look sharply at him.

"Wally Gay—Wellington Gay. He is assistant superintendent of our Open-Hearth department. He is ——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Masterson, "but who is he? Is he a Steelburger? Where does he come from?"

"I can't answer that question, Mr. Masterson. I don't know who he is, nor does the young man himself know. He came to Steelburg Mills in a car of pig iron, a baby a few days old. He grew up about the mills, forged ahead ——"

"Tell me the entire story, will you, please," said Masterson, again interrupting, and as Goodlow proceeded to relate the history of Wally Gay, as he knew it, the senator sat very quiet, and Kirk watching him knew that the story he was listening to was impressing him in some strange manner.

"Why, Goodlow, we have another Dud Dudley in young Gay," said Kirk as Goodlow finished.

Goodlow smiled.

"I hadn't thought of that, Kirk. There is something of a similarity in their histories, isn't there? Old Dud Dudley, the pioneer ironmaster of England, was a wonderful character. I wonder he has not been exploited more by the writers of his country."

He and Kirk were soon again deep in conversation, but Masterson did not join in it; he showed no interest in the themes discussed—he sat staring at the floor at his feet.

Outside the office building Wally had walked over to the furnaces. He looked in at the engine room for a few minutes, watching the mighty blowing engines performing their herculean tasks. He talked with a foreman and had him point out to him where the break-out had occurred a year before, and stood with him where the four men had stood who were engulfed in the fiery flood that burst out upon them. He wandered about beneath the big bins where the laborers were making up the charges and he watched the skips rushing up and down the steep inclines and heard the rattling of rock and ore on the bells and hoppers at the furnace tops. And always in his ears wherever he went was the shrieking and the whining and the sobbing of the tortured air in the mains, being pressed and squeezed and forced through the tuyères.

He liked the splendid din that was all about him and he reveled in the thought of the bigness of the work he was seeing done. And when one of the furnaces slipped and with the roar of a volcano belched out its smokes and gases and hell-colored flames he laughed and ran with the furnace men to a place of shelter and there watched the downpour of chunks of ore and rocks of limestone and bits of glowing coke that the avalanche of fire in the depths of the big stack had hurled out. And a little later when he had gone to watch the cast at one of the furnaces and a drop of the fiery fluid splashed at the runner's mouth, shot over the space that lay between him and the ladle, struck his hand and stuck there, burning in an instant through the skin and into the flesh beneath, he laughed again, brushed away the red crumb of iron and licked the seared spot with his tongue.

He left the furnaces, climbed a steep hill and came to a roadway along which he walked a few hundred yards. He was now thinking of those two or three marauding expeditions he had made to Ferro Junction with his band of Vinegar Gully hoodlums years before, when he was a boy. He looked about him for landmarks, but could see none he could recall—yes, there was the big stone house on the hill behind the tall maples; he remembered that. He remembered, too, that a huge chestnut tree had stood in the yard close to the house, from which he and his gang had clubbed the chestnuts until a man came and chased them away. He wondered if the old tree stood there yet. He would walk up and see.

He climbed the weed-grown terraces leading up to the old house and entered the yard through a tangle of briers and bushes. Yes, there was the tree. And it was loaded with chestnuts. They would be ripe soon, he told himself. He looked at the house. It was falling into ruin—windows and doors were gone, the roof was tumbling in and the chimneys were half down. He recalled that the place was shut up when he was there after the chestnuts and he remembered that he and one of his gang had pried open a window, crawled inside and wandered through its big high-ceilinged rooms, upstairs and down.

He advanced to one of the ruined doorways and stood looking in. It was very dismal in there. Pale-green grasses and weeds grew up through a soggy, moldy floor; leaves had drifted in and were piled up in little rotting heaps in the corners; the walls were mildewed and the plastering had fallen away—naught but ruin, decay, desolation wherever he looked.

Suddenly he started back, for a figure was advancing toward him across the big room into which he was gazing, the figure of an old woman. He could hear her feet striking through the pale-green grasses and weeds as she came. Gray dishevel hair hung about a gray cadaverous face and the hollows out of which her beady eyes stared seemed to him to be as deep and black as the empty eye sockets of a skull. He noticed there was slaver on her lips and that she was hiccuping, and the fumbling of her white bony fingers at the throat of the gray dress she wore made him think of fumbling fingers of hands long dead. Shuddering, he was turning away when she spoke, not so much to him as to herself:

"I can't find it! I can't find it! It's lost!"

Then his nearness seemed to rouse her and the wail turned to a whine.

"Give an old woman a piece of money to buy her a bit of drink!" she begged.

He continued to move away, but she followed him out through the doorway and into the yard and her whining and importuning became louder and more insistent. He thrust his hand into his pocket; his fingers touched a silver dollar; he drew it

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"What D'ye Know About That, Nosey-Nose?" Demanded the Shipping Clerk. "Man, You're Shaking Like a Pepper Box! Cold? Got Chills?"

A TORBENSEN *every* 197 *feet between New York and San Francisco*

There are enough trucks equipped with Torbensen Drive in this country to make a squadron that would reach from New York to San Francisco—over twenty-seven trucks to the mile—a truck every 197 feet.

These trucks each day can haul over five million tons one mile—one hundred pounds of merchandise or raw products for every man, woman and child in the United States; and on every pound there is an actual and important saving in transportation costs.

It has been proved that Torbensen transmits over 92% of engine power to rear wheels. Torbensen saves on gas, oil, tires and repairs. It is dependable, does not fail under heavy loads in hard going, will stand an unusual amount of punishment and in all respects is a great rear axle for trucks. That is why more Torbensens are in service than any other type of truck rear axle.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

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out and gave it to her, then turned and fled—through the cluttered yard, down the weed-grown terraces and into the roadway along which he hurried toward the furnaces and office building.

Below the house and below the road at the foot of the second hill, where the railway tracks ran, a man stood and watched Wally coming away from the old house. His black hair that bushed in profusion about the edges of the gray cap he wore was remarkably curly.

An enormous nose and a chin conspicuous because of its almost entire absence gave to him features that were grotesque, ludicrous, made more so by his continuous squinting and blinking.

For some time he had been watching Wally. He had seen him going up the terraces and into the yard; he had seen him approach the old house and peer in at the ruined doorway and he had watched him steadily while he was in the presence of the old woman. Now as Wally hurried away toward the brick office building he followed, moving along the railroad tracks that paralleled the roadway. When he saw the object of his observation join Kirk and Masterson and Goodlow in front of the office, where the three men were standing talking, he stopped.

"Going up fast!" he muttered. "Hobnobbing with United States senators! It's a case! It's a good case! It would be riper later on, but I'll not wait. I'll touch him now and I'll touch him hard. He'll stand it. I ought to be getting into a bigger field. Nothing smaller than New York!"

He turned back, crossed the tracks and sat down behind an ore bin near one of the furnaces.

Masterson and Kirk were bidding Goodlow and Wally good-by.

"I shall probably see you at the mills in a short time, Mr. Gay," said Masterson as he shook hands. "I am coming to look the plant over. I haven't been there for a good many years. I am going to count on having you to show me through that new Open Hearth."

"I'll be glad to see you there," returned Wally, uncomfortable again under the gaze of the elder man.

There were four ladles of hot metal ahead of the flat car on which Goodlow and Wally sat as they traveled back to Steelburg.

"Wally, I should say that you have made quite an impression on Senator Masterson," said Goodlow, smiling as he spoke.

"I wish he wouldn't stare at me as if I were some strange animal broken out of a circus," growled Wally.

Goodlow laughed.

"Did he stare? Many people would consider themselves highly honored to have a United States senator stare at them."

"I don't!"

"You're a queer one, Wally." And Goodlow chuckled as he looked at the young man beside him. "Well, I don't think we'll have any more trouble with Kirk about high-sulphur iron," he went on. "Kirk is all right, but just keep an eye on the stuff. If the sulphur climbs up again I'll let you go down and jog his memory. And don't forget to mention that high-sulphur clause. He's afraid of that."

The train of ladles and the heavy engine drawing them rumbled along over the uneven tracks, winding in and out among the low hills through which the road ran. Once at a particularly rough spot a little wave of red slipped over the rim of one of the ladles.

"Something's got to be done about this road," said Goodlow, speaking more to himself than to Wally. "There'll be a spill out here some of these days. Rather rough traveling, isn't it, conductor?" he called to the conductor of the train, who was standing at the rear of the flat car.

"Rough ain't no name for it!" declared the conductor, coming forward. "This here road may be all right for haulin' baled hay or plug hats over, but for splashy freight like ours—nix! It makes a feller feel kind of squeamish, I want to tell you, sir, to be bounced and jounced round as we are, with all that red stuff right under his snoot. I've told McNutt that I'm goin' to quit my job this comin' Saturday if he don't take me off this run, and I'm goin' to. I ain't got no life insurance and my wife couldn't make a livin' if I was to get bumped off sudden."

"Something must be done," repeated Goodlow. "I'll see if I can start anything. I doubt, though, if I can."

The following day Wally stood beneath the mixers watching the hot metal come in. The black ropes of steel dropped down from out the dirty dusks above and one of the huge ladles floated upward. The mixer's vast hulk rolled over and the rim of the ladle touched the mixer's mouth.

A man came up the iron stairway, crossed the platform and stood behind Wally. It was the man with the enormous nose, the superrecessive chin, the gooseberry eyes and the curly hair.

The ladle began to tip. Wally was watching it, his head thrown back, his eyes directed upward.

"Say, fellow!"

He looked back. He could not recall ever having seen the individual before him.

"I want fi—three thousand dollars out of you by midnight to-night!"

Wally stared. Then he grinned.

"What are you—a nut?" he asked.

"No, I'm not a nut!" returned the man, and there was a threat in his voice. "I say I want three thousand out of you and I mean it!"

Wally's grin broadened.

"How did you get out?" he asked. "Better run back to the big brick house on the hill and tell them to lock you up again. You might get hurt round this place."

He turned his eyes back to the ladle high above him. It was tipping more and more and he could hear the molten metal gurgling into the mouth of the mixer.

"I told you once before I could find out something about your family! And I have—a lot!"

Wally did not take his eyes from the tipping ladle; he did not move, but with the speaking of the words behind him his muscles had tensed and the hot waves of anger, the old anger he had known so many times, were pouring over him, choking him, suffocating him.

"I must hold myself here!" was the thought that shot through his brain.

He remembered the man now—the scene at the mortar bed passed before his vision. It was a bad place for him to give way to his rage—here on the platform over the bowls of hot metal. The ladle had drained itself and was now dropping down.

"I say I found out something—a lot—everything!"

The voice was louder now, more confident. It seemed to Wally that an hour had gone by since the voice had spoken before, yet he knew that less than a minute had slipped away.

The ladle was dropping down and down. Now he could look into its fiery depths, but he saw no fantastic shapes therein as he sometimes did—he saw nothing but the red walls of the vessel—red, but not so red as the red anger that boiled within him. This thing that stood there behind him—if he could take it by the scruff of the neck, carry it to the edge of the platform, dangle it over that hole of fire, hold it there until it squirmed and whined and drew up its legs as he remembered seeing a tiny puppy do which he once had taken by the scruff of the neck! His muscles felt as if they would snap. He must—he would ——

"I saw you talking to your mother yesterday at the old house!"

He gasped, a shiver ran over him and his knotted muscles went flaccid flesh. His hands trembled out and grasped the iron railing that edged the iron platform and he drew himself to it, twisted himself about with his back against it, facing the man. And horror looked out of his eyes. The man saw it and sneered.

"Well, you're coming across or I'm going to talk!"

The voice was still louder and the threat in it was now positive.

A minute—or was it ten, or was it sixty?—and Wally's body began to stiffen. His grasp on the iron railing loosened, he took a step forward, and another, very slowly. The man retreated, stepping back. Wally followed, placing each foot carefully and quietly upon the iron floor, moving as one might move sneaking up on an unsuspecting enemy to pounce upon him.

"Well, what are you going ——"

The question was not completed, for Wally had lunged forward and seized the man, forced his arms down against his sides and thrust him back into the deep channel of a huge steel column.

"What am I going to do?" he burst out. "What am I going to do? Make you prove what you have said to me or tear out your dirty heart and stamp on it! I'll make you prove your words or I'll squeeze your ugly soul out through your lying lips! You ——"

All the profanities, all the hideous and obscene words and foul and disgusting expressions he had heard and learned and used when he was growing up in Vinegar Gully, and which he had long been trying to eradicate from his sometimes too tenacious memory, came tumbling from his quivering lips.

"I can prove it!" whimpered the now white-faced man in his grasp. "I can prove it!"

"Then you'll prove it! Bring me the proof! Bring the proof to me, and when you have brought the proof, then talk! Talk! Tell everybody! Tell all Steelburg what you have discovered and I will not deny it! But if you ever repeat, if you ever whisper what you have said to me here before you bring me that proof, I'll hunt you down, I'll follow you to the edge of hell, but I'll get you! And when I get you I'll break you, I'll rip you, I'll tear you to rags! Get out of here! Quick!"

"I'll bring the proof!" And the man started toward the iron stairway, down which he ran. Wally followed and stood at the top of the stairs watching him descend.

Near the bottom the man turned and looked up. "I'll bring the proof!" he called with a sneer on his lips. And then—"Oh, I'm not afraid!"

But he was afraid—he was frightened as he had never before been frightened. Every fiber of his soul shivered with fear, every nerve of his body was shrinking; he trembled as one with ague chills, and a shipping clerk meeting him as he came out of the mixer building looked at him in astonishment.

"What d'ye know about that, Nosey-nose?" demanded the shipping clerk. "Man, you're shaking like a pepper box! Cold? Got chills? What d'ye know about it, with all this hot metal standing round here modifying the atmosphere? And what in Sam Hill are you doing in here? Is that a car clerk's book I see in your pocket? You don't mean to say you're working at Kirk's furnaces! Sneaked in here on the hot-metal train, eh? Well, if Roundsman Robbie, our efficient intramural bluecoat, finds you in here without a permit he'll land you on your ear in the gutter outside the gate. Gone to work again! Well, what d'ye know about that? And I thought you were a full-feathered detective by this time. How is the detecting biz nowadays, anyhow? Hey, don't tear yourself away!"

The shipping clerk gazed after the hurrying form of the man he had addressed as Nosey-nose.

"What d'ye know about that?" he asked himself. "Here's a theme ripe for discussion. I must pluck it. I'll peep in on my old college chum, McNutt."

"What d'ye know about it, Mack?" he asked of Yardmaster McNutt a few minutes later as he stood before the yardmaster's desk. "You haven't got that old plug of spit-quick lying about your desk, have you, that I broke my gold tooth on two or three or four or five years ago? Well, well, well? How the time flies!"

He drew a chair to the side of the yardmaster's, elevated his feet to the level of that official's pedal extremities and sighed.

"Well, Mack, *ad astra pudla*, as the old Romans used to say. A little Latin that I scpped up in Honeyburg High School, meaning 'Let us live in the present moment,' Mack. What d'ye know about it? I was just chatting with that former chinless sidekicker of yours, Sir Squint-lamps, as some of the boys called him, old Nosey-nose in other words, him whom you affectionately addressed as Jannie in your happier moments, as Janus in your unhappier—Janus Damrosch, the sleuth of Steelburg. He is now occupied in the capacity of clerk for Kirk's furnaces and he sneaked in here on the hot-metal train. What d'ye know about that? Wouldn't I like to see Roundsman Robbie fall foul of his trail? Say yes, Mack, and you'll have it right. He was coming out of the mixer building when I met him, shaking like a late leaf in autumn. I noticed Wally Gay standing up on the platform just a few minutes before as I passed that way."

McNutt opened his eyes and looked at the speaker for a few moments in silence. Then he lowered his feet and straightened up in his chair.

"Say, Bob, I'll tell you something."

He glanced at the door opening into his clerk's office and spoke in a low voice for several minutes.

"Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't! What d'ye know about that?" exclaimed the shipping clerk when the yardmaster had finished. "Cut the page out, eh? Now, what do you suppose he was up to? And you remember I told you how old Major Fronk found him snooping about in Wally's room at the Falls House? Oh, that was a long while ago! I always said, Mack, it was too bad you didn't keep a memo of that car. It might have been possible ——"

"Funny thing," broke in McNutt. "Some time ago I ran across a foreign car down here in the yard—off a Western road. I don't know when I'd seen a car from that road in these yards. I glanced at the initials as I went by it and then I stopped and looked at them again, for there was something familiar about them. All at once it popped into my head that those were the initials of that car I put the blue pencil cross before in the car clerk's record—P. G. M. Of course it wasn't the same car—that car went to the scrap pile many a year ago. But those were the initials on Wally's car—P. G. M."

"Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't! What d'ye know about that?" And the shipping clerk fanned himself with his hat. "But I guess Wally can take care of himself all right. He's pulling big stuff at the Open Hearth, isn't he? Manning doesn't get out very often now—I hear he's pretty well run down. They tell me Wally is making more steel, better steel and cheaper steel than was ever made here before. What d'ye know about it?

"Well, I must be trotting along. Seads of work ahead of me. What d'ye know about it, Mack? It's plug, plug, plugity-plug all the time in this old dump. No chance a-tall to take a little taper now and then—you're always going down for the third time in work. I hear they're slicking up the old joint for visitors—big guys. One of them is a United States senator. What d'ye know about that?

"I've often thought, Mack, that the fellow who has the job showing sightseers through this plant ought to find a chance every now and then to snatch off something pretty good. There's a lot of mighty big people who come out here to gawk. Suppose now, for example, you had the job of steerer, Mack, and you were showing this United States senator through the place and you saw him walking straight into one of those puddles of worn-out oil and roll-train slush that lie about on the standings, so charmed with the mechanical scenery on every side of him that he wouldn't be watching where he was going. You'd touch him on the arm and say politely, 'Just a hair to the left, senator, to avoid the pool of goo.' And when he saw what his patent leathers had missed he'd give you a grateful glance then and there and maybe a second or third class post office later on.

"Or suppose again that you were guiding this august guy through the dump and you spied a bulldozer dangling from a crane chain flying straight at him. You'd take him by the elbow and whisper, 'Kindly deflect your course, senator, to prevent the bulldozer caving in your coco.' Shouldn't that be good for at least a consulship? I'll bet if I had the job of steering the rubbernecks through Steelburg Mills I'd have my light out from under the bushel in no time. Well, Mack, it's me back to the manila papers at once. What d'ye know about it?"

Wally lived through a never-ending agony of suspense and dread, waiting the coming of the man he had encountered beneath the mixers, bringing with him the proof that the hideous, repulsive, loathsome creature he had seen in the old ruins at Ferro Junction was his mother. He expected him; something told him he would return; something whispered to him a thousand times a day, "He'll come! He'll be here!" And through the long nights when he would lie awake staring up at the black ceiling, seeing in the darkness before him that cadaverous face, the stringy gray hair, the sunken eyes in hollows that were as deep as the empty eye sockets of a skull, the slavering lips, the fumbling fingers at the bony throat—something was whispering to him all the while, "He'll come! He'll be here!"

He was nerving and steeling himself for the blow when it should fall. His decision was made—he would not buy off the man. If the proof were positive he would attempt no denial. Let the fellow make known his ugly discovery—he would not deny it!

He had written and told Amy Creeth what confronted him. Not for an instant had he hesitated to do this, and he found strength and comfort in the words she had written and repeated in the letter she sent

back to him: "Everything will work out for the best, my dear—everything. And it will make no difference with me."

One Sunday he traveled down to Ferro Junction and of a foreman at Kirk's furnaces made inquiry concerning the man he was awaiting. The foreman told him he had not seen Damrosch for some time—he had heard he had quit his job there. Asked about the old woman at the ruined house on the hill, the foreman said he knew nothing except what he had been told by some of the men—that she had once lived there and that she now belonged at the asylum in Steelburg. Wally talked with a number of other workmen, but could obtain no definite information regarding her. He went to Ferro Junction again. At the shanty of an old watchman at a railroad crossing he stopped and asked about the woman. The old man laughed.

"Oh, that's Nan Sorrel," he said. "She's a bug from the Steelburg bug house. She manages to get away from them two or three times a year and comes wanderin' down here and gets drunk at them furriners' saloons and goes up to the old Masterson house and rummages about it. I don't see why they don't keep closer watch on her at the asylum. She'll get killed down here some day, though I reckon there'd be nobody would cry if she did. Old Nan hasn't got nobody to care for her. She's always looking for somethin' up there at the old house, and she comes down here to me sometimes, whinin' out, 'I can't find it! I can't find it!'

"I've knowed Nan Sorrel all her life—knowed her when she was a little girl and Kent Masterson brought her here from the poorhouse to work about the stone house up there. She looks old, but she ain't so old as she looks—not near so old as I am. She never was plumb right upstairs, I reckon, but Kent sent her to school and treated her well and she made a mighty good servant. Kent, he died, and she worked for Dunwood's mother, and then the old lady died and she stayed on at the old house with the two or three other servants they had.

"Then Dunwood, he goes away East to school and then he comes back and then he goes away again, this time to travel in Europe or sommers, and while he was gone that time he got married. But he didn't have his wife with him when he come back. That was funny, but nobody here ever knowed why. If I'm rememberin' right, it was about that time that Nan Sorrel got to gettin' real bad in the head.

"It must've been the better part of a year after Dunwood got back when his wife come. He didn't know she was comin', I guess, for he wasn't at home. Nan Sorrel was in the big house that night alone—the other servants had gone away visitin'. The woman come to the city and got a cab to fetch her out to the Junction. The cabman was drunk and got lost up here along the canal and drove in the canal or somethin' and the woman was nearly dead when she finally got to the house, so we heard. And she was dead all right when Dunwood got home the next day. And Nan was crazy as a loon.

"I always thought Nan was stuck on Dunwood when they was growin' up. They was about the same age, but Nan was the oldest. But Dunwood was always a proud, high-headed chap. He got that from his mother, whose name was Dunwood. If I'm not forgettin', Kent brought her here from the South."

The old watchman looked toward the great stone house that now showed bleak and ugly behind the leafless maples.

"Yes, sir, that there was once the swellest place in all this part of the country. Old Kent Masterson built it and Kent, Junior, improved and added to it. But Dunwood never seemed to care for it. He never stayed there a day after his wife come back that time, and it's just gone plumb to rack and ruin.

"But I wish them asylum people'd keep old Nan locked up. She gives me the creeps. She looks like the very old scratch!"

Wally left the old man and returned to Steelburg. He had learned all he could hope to learn. There was nothing further he could do—he would wait the coming of the man.

Masterson came to the mills with a number of his friends. All his interest seemed to be centered in the Open Hearth, and while Goodlow was showing the other visitors through the various departments he sat with Wally in his office talking with him, or walking with his hand on the young man's arm along the floor in front of the long row of furnaces. The senator's dignified bearing, his finely modulated voice and the ease with which he conversed fascinated Wally, but he was not happy in the man's presence—he knew Masterson's eyes were fixed on him almost constantly.

As they stood behind one of the furnaces, whither they had walked to watch the tap, an overhead crane carrying a long runner out of the glowing ends of which dripped molten steel and slag passed over them. Suddenly a chain hook snapped and the runner, now held by but one lug, dropped down and swung about, while the slag and steel that lay in the trough of the runner poured out and splashed on the floor near the two men.

"Get back!" shouted Wally.

Masterson turned to flee, stumbled forward, and trying to save himself from falling, set his foot upon a pile of splasher handles and tapping bars. His foot shot between two of the heavy bars and jammed.

In the same instant, it seemed—so quickly did he act—Wally had seized a short piece of iron that lay on the floor near by, thrust it between the bars and forced them apart. Masterson jerked out his foot and they sprang away—and as they did so the spinning runner discharged a mass of molten steel and slag upon the spot where they had stood.

Masterson walked across the floor and sat down on a workman's bench. He was bareheaded, his clothes were soiled and he breathed heavily, but he laughed as he looked up at Wally.

"For an old blast-furnace man that was a pretty awkward caper I cut there," he said. "You saved me from serious injury. I wonder, now, just where my hat is."

"The last I saw of it it was sailing over into the pit," laughed Wally. "I'll see what happened to it."

He went back to the platform, looked over the railing and returned.

"It's gone—it fell squarely on a bowl of new slag."

"Well, I declare! Will I have to go home bareheaded? I wouldn't like to do that."

"Oh, I can let you have a hat. Come up to the office."

They went to Wally's office, where he brought out his street hat. Masterson tried it on.

"A fit!" he cried. "I'm surprised indeed, for I have the largest head of any man I ever met." He peeped into a mirror that hung on the wall. "And a very becoming hat it is too!"

He was in high good humor when he started to leave, wearing Wally's hat, about which he had had much to say because of its fitting him as it did. At the top of the stairs he turned to shake hands.

"I want you to come to see me, both at my office in the city and at my home. May I expect you sometime—and that very soon?"

Wally thanked him, but gave him no definite answer, offering for excuse that he was busy with night study with one of the professors at the Polytechnic.

Masterson returned the hat the following day with a note of thanks and in the fortnight that followed he wrote twice, repeating the invitation he had made in the mills. But Wally did not go to see him, finding the same excuse he had before offered. Then the senator went to Washington.

The winter neared its close and the man Wally awaited had not come.

The winter neared its close and the roadbed and tracks of the stub line connecting Ferro Junction and Steelburg had not been repaired.

The winter neared its close and the huge ladles of hot metal continued to roll through the mill yards, winding in and out among the black buildings, little waves of red slopping over the rims where the crossovers and frogs were many. And the mixers continued to give their mouths to the tipping ladles and to drink the red liquid, then to pour it out into smaller ladles that carried it and poured it into the furnaces. And the red iron in the furnaces became white steel, and the white steel in the molds became red ingots, and the red ingots became white blooms, to be rolled and squeezed and pressed into bars and billets and rails and channels and girders. And the mills continued to rumble and roar and the furnaces and converters to flame and flare and ever a pillar of fire hovered over Steelburg by night, a cloud of smoke by day. But the man Wally Gay awaited did not come.

Every minute of every hour of every day and every night of that winter that was nearing its close he had been awaiting him. He was awaiting him now. Something was telling him all the while that he was coming—he heard the old whispering, "He's coming! He'll be here!"

Was there a knock at his door in the dead of night? "Here he is," he would tell himself. Did someone touch him on the arm in the street? "He has come," he would mutter before he turned his head. Did someone come and stand before him as he sat in hotel or bank or waiting room? He would shudder before he raised his eyes.

Old Major Fronk now had more time and still more time to read his bound volumes of old magazines, to play old tunes on his old violin, to breathe anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who had made of Steelburg the hideous hole of a place it was, for Wally Gay, the pupil, had outgrown Major Fronk, the master. The thick volumes in which Wally now read were beyond the major's comprehension—he refused to look at them any more. He no longer had a pupil whom he could teach.

"By gad, Wally," he burst out one night, "I wish you weren't so damn smart! Blast me, if I don't wish you were again the Vinegar Gully dub you were when I took you in hand! I'm a has-been! I'm done! I might as well go out and crawl beneath the sod!"

Wally closed the heavy volume he was reading and tossed it aside.

"Get out that old fiddle, major, and let's have a concert!" he laughed. "Tear off all our favorite old tunes and then we'll spend a delightful hour or two cussing out the bohunks. Then I'll read you your favorite chapter from Rabelais."

The major went to bed that night smiling and happy, and Wally sat up two hours past his usual bedtime hour to cover the reading assigned to him by Prof. Roy Elroy, of the Polytechnic.

Throughout the winter Stanley Kirk had sent none but good iron to Steelburg Mills. Then in early March, Wally, watching the mixer tests, noticed that the sulphur content was increasing. A little it climbed, a little more and a little more. He waited a few days to see if the figures would not change for the better, but when they moved on steadily upward and were approaching the danger point he spoke to Goodlow.

"All right, you may go down and talk with Kirk about it," said Goodlow. "Just let him know that we are on the job up here and that we keep our eyes open. Take a copy of the contract with you and if he feels inclined to argue the question show him that sulphur clause. You might casually refer to the surplus stock of pig we are accumulating here, and you could mention, too, in an offhand way that we are talking of two new blast furnaces. And say, Wally, don't you think you should make the trip to the Junction and back in a machine? There hasn't been a thing done to that piece of track."

"Oh, no, I'll go on the hot-metal train. I'd rather go that way—the wagon road must be in horrible shape after these rains we've been having." And Wally left Goodlow's office.

It was past the middle of the afternoon when he started for the Junction. The day was bleak and dismal and a cold wind blew out of the north. As he stood on the flat car that trailed the three empty ladles he could see how the heavy rains of the past several days had washed and cut into the hillsides along which the tracks ran. A heavy snow had fallen the night before and lay in piles and patches over the soggy earth, slowly melting and adding to the floods that choked the creeks and brooks and runs to overflowing. The wagon road, he noticed, when it ran close to the railroad tracks, was gorged and gullied and deep in slush and mud. He was glad he had not chosen to travel that route.

Kirk greeted him with a laugh as he entered the furnace owner's office.

"Hello, Gay! High-sulphur iron again, eh? Sit down, sit down and let me tell you all about it!"

Wally took the chair that was pushed forward to him.

"I've been away for two weeks. That accounts for the high sulphur. Been East—Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, Washington. I saw Senator Masterson at Washington. He was asking about you. Now this iron, Mr. Gay—don't you people at Steelburg get to worrying about my iron. I know exactly what you want and I know what you don't want. After I left my superintendent began using from our pile of Ajax ore. That's where the sulphur comes from. Our stock has been running a trifle low and I told him he could dip into the Ajax pile, but I didn't intend he should dip so deep as he did. I'll soon have things back in shape again."

"What are you making now?" asked Wally. "May I see your sheets?"

Kirk handed him a number of slips of paper. Wally studied them for a few moments.

"We'll take the next drag—the one you are now making up—but you needn't send us any more until things have cleared up completely. We're in very good shape up there now to take care of ourselves, so we won't be inconvenienced if we have to cut off from you."

Kirk looked disturbed.

"All right, all right," he said, concealing his annoyance in a little laugh. "I'll send everything to the pig machine until the iron is running clear again. But I'm sure you can look for metal sometime tomorrow afternoon. Did I mention that I saw Masterson while I was away? Masterson is interested in you, Gay. If you should care to drop the steel business I believe he would ——"

"No; steel is my line," interrupted Wally.

"But if he should make you an exceptionally attractive offer? You know, Gay, there is talk—strong talk—that the senator may be called on ——"

"No, I wouldn't be interested," broke in Wally again. "I'm going to stay in Steelburg—that is, if they'll let me."

Kirk stared at him in silence for several moments. Then he smiled.

"Well, if they won't, just let me know and I'll give you a job that will keep you from starving."

"Thanks," returned Wally with a laugh, and he rose from his chair. "I want to go out and look over your new unloading machinery which I hear you have recently installed."

"I'll go with you. But really, Gay, if I were you I'd run down to Washington sometime and see the senator. I know he wants to see you there."

"I may go some of these days—when I find time."

It was dusk when the train of four ladles of metal started for Steelburg. Kirk, standing by the track side, waved his hand at Wally as the ladles passed from sight about a curve in the road.

"I see it now," he muttered. "Strange I didn't notice it before! Masterson is right. But it's a mystery. If—but pshaw! It couldn't be!"

Wally was alone on the flat car, the conductor and his brakeman having climbed into the engine cab, ignoring the rules that made it imperative that one of them should travel at the rear of the train.

It had grown colder and had started to freeze and the wind was keen and piercing. The gray clouds drifted low and the glare from the red metal in the huge vessels lighted them up, bringing them closer to earth, it seemed, and revealed them rolling and tumbling in fantastic shapes. There was the sound of running water along the tracks, for all the gorges and gullies and ditches were full, and down in the wagon road that now and then paralleled the railroad little rivers ran in little gorges where the wheel tracks had been.

Wally drew his ulster closer about him and walked up and down the flat car, now and then catching hold of the hand rail as the car lurched over some particularly rough piece of track.

Half the distance to Steelburg had been covered and he noticed that here the wagon road was following the base of the little hill the railway was rounding. It lay there below him—but a little way below him—and he could look down upon it and see the little gorges cut out where the wheel tracks had run. And as he looked he saw a figure moving along in the rapidly gathering gloom—a woman traveling in the direction the train traveled. He wondered that a woman should walk in such a place and in such weather. As he watched her she raised her head and looked at him, but he could not distinguish her features in the dusk.

She was old and gaunt and her appearance was ghastly, deathlike. Strings of gray hair were blown by the wind about her gray withered face and there was slaver on her lips and she hiccuped. Bony fingers blue with cold fumbled at her skinny

(Concluded on Page 121)

And the wheels?

You must adjust more or less frequently your carburetor, magneto, valves, clutch and brakes. You must tinker with the engine, steering-gear and fan belt. You must remember to turn down grease cups, fill oil reservoirs, pack differential, universals and bearings.

But the WOOD Wheels—do you ever give them any attention?

They never need it—and so they never get it.

During the life of the car or truck other parts may wear out, but WOOD Wheels continue day after day to perform the duty for which they were designed.

That is another reason why WOOD Wheels have been used for years and will continue to be used on the world's best cars.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

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NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

First On Her List

The selection of soap for the toilet or bath is a matter of importance if the skin is to be kept clean and healthy. That is why the discriminating woman places RESINOL SOAP first on her shopping list.

Most any soap will remove dust or dirt, but Resinol Soap does more it refreshes and stimulates while it cleanses, getting right at the root of the complexion trouble. Yet it contains no harsh drying alkali or artificial coloring, and can be used with confidence on the most delicate skin. **It is pure, mild and cleansing.**

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RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK is usually the favorite with men who have tried it once.
Resinol products sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers.

(Concluded from Page 118)

neck. The skirt of the gray dress she wore was sodden and draggled and the wind pushed it against her lean legs and held it there. Her feet went deep into the icy slush and mire as she set them wearily down, and her shoes had broken and fallen away and her stockings burst until patches of flesh showed through, washed strangely white by the dirty water in which she walked. And as she went she was moaning and mumbling, "I can't find it! I can't find it!"

A sudden lurch of the train caused Wally to glance ahead. He saw a wave of red roll over the rim of the first ladle, a wave from the second ladle, from the third and from the fourth. Then came a mighty crash and a crunching and breaking of timbers and he beheld a flaming torrent of red pouring down the hillside. Two of the ladles had gone over together; a third quickly followed and the fourth wavered and hung balanced on the broken bridge girders.

A multitude of deafening explosions followed as the molten metal ran into the puddle holes and trickled into the thousand little water-soaked depressions, and there rose an overwhelming sound, thunderous roaring and stridulous whining and hissing as the streams of fire cut through the streams of water. White fogs of steam and queer-colored clouds of smoke came suddenly into existence to mingle and float away in the weird, unearthly glare that spread from the spilled iron.

Wally had leaped from the car to the ground at the side of the tracks. As he jumped his eyes had gone down to the roadway where he had seen the woman walking. She was gone—she had passed behind a clump of bushes by the roadside and the clump of bushes, he saw, stood in the path of the descending torrent. He could see a dozen red rivulets racing down through the leafless bushes that covered the hillside, sputtering and blazing, and then the bushes burst into flames.

Just for a moment he had watched it all. Then he sprang forward to run down the little hill to the road, intending to detour the flame-swept area. A dozen steps he had taken when he stumbled, pitched forward, and his head struck against a bowlder hidden from his sight by a cloud of drifting smoke.

How long he lay there where he had fallen he did not know, but he was aware that it was only for a little while. When he opened his eyes a tiny stream of fire was sputtering and hissing past him very close to his face. He put his hand to his head and felt warm blood trickling from a great gash cut in his scalp by the rock. He climbed to his feet and stumbled on, came to the bottom of the hill, to the yellow road, stepped across a brook of fire and across another and saw her lying close to the clump of bushes behind which she had passed from his sight—they were burning now—with the red metal all about her, with the flow of one little river of it dammed by her body.

She lay with her face in the yellow clay as though she hid her eyes, and her garments were ablaze. As he came closer to her she threw out her arms, put down her hands and tried to raise herself, and he thought she had heard him coming. He gathered her up and ran, and so frail and slight was her body that it was, it seemed to him, quite without weight.

He felt the pain of fire on his hands and on his face as the flames from her burning garments licked about him, and once he cried out as—unseeing—he placed his foot in a red puddle hole. Then he laid her down on a bank at the edge of the road and beat and tore at the flames that were all about her; jerked off his ulster and wrapped it tightly about her and rolled and tumbled her over the ground until he knew the last spark of the fire was smothered out.

A dead tree that stood not far from them burst into flames and by its light he gazed at her and recognized her. She looked up at him and she was very quiet and she spoke quietly.

"I remember now," she said. "I remember everything. I put it in a car and there was iron in the car and I shut the door. There were letters on the car and numbers and I wrote them down in a book because I was afraid. The letters were a P and a G and an M. I remember them. And the numbers were a six and a seven, a six and a seven ——"

Her voice was growing weaker and she was hesitating.

"A six and a seven, a six—I wrote them down in a book—and I put the book behind—behind ——"

She ceased speaking and struggled for a moment trying to free her hands from the folds of the heavy ulster that wrapped her about. Then she lay very still and he knew she had died. But not for a long while did he go away from her. Behind him a stream of red metal whined and howled as it cut and guttered into the icy waters of the swollen creek. The dead tree flamed up brighter and brighter, then fell with a spark-scattering crash. And the fourth ladle that had hung balanced on the burning timbers of the broken bridge rolled over and poured another red torrent down the hillside.

He climbed up to the tracks, went along them to the edge of the bridgeless stream and shouted across to the men of the train crew who stood about the derailed locomotive that was making the hills echo and reëcho with the incessant screeching of its shrill whistle.

". . . The metal was all about her, some of it washing against her, and as I came close to her she raised herself, put out her hands and they dipped into the awful stuff. She was crying when I picked her up and carried her away, but she did not cry after I had laid her down at the roadside; after I had beaten out and smothered out the flames. I see it all again and I am sick at heart and sad. . . ."

With bandages about his face and head, with one hand in a sling and the other partially bandaged, with a crutch standing by his table, Wally was writing a letter to Amy Creeth ten days after the wrecking of the hot-metal train:

". . . And so by that fact I am convinced, positively convinced, that she was my mother. For the letters she repeated to me were the initials of the car I came to Steelburg in and the numbers she spoke—six and seven, six and seven—were the only two figures in that car's numbers. You remember that I told you the car was P. G. M. 67677. Joe Gay wrote it down in his Bible and I have never forgotten it—I couldn't forget it any more than I could forget my own name. And do you know, I looked in the old Bible to-day and that page on which Joe wrote is missing! I suppose it was lost out while I was moving up here from Vinegar Gully. But it makes no difference . . .

". . . of that I have no doubt, none at all. For she said, 'I put it in the car and there was iron in the car and I shut the door . . .'

". . . I had her decently buried in the little cemetery at Ferro Junction. The asylum superintendent offered no objections. He asked a few questions, but I evaded them. . . .

". . . I know you will approve of my refusing Manning's position. It took all the courage I possessed to say no to Goodlow, for it is a big job. When I told him I was going East with Professor Elroy for a year, or maybe more, of special work—hard driving work we expect to make of it—in a New York institution, he shook me warmly by the hand, told me I was doing the wise thing, wished me success and said there would always be a place for me at Steelburg Mills. . . .

". . . I have decided to go through Washington and see him. He is so persistent with his invitations. I cannot understand why he is so interested in me. I liked him, he fascinates me, but I wish he wouldn't gawk at me so much. And do you know, he has written me recently offering me what I suppose would be considered a very attractive position? I haven't given it a thought, nor will I. I like Steelburg. . . .

". . . I think we should live in Steelburg. Of course it isn't a nice place or a beautiful place, but I know I belong here. And deep within me, Amy, there is a feeling that some day I shall be able to do something for Steelburg, to help to clean it up, to make it a more decent place. . . .

". . . would have written this letter last evening, but that chatty shipping clerk I have so often spoken to you about in my letters came in on me and nearly talked my arm off. I couldn't get a word in edgewise. If I ever get the chance I'm going to give him a job that will be nothing but talk—he'll have to talk all the time to hold it. . . ."

As Wally hobbled down to the post office to mail his letter a man sitting in Grover Grundt's barber shop with his feet on the laundry shelf and with a generous slice of Grover Grundt's natural leaf in his cheek saw him pass the window.

"What d'ye know about that, Grover?" he asked the barber. "There goes Wally Gay all bandaged up from the burns he got in the hot-metal spill. I had a nice conversation with him last night up at the Falls House. Grover, he's a mastodon. It lifts you up, it inspires you, it makes you want to build thee more stately mansions for thy soul, Grover, to talk to a man like him. It's men like Wally Gay, Grover, that keep me from being a socialist. I look at Wally Gay and then I go to the mirror and take a slant at yours truly. I cogitate on what Wally Gay has accomplished at Steelburg Mills and then I cogitate on what yours truly has accomplished there in a like length of time, and I say to myself, 'Nix on that socialism stuff!' And I keep right on voting the Democratic or Republican ticket—whichever puts up the best man.

"Well, Grover, as I reflected before, what d'ye know about it? Here's Wally ripe and ready to step into Manning's shoes as Manning steps out of them. Does he step? He does not step. Instead he throws up everything he's got and trots off to school, or so I've heard it rumored—of course I don't know. Goodlow's clerk told Hoppy Stapp and Hoppy told Skinny Thudd and Skinny told me. But that's Wally—long sighted. You and I are not that kind. You and I see the pullet's egg of to-day and we grab it: Wally sees the goose egg of to-morrow and he waits for it. You and I, Grover, if we'd done for a United States senator what Wally did for Senator Masterson would by this time be in Washington hopping bells in the Senate or guarding the United States Treasury. For just as sure as your name is Grover Grundt the senator must have offered something to Wally for saving him from getting fried when that runner nearly came down on him. Gabe Dinky heard him inviting Wally to come out and see him. What d'ye know about that?

"I can't deny, Grover, that it makes me feel a trifle chesty to know that I am responsible for Wally Gay's getting where he is. You see, Grover, I discovered him. I was the first to tumble to the fact that Wally was a mathematical monstrosity. From that day to this he has steadily clumb. I tried to get Calla Lily to let him have a shot at rustling the manila papers in the shipping department, but Calla Lily said he was too coarse and unrefined. What d'ye know about that? Wouldn't it give you a pain in the eyewinker? Now he makes Calla Lily look like a paper collar that's been turned twice.

"Yes, sir; when I think of Calla Lily and that lemon-beaned Ackerman and that sap-headed Jaster, who made a mule, a goat and a Percheron horse out of Wally for so long, sitting at the lunch table every day and listening to the line of conversation that must pass between Goodlow and Wally and Rattlebones Mackenzy, I feel so joyful I could sing.

"Funny, isn't it, that nothing ever came out about who Wally is? Never a word. Nobody ever claiming him, nobody ever saying he's his or he's hers. Not a peep, yeep or cheep from anybody. Nobody knows and nobody tries to guess.

"Say, what d'ye know about it? My head itches! I believe I'll take a shampoo. Fan the suds, Grover, fan the suds! I want to get to bed early to-night—got a barge of work to get rid of to-morrow and I want to make a good stiff start before the sun gets hot."

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RUN-DOWN heels not only destroy the shape of shoes but throw your whole body out of line. Keep your heels square and true. The Crossett dealer is interested in the service you obtain. He has a repair department, or is in close touch with a reliable shoe repairer.

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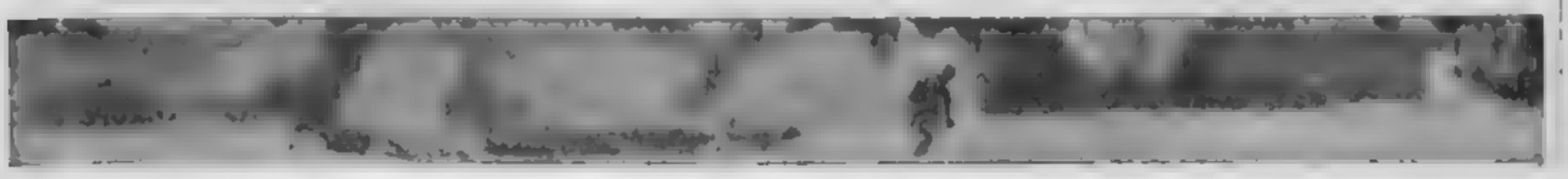
The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

for MEN *and* WOMEN



Whole Grains Made Bewitching

Puffed to airy, flimsy bubbles, eight times normal size.

Made into fragile, toasted tidbits with a nutty taste—delightful food confections.

Children revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible—the greatest grain foods in existence. Every food cell is exploded, every atom feeds.

All mothers believe in whole-grain foods. Then why not serve them in this form, to make the whole grains tempting?

Bring the Milk Dish Back

One great Puffed Grain service is to bring the milk dish back. For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk.

[illegible] combination. Milk is a premier food, rich in vitamines. Every child [illegible]

[illegible] 10 elements which everybody needs. It is rich in minerals. In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded so that every atom feeds.

Here it comes as thin, crisp, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. There is no other way to serve whole grain in such inviting, such hygienic form.

Puffed Wheat | Puffed Rice | Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
Fluffy, Nut-Like, Self-Raising—A Delicious Product

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour —A Mixture

We now make a Pancake Flour containing [illegible] Puffed Rice. To make an ideal mixture we com[illegible] than 1,000 blends. Then to the best we [illegible]

Puffed Rice Pancake [illegible] water or milk. We promise you the finest [illegible] ever tasted.

THE MAN FROM HELL

(Continued from Page 11)

"Besides," said Lord Radenham, trying to clear up a vague sort of point, "besides, they are my property, you understand. I kept them all. They are my property."

"I understand," said the lawyer hurriedly, getting up.

For a moment he looked down at the rich man sitting upright in the easy-chair with his fifteen years of accumulated precious property in his gnarled fist. A dim thought began to come, but evaded him.

It would have formed, had it formed, like this: "Not all his thousands of acres, his houses and his cars will ever mean so much to him."

"I must go home," he said; "my son, jolly youngster, is back from school today."

"Have you a son?" said Lord Radenham.

"A splendid lad!"

"How old are you?" said Lord Radenham, peering up at him.

"Thirty-nine."

"How old am I?" said Lord Radenham.

"Well, really—I think—about the same age."

Radenham nodded.

The lawyer waited a moment or two. And he was hesitating whether to draw on his right-hand glove or—but he was a great stickler, really a great stickler for justice and the proprieties, and the man was a felon, client or no client. A felon, neither more nor less. He drew on the glove.

"Well," said he, taking up his stick. After a pause for some response he added: "You'll think over these questions, Lord Radenham? And if convenient to yourself I will call again in two or three days, trusting to find you have decided them according to the usual generous precedent."

He buttoned his overcoat. His face looked rosily over the collar.

"Good day," he said.

He went to the door.

"There is nothing else that I can do for you, Lord Radenham?" he asked, pausing there. "You want nothing more?"

After waiting for some response he went out. The question reached Radenham presently—it penetrated—and he turned and looked at the door whence the lawyer had departed.

"Yes," he replied. "Yes! Yes! Yes! I want a friend!"

He saw that the door was shut. He looked one by one at the four walls of the book-lined room. About him was his accustomed silence.

He waited to see what would happen to him. Nothing happened to him. He looked about again cautiously. His brain grew clearer and was able to sort out one or two special points on which to focus. He stretched out a hand and touched the table.

"This is a nice strong table," he said daringly.

Light seemed to filter toward him through a curtain. Points of it entered his brain and lit up the chaos there.

Brian Cleve's widow?

It was a proper thing—the lawyer had said so—that he should comfortably endow Brian's widow. The circumstances were very sad.

"Brian," he said rather loudly. "Brian!"

Two very young men stood in the window of a room overlooking a London park.

"Brian," said one, "you're such a deuced lucky chap, but my luck's always out. If you'll lend me a fiver, I swear ——"

"I'm not going to lend you a fiver. I never lend money."

Later two very young men met again in the room overlooking the London park.

"Brian, for God's sake! I'm in a tremendous mess! My God, Brian, if you'll do this—if you'll do that—I've been a blamed fool and rascal, but I didn't know what I was doing! But the consequences are tremendous—tremendous! I've come to you, the only possibility. You might save me if you—I must get away!"

"Fall out of your own damned messes! You can fall into 'em all right. Never lend money."

The time was passing with sweating and pleading. Then all at once ——

Too late! Too late! Too late!

Lord Radenham sat upright in the easy-chair, his hands gripped round his property. His cigar was smoked out, his forehead corrugated till it was all deep seams.

Brian's widow must be comfortably provided for. The circumstances were most sad.

And sports? Entertainments? Charities—so that the world over which he was now immediate god might enjoy itself at Christmas?

Christmas!

Fifteen Christmases!

Eh?

His brain was now nearly all lighted up and burning. There were words in it: "Ten little nigger boys—nine little nigger boys sitting on a gate—one fell off, then there were eight. Seven little nigger boys—six—five little nigger boys ——"

Stop!

Five—he had the clue!

Five hundred little boys! Five hundred bodies to be held from the punishment!

Five hundred souls to be saved!

A voice—either the lawyer's or the chaplain's—"Love them that hate you; do good to them that persecute you—mum—mum—mum ——"

He listened to it, as it cried to the hungry, "Give!" Its stereotyped call ceased and the accustomed silence fell.

Lord Radenham sat upright, crying.

"I am not Christ," he said with drooping lip, "to kiss the cross—to kiss the cross!"

Somewhere in the great house a gong clanged. Shivers ran over him from head to foot. He sat apprehensive, waiting to see what would happen to him, but nothing happened.

Time passed—half an hour. The gong clanged again.

The silence rolled on and on and on—nothing happened.

Then at last the door opened. The tall, young and weedy footman stood superciliously on the threshold.

"Dinner is served, my lord."

Radenham's face sagged. His hands clenched into knotty balls. Dinner!

"Or do you wish it kept back, my lord?" suggested the young footman with a glance at Radenham's clothes.

Dinner! His eyes dried—tears cleared away. His mouth and tongue dried. He felt the cold creep under his hair. Without reply he rose up. The footman stood covertly staring, holding the door. Lord Radenham knew he was to pass out before the servant. He hesitated; his feet felt clogged and then he lifted his eyes and looked at the insolent servant and looked away again and passed out dumbly. A door across the great wide hall was open and light streamed from it. Thither he went blindly and found himself in the dining room.

It was a long, long room with a long, long table down the middle. One end of this table was laid for one person, with the most beautiful old glass, old silver and hothouse flowers. Behind the carved chair which this person was to occupy an old man stood, cold as ice, precise, impeccable—the Radenham butler of forty years' service.

So slow were Lord Radenham's movements that the butler lifted his eyes to look at him. Obeying the cold beckoning of that obsequious glance, Radenham made toward him. The whole room and the three of them were enveloped in a sea of dreadful light. The pitiless servants watched.

Lord Radenham seated himself. He placed the bundle of letters on his knees and waited. He fixed his eyes on the tablecloth. The sweat started under his cropped hair. They served him.

"Sherry, my lord?" murmured the butler, pouring it.

Radenham took up the glass and emptied it like a thimbleful.

He sat before his plate of soup, not daring—he suffered. The pitiless servants watched him.

After three or four minutes the butler signed to the footman, and the young man advanced and removed the soup. They gave him something else—sole Mornay. Under their eyes he gulped it. But oh, to get away and hide! To eat alone—by himself—like a dog with a bone!

The butler stood by him, saying something. He took two handfuls of the tablecloth into his fists and sat with bowed head, not answering.

"I have opened a bottle of the '98, my lord," the butler was saying. "It was rather a special wine with the late earl."

As Radenham remained mute, with lowly head, the servant, compressing his lips a little, poured the wine.

(Continued on Page 125)

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

"Gee, this Hot Steero Tastes Good!"

The small boy likes the rich, meaty flavor of Hot Steero. It gives a relish to his lunch. He likes it when he comes romping in from play in the afternoon. He likes to begin a meal with it—so does all the family—because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor and because these wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste.

And it's so easy to prepare. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have a delightful bouillon, delicate enough for the invalid and strong enough for the athlete. Steero Cubes added to soups, meat jellies, gravies, and made-over dishes give a new relish.

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price, 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

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The Red Seal Motor

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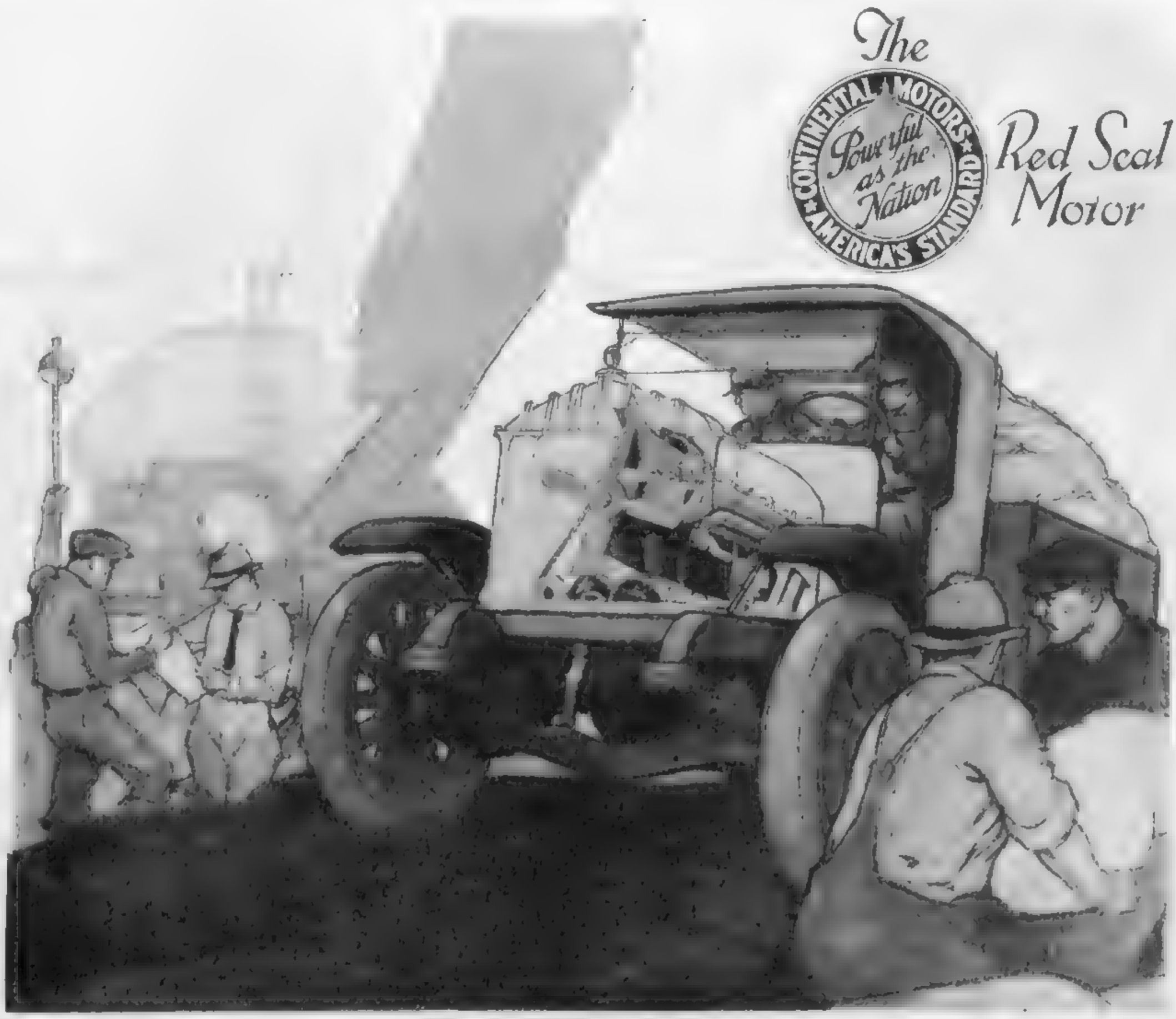

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The truck on the job is the earning truck. The truck in the repair shop loses more than the cost of repairs—it loses time. Lost time is lost earnings.

* * * * * * * *

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Motor dependability widens the user's profit margin.

* * * * * * * *

When you buy a truck—or automobile—look *first* to the motor. What is *its record?* Has *it* proved itself? Has *it* withstood the one true test of a good motor—the test of TIME?

* * * * * * * *

Apply this test—and your choice will be the Red Seal Continental Motor.

The Red Seal Continental has stood the test of time, and service—during more than fifteen years. It represents nothing untried, nothing experimental. Rather, it represents the coördinated thought of the foremost motor engineers for more than a generation.

It is a *proved certainty*. It is America's Standard.

* * * * * * * *

Today more than 165 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks, by equipping their output with the Red Seal Continental Motor, vouch for its integrity.

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Hundreds of thousands of satisfied owners are living testimonials that the judgment of these manufacturers and dealers is *right*.

* * * * * * * *

When you buy an automobile or truck, choose a motor that TIME has proved—and identify it by the Continental Red Seal.

CONTINENTAL MOTOR CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan. Factories: Muskegon-Detroit.

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World.

Continental Motors

(Continued from Page 122)

Oh, the light! And the vigilant eyes!

They were doing something together at the sideboard again. He couldn't see what, for it was behind him. Then the footman brought another hot plate and handed the entrée.

The butler left the room.

Radenham lifted his eyes a little till they rested on the entrée dish at his elbow. He did not know what it was. It was an entrée born after his time—during the last fifteen years. After the pause had lasted half a minute the footman took the matter into his own hands and served him.

Radenham stared at the mystery on his plate. And the fifteen-year habit upon him, he took up a spoon with which to eat. He was eating in a great silence when a tiny sound entered it—a sound behind him.

The sound was a snigger—faint, quickly repressed.

Something broke in the man from hell. From head to foot the blood ran up and down—from head to foot he burned. He knew release. And without being cognizant of his movements he knew he was upon his feet. He saw in the sea of light close to his own the white and terrified face of the tall weedy young man. He had a throat in his hands. He shook to and fro a bleating human being as if it were a slender reed, an old and outraged voice saying, "Oh, heaven! Oh, help!"

Into the sea of light there swam a respectable gray head.

The young footman gave out choking cries. He seemed all limp—fluid.

"Let him go, my lord!" cried the old and outraged voice.

Lord Radenham flung the servant from him with such force that he went spinning round till his hands touched the carpet before he recovered himself and stood upright. As soon as he stood upright Radenham smashed him to the floor again.

"Oh, my God!" cried the butler, and half lifting his subordinate to his feet he half dragged him away.

Lord Radenham stood alone in the high room. He was all heady, like a man drunk—and he was drunk. A ferocity truly delicious invested his every vein and nerve; it informed the dull, dull grayness of his brain. For two full minutes he stood there listening—waiting to see what would happen to him. Nothing happened to him. Nothing could happen to him.

He was a man full of riches and crowned with freedom.

He stretched out his right hand, balled the fist and looked at it.

"This has power!" he said aloud.

He felt the floor with his feet as if he were sounding it. He had a world under his feet.

"Power!" he said in an exultant voice. "I will use it!" He went to the table, poured himself wine and sat down, his fists spread before him. Blank hours passed away. All was silence.

It was twelve o'clock—one o'clock—and an overpowering desire for sleep seized and mastered him. It was beautiful! He lay down on the hearth rug before the still-smoldering logs and slept without a care, without a dream.

He awoke at eight to a servantless house. They all had their legacies in their pockets and they had gone.

Lord Radenham went through his house. The water in the bathrooms was still hot; the larders were stored with food. He found all he needed—little enough. The fires were all out, but he could breakfast well on the remnants of last night's dinner, which still strewed the table.

He looked out at a hard bitter day. His ferocity was there in him, congealed like the day, and it craved a gratification. He could not help thinking this morning specifically and malignantly of that noble work—that home for five hundred little pariahs. He wished very much the enjoyment of painting on his mind the picture of the havoc before he actually wrought it. He went to the book-lined room of last night and found various clews to the whereabouts of the home. It would be about six miles away to the north, near the town—easily accessible to its benefactor.

He put on the coat and hat, still lying where he had left them the evening before, and set out. Sparse snowflakes whirled about him as he tramped across country. Pressing against him in an inner pocket under the overcoat was the bundle of letters, so that he could not forget them. But they meant less—infinitely less.

As he struck across field paths in the face of the snow he looked round him.

"All this is mine," he thought.

From remembrance of the country he steered right and presently he met an old plowman, who told him the way. In the early afternoon he was ringing the visitors' bell of a great building in the middle of fine grounds. An empty pavilion away to the right spoke of cricket; the gleam of water and a boathouse to the left suggested the summer-time rowing and bathing; he could see the goal posts on the football ground. He could not help smiling. Within the next week anyway, all this—smash!

"I am Lord Radenham," he said to the maid. He saw the sudden scared prying look on her pink face. "I want to see the superintendent," he said.

He was taken to the wing which housed the superintendent and his family.

He brought blight with him. He saw it in the withered way they looked at him, as if the oil in their wells of humanity here ran dry.

"I thought I would like to be shown round," he said.

The superintendent began a bland chattering. Boys all in the gymnasiums; Christmas Day to-day; he had carried on with the usual arrangements, instructions not being forthcoming; hoped this was right. Might he wish Lord Radenham the compliments of the season? Then they opened the door of the first gymnasium. A laughing, shouting, leaping mob in sweaters and shorts. "Boys!" shouted the superintendent, making a megaphone of his hands. "Silence! Here is Lord Radenham to see you!"

And they all stopped dead in their tracks; they stopped on vaulting horses and parallel bars and rings and looked at him avidly.

Lord Radenham did not salute them—he did not speak. He only stared back. Every type of face there registered itself upon his brain. He thought: "All of you, with your bad blood in you, I will loose upon the world which has hurt me."

The superintendent closed the door.

"You would like to see the whole place?"

"I will see the whole place," said Lord Radenham with a cloudy quietude that curdled the superintendent's veins. And he saw the whole fine place.

At four he went away.

It was now dusk over the fields and footpaths and snow was steadily falling, but he sensed his homeward way. He talked a good deal, becoming more fluent. Memories rushed back upon him; memories of long gray days, snow falling; memories of great brazen days, sun-burning; memories of nights sunken in black sleep; memories of nights wistful with weeping; memories of nights poignant with prayer. How often he had prayed and God had not answered! There had never been an answer!

But now he stood here upon his own world under the open sky and he met God face to face.

They met as equals.

They were two Gods.

He spoke to the other.

"God," he said, "if someone had loved me one minute in all those fifteen years I would save these five hundred. God, if but for a sixtieth of one minute you had held my hand in the dark I would save these five hundred. God, if even one man or woman had sent me—me, myself—one thought in those years I would save these five hundred. But, God, no one has loved me."

The Divine Enemy had received his ultimatum. Radenham walked on. The dark and lonely pile of his house towered over him.

He opened the front door and a beam of light fell out.

He stepped athwart it with eyes strained wide. And then he saw that on the hearth at the far end of the hall, where this morning only dead ashes had lain, fragrant logs smoldered.

Vacantly surprised but still unmoved, Lord Radenham took off his hat, coat and muffler, laid them down, stepped toward the door of the friendliest room he had yet seen in his house—the small library—and opened it.

All his movements as yet were stealthy to noiselessness. He crept in. The lamps were lit, the fire was burning, a cloth was laid and in the hearth covered dishes were set.

Lord Radenham's face sagged—his granite eyes clouded and filmed. He drew a heavy breath and sighed deeply.

"What is this?" he said doubtfully. "What is this?"

Looking from the dishes on the hearth to the things on the table, he saw beside the one cover that was laid a parcel tied round with pink string and beside it an envelope.

What does he hold?
THERE are 2,598,960 different combinations of five cards possible in a standard deck of 52 cards. He might have any one of them! A knowledge of what these combinations are, and of the relative chances of getting each of them, will help you greatly in determining what your opponent is holding and what your own hand is worth in any game.
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Looking up wanderingly from these about the room he saw that every picture was wreathed in holly.

He stretched out a hand for the parcel. On it was written, "With Christmas wishes." Inside it was a leather case. Inside that the sort of pipe a woman gives a man.

After he had looked at the pipe for a long full minute Radenham opened the envelope. In that was a hand-painted card and the same writer had written on it, "I want you to have a happy Christmas."

Radenham trembled. Trembling like a reed in a wind, he sat down. Minute after minute passed over him; and while he sat there, there came back to him very softly his challenge to heaven; and filling his ears, heaven's challenge now replied.

He had something at the back of his brain that could not get out. He struggled to reach it. A bulge at his side hit the table. He looked down. It was the letters.

Terrified to test the immense thought which had come to him, he dragged them out and looked at the faded writing on the topmost. Then he looked from that to the writing on the Christmas card while his heart thumped and stopped—thumped and stopped.

The door opened and a little woman with a gardening pinafore over a widow's dress crept in like a mouse. She carried on a tray coffee heating over a little spirit lamp; all the apparatus.

"Oh!" she said softly and distractedly.

Lord Radenham looked at her. His tongue and the roof of his mouth would not part. He shook all over. It was the first close sight and speech of a woman for fifteen years, and it was devastating.

She said: "I did not hear you come in. I meant to have gone."

He stared.

She said: "Of course I heard—the village knew—about the servants."

He could not reply.

She said: "I'm very fond of Christmas myself and I thought ——" She paused for help, but still he could not reply.

She said: "I'm Lucy, you know. I was B-B-Brian's wife."

She looked at Lord Radenham in his dumbness.

She said: "Will you take this tray for me, please?"

She smiled.

Radenham took the tray and put it on the table.

She said: "You have been out—your boots are wet. Is your coat wet?"

She put her hand on his sleeve and a shudder ran over him.

He sat down in the armchair by the fire and averted his face.

And there fell between them a revealing silence.

Presently, after she had glanced over the arrangements she would have left him but that her eye fell on the bundle of letters. And she said, "Oh, my letters!"

Lord Radenham looked up at her and down again. His tongue moved. He found a thick voice.

"Why did you write to me?" he whispered.

"Because I thought about you so much," she whispered back.

"You thought about me?" said Radenham.

She regarded him very gently and curiously. Her personality was so soft, so quiet, that somehow there was no sudden surprise in it, and yet it had wrought upon and changed the whole face of the earth.

"You thought about me?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It was the loneliness I thought of. I'd always heard ——"

He kept looking at the wreaths of holly.

She murmured: "You don't remember me at all, of course?"

He lifted his eyes and looked at her. She was a small woman who had once been pretty in a soft way. She had disappointed her husband and had no children. She was a woman whom people kindly and privately thought of as a failure. But to Radenham she was the rose of beauty—she was the Eastern Star.

"A long time ago," he began with corrugated brow.

"Nearly sixteen years ago," said Lucy. "We danced together. I think that was the only time. And then afterward—I mean, after you—I mean, afterward—I married Brian. Of course Brian—if I had written to you over my own signature he—I mean of course he did not know, and I told you I was a prisoner's-aid person. It was safer to be quite impersonal, because Brian—but I could not help thinking of you."

Lord Radenham sighed. And he leaned a little toward her and she moved a little nearer till she was standing by the arm of his chair and his head rested against her waist. She was just so high.

He felt for her hand and held it like a child.

"Stay with me just a little while," he said.

"I think I shall stay and eat my Christmas dinner with you," she replied. She had been afraid of the petty tyrannies of her husband, but she was not at all afraid of the dreadful man whose hand she held protectively. He thought he could have stayed there thus forever—but: "It is a good dinner," she said.

"You had better open the champagne, please. I am very hungry. Please look after me very nicely."

Then there came to him on the fluttering wings of the woman's voice the dearest attribute which he could save from the past authority—the authority of a man caring for a woman's welfare.

"Sit down," he said, rising; and she sat down, folded her hands and watched him while clumsily he opened the champagne. She was the quietest thing.

"Then afterward you'll help me arrange about all—all the Christmas presents I must give?" said Radenham. "Because, Lucy—do I call you 'Lucy'?—Lucy, I have to give the world a very great deal. God and I—we—it is understood between us ——"

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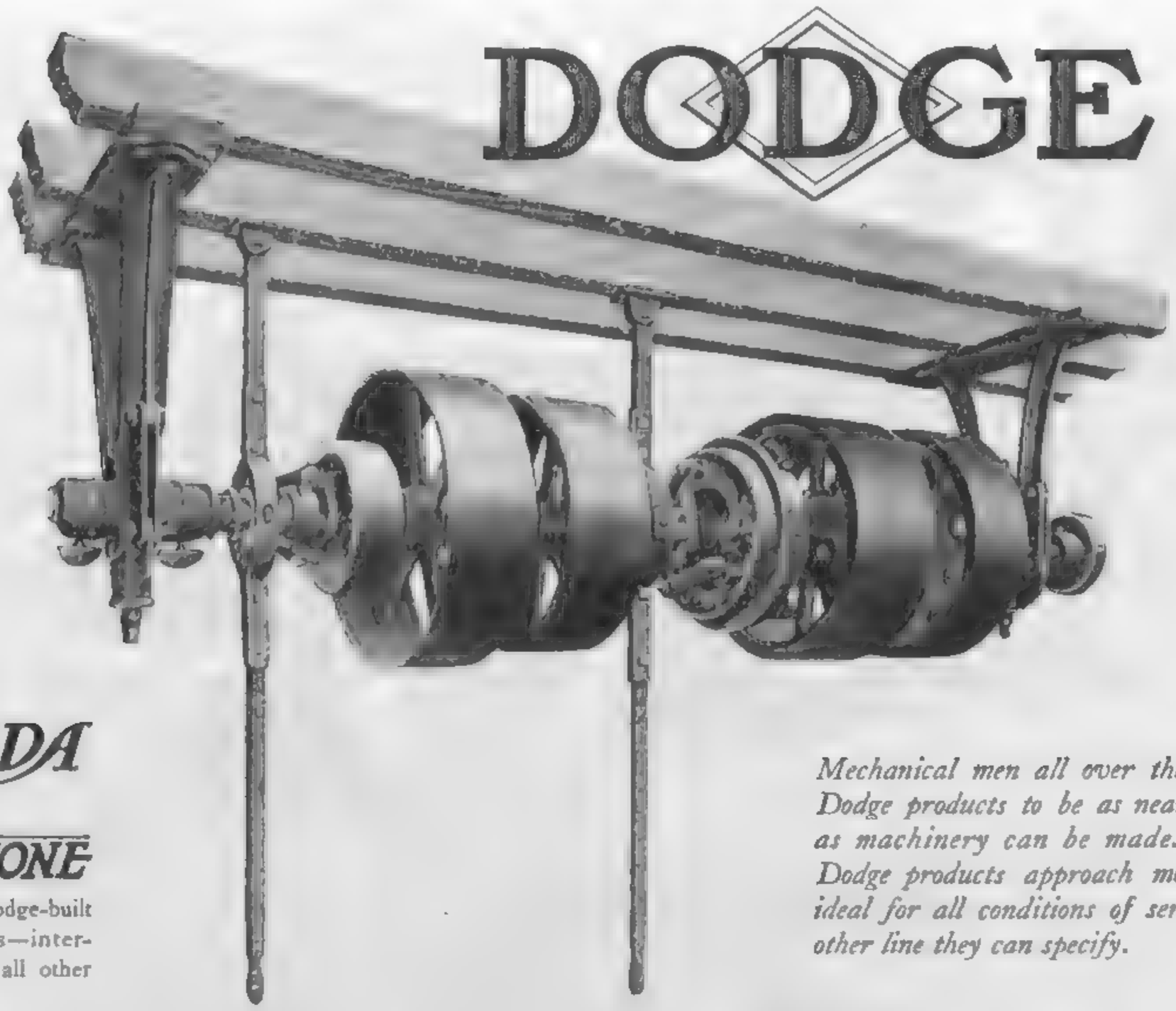

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ROUND OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 23)

had undertaken to instill the love of democracy and industry into the hearts of his offspring. We wanted to see him get a start—not that I personally believe in this Americanization thing for sour apples, but because sometimes I am sort of soft-hearted in spite of the best I can do.

Very well. I was telling madam what the doctor said about the oppressed laboring man and his car and she remarked casually, "Why, that's nothing. Washwomen will be coming to their work in their own cars pretty soon. Everybody's got one now. You know our little shoemaker down below there—the one that's always so pleasant and nice? He's got a car now. He drives it himself. His wife was in it the other day, and all his children—or I should think all of them."

"Well, I know what I think," said our housemaid, who was in on this conversation and who is herself thrifty. "I'm not going to give those kids any more candy! What I think is, better people would buy Liberty Bonds and not cars."

The said maid has more than a thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds laid away, and I always encourage her to save her money. It is comforting to think that the faithful retainer is going to be heeled and will be able to come forward at the right time when the mortgage on the old home is foreclosed. That can't be far off, at the present prices of liver and bacon. Anyhow, in our household we also are thinking of having a little sympathy for ourselves.

The Oppressed Washwoman

A DOWNTROD washwoman has been committing the drudgery of our family washing for some years—the said family having in it all of two or three individuals, with all the starched work done in a laundry. This oppressed individual was born abroad and has done her melting-pot convulsions in front of the Statue of Liberty with all the rest. There is a union person who goes round among the laundresses and teaches them how oppressed they are and how they ought to rebel, how they should take arms against a sea of suds and, by opposing, end them.

We didn't mind that very much so long as the lady asked only two dollars and a half for her services. When it came to three we grinned and bore it. When it came to three-fifty we bore that also, including the ten cents car fare—which brought the hard-wrung pittance up to three dollars and sixty cents a day. Of course that included breakfast and luncheon provided by the family cook. We could not break even on this home-laundry proposition at five dollars a day to save our lives. I thought I would interview the housemaid with the Liberty Bonds. I met her when she came in to talk with her missus.

"What do you think!" demanded the maid. "Katy is wanting more! 'Why,' I said to her, 'don't you know you are getting as much as five dollars a day now, and only you wash a couple handkerchiefs maybe?' Why, even she wants fifteen cents car fare, one each way, when the new fare is only seven cents; and she could walk for all we know. That other cent she's careful to put down in her own pocket when fourteen cents is all it costs. Is it right?"

It did not take the real boss of the house long to pass upon this last phase of the brotherhood of man.

"You tell Katy if she ever says anything more about any more raise in wages that I'll not pay it. We'll go without washing first."

So having encountered what seemed to me a little good sense in my own household I went downtown to talk it over with a lawyer.

What a Lawyer Said

"HAS the Government any right to compel a man to stay at his work?" I asked this lawyer in the course of discussion on the coal strike and the injunction of the miners by the Government of the United States.

"Of course the Government has that right," said the lawyer with no hesitation. "There always lies the right under certain conditions to what in law is called the injunction. If a man is digging my well and I find a flow of water is endangering my property or that of anyone else I can get out an injunction forbidding him to quit his work. There are many cases at law under which the injunction can be made to stick. There is no such thing as personal freedom in any relation in the world. No man can be personally independent in any capacity in the world. It is against public interest and public policy to try to run a government without the authority of injunction.

"It is as necessary that a man shall continue necessary things as it is that he should have a right to cease his labors when they are not necessary to the public good. We surrender individual liberty when we undertake the social compact. The more civilized we become the more we get into the lock step.

"The Government can conscript a man, can draft him for military service, and send him out on the firing line to be killed at much less wages than these miners will receive while still staying at home and working in as much comfort as they ever had. There is a law of eminent domain, under which in certain circumstances the Government can take away my property whether I like it or not. There are certain emergencies when the Government can take away my personal liberty whether I like it or not—just as it can demand my life itself for the safety of the country in times of great emergency. The Government can force me to join a posse comitatus to aid a sheriff in making the arrest of a dangerous man whether I like it or not.

"The only trouble has been that we were governed so lightly we have not felt that we were under any government at all. The war and the great influx of uneducated foreigners have made some people think that they have no responsibilities and that they can run this country to suit themselves, and that the Government cannot stop them. As a matter of fact the Government has many rights not yet fully enforced. Deportation is one."

"That is to say," I ventured, "that in your belief this Government will have to show its teeth?"

"That's precisely what I do mean," said he; "and I mean it not only as a citizen but as a lawyer. We have been having entirely too much foolishness in this country for quite a while."

What the Druggist Thought

IN OUR neighborhood there are drug stores scattered about, some of which before the war had foreign signs over them, though to-day most of them call themselves American Apotheke or something like that. I strolled into the shop of one druggist who never has had any "apotheke" over his door, being himself English, and asked him the price of postage stamps. He was alone at the time and the merest glance would have shown him to be in the condition known as hot under the collar. I asked him what was the matter with America; whereupon he blew up entirely.

"Is there anything that isn't the matter with America?" he replied. "Believe me, there is plenty the matter with America! I can't get anything done—nobody can get anything done in America to-day."

"Perhaps meaning," I remarked, "that the apothecarial masses are not struggling down freely to the scenes of their impoverishing toil these days?"

"Toil!" he exclaimed. "Work—to-day? Not in the least! Every man who draws wages or salary has quit work and gone joy-riding. They spend Saturday dressed up, smoking and talking over things with the other downtrods. Nobody works any more. Everybody has to learn to get along without work—all you have to do is raise your own wages. Just ask for more money and give less work for it—that's the secret of success that our young men are employing to-day. Just pass the buck and ask more wages, and in return give less and less to an employer. I'll tell it to the world that I am pretty near through. I'm sore, that's all!

"Now that's what's the matter with America, and that's all that is the matter with it. Our people are not working and won't go to work. They think they have discovered the way to fortune without labor. I can't find anyone willing to knuckle down to hard application. This whole city and this whole country are just milling round topsy-turvy, side-stepping everything that looks like getting down to a real job.

"What's going to be the end of this? Why, I'll tell you what is going to be the end—bankruptcy, that's all. There is plain failure in business ahead for this country if things don't change before long. Why shouldn't there be a panic? Why shouldn't there be a business breakdown?

"What's the remedy for this state of affairs? I've just told you—work, that's all. We're playing, rag-chewing and talking—and not working. We're on the little old road that leads to bankruptcy."

What a Savings Bank Man Said

A WORD or so in the druggist's talk disposed me to look further. He had mentioned panic. I thought I would find some man who possibly could talk about general industrial conditions. I looked up the vice president of a savings bank, who also long has been connected with a company formerly dealing in raw resources. His business schooling has been thorough. He has had but few vacations in the years that I have known him. Careful to decide, reasonable always, level-headed and full of common sense, he is known among his associates as a man with whom it is desirable to take counsel. You would be safe in leaving word with your widow to take counsel from such a man, rather than with any lawyer of your acquaintance, rather than with any bank president you know. Such is the value of horse sense in the world. This gentleman long has studied the phenomena of big business in America. I asked him what he thought about a panic on the stock market.

"As to any actual break in the markets amounting to a panic," he replied, "I don't precisely believe that to be very likely. We may have an uneasy market, an up-and-down market, but I don't myself look for the bottom to drop out.

"I'll tell you one of the principal reasons why—the rich men of the country who largely control the stock market can't afford a panic. Why? Because they would run against the income tax.

"Suppose we take a certain stock which now is selling round three hundred. Three years ago it was selling at twenty-five. A good many rich men got in round the ground floor. Very well. Suppose you and I got in at twenty-five and we got one or two stock dividends, almost share for share. Things began to roll up. Dividends were good. The country was full of cash, and as our profits were known to be enormous and as our dividends were very good the general public began to get in, buying on the rise, as it quite often does. We have seen our stock go up to par, two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and now to three hundred, we'll say; we're inside of the facts. Our books have to show all these data as to the original cost. We've got a tremendous profit—but Uncle Sam has his eye on those profits whenever they get to be actual profits actually taken.

"Now suppose I am a very rich man, so that my income is more than a hundred thousand dollars—so that I get far into the tax. Now I'd like to sell out and clean up on that stock, but if I did sell out I could clean up only half of what I got. You see why—because I'm so rich already, half of that profit goes to Uncle Sam. The further I sold down the more profit I'd make—but the more profit I made the more I'd have to give up to Uncle Sam.

"That's the way rich men figure it. They're patriots of course, but—well, they don't take their profits. When they don't take their profits the prices don't break with any slump. The market rocks along with no absolute break. The little fellow is disposed to follow the example of the big fellow, who, as he thinks, ought to know his own business. The big fellows sit tight and try to be happy with their dividends and not their velvet.

"The best way is to do the sum in actual figures. Suppose I have an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, from all other sources, but that on top of that I own one hundred shares of General Oil or United Motors. I have carried it along into the boom market until I have a book profit of one hundred and fifty points—many stocks show more than that to-day. That means I have a profit of fifteen thousand dollars.

"In the old time, before the war, I'd sell now and take my profits, and buy the stock back after it had broken low enough. But the eagle-eyed revenue collector watches my books if I do sell, and knows that I now have made an income of one hundred and fifteen thousand a year. I have to pay a normal tax of six per cent and surtax of fifty-two per cent, so now out of my fifteen thousand dollars I have got to pay the Government sixty per cent. Suppose I sell that stock, intending to buy it in again lower down. Suppose it does break as far as ninety points—and that is some break—and that I sell it and buy it in at that point. I'm no better off than if I had held onto my stock and the potential profit of one hundred and fifty points.

"If I follow the break below ninety points what am I doing to all the rest of my stocks when other people are scared about the way things are dropping? I'm simply forced to pay more money to Uncle Sam if they don't go down more than ninety points too, so that on buying in I can make something for myself as well as Uncle Sam. I've got reasons for wanting to see the market stay stiff, haven't I?

"Well, there are a good many more millionaires in the country and in the market now than there used to be. Supposing they are all about equally patriotic, you can guess about how much they want to give up to Uncle Sam of their profits, on a fifty or sixty per cent basis. Every millionaire sitting tight with profits of more than a hundred thousand a year is an argument for sitting tight as much longer as he can. He loves his country. He knows the war debt has got to be paid. But he doesn't like that six per cent normal plus that fifty per cent surtax for the kitty of Uncle Sam.

"There are much bigger things in America than the stock market, and beyond any question of disturbance of the stock market there are a good many broader and more basic reasons to convince us that there is going to be a high market for everything and high prices for everything for some time to come. I can't see any change possible for eighteen months or two years at least. I can't see how any governmental action can drop prices very much just now. The whole country is in a position of speeding up, to make up for lost time. It is easy to see how that has made everybody hasty and everybody careless about money. Let us figure it out a little.

"At the time of the Armistice we were short of housing for our people and for our manufacturing. For five years we had held off, with very little building. Our stocks of manufactured goods had run low. Outside of the profiteers who had got rich so quick, everybody had been cautious about branching out. It took a little time for us to realize how far behind we had got with housing and with goods.

"Our factories and exporters soon sold out their stocks, at prices higher and higher. Merchants and makers began to take in more and more money. All their working people saw all this fresh money coming in, and they began to get a little buoyant themselves, began to think that they ought to have a cut-in too. The manufacturers, eager to turn out goods, allowed advances in wages. They began to ask as long hours as they could get from their working people, so they could increase their product in order to meet the astonishingly increased demand for goods. So labor again asked more.

"Without any reference whatever to labor-union conditions, simply on a valid supply-and-demand basis, prices began to go up on labor and everything else. As a matter of fact wages went above the union scale. The employer to-day who pays only the union scale cannot get the men. The bricklayers' scale is a dollar an hour, but they get a dollar and a quarter an hour right along all over this city. The carpenters struck for a dollar an hour also—but to-day they get more than that in practice. Unskilled labor used to be very happy with seventy cents an hour. To-day it takes down its little dollar an hour. It is true builders and manufacturers cannot afford to pay these wages; but they cannot afford not to pay them.

"All these things tend to hold the high levels stiff, including high levels in the stock market. Of course this is an abnormal condition; but we are covering five

Boys' DUBBELBILT Clothes

"Cravenette" Finished

Guaranteed for 6 Months Service

MOTHERS, we had *you* in mind—as well as your boy—when we designed Dubbelbilt Clothes.

We know the ceaseless wear and tear—and the *hours of mending* that follow. So we build Dubbelbilt Clothes *doubly strong*. We reënforce them at all wear points. Twenty Dubbelbilt added-wear features make good our famous guarantee:

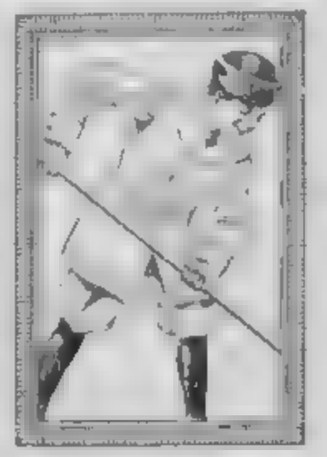
"Six months wear, without rip, hole or tear—or we will repair the suit free."

We put *style* into them, too—vigorous, boyish style. Look for the clothier in your town who displays Dubbelbilt Clothes. Ask him to show you this Boys' Mackinaw, price $14.75, similar to picture shown below.

Examine the cloth. It's "Walcloth", our famous all-wool suiting. It comes also in browns, grays, greens, olives and mixed shades.

Dubbelbilt Suits are priced at $14.75—$16.75—$18.75—$20.75—upwards to $36.75. Same prices all over the U. S. Mackinaws $14.75, and overcoats $18.75 and $24.75. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

If you find no Dubbelbilt dealer near you, send us your boy's size and a money order for the amount specified, and we'll have one of the garments described above sent you direct.



DUBBELBILT
Broadway at 11th Street

BOYS'-CLOTHES, Inc.
New York City

years' work in one year. In a year and a half or a couple of years, after we have caught up with that normal deficit rising out of half work and half demand for five years, prices gradually will tend to become more normal, in my belief.

"The family housing problem alone runs very wide as a cause of high prices. The demand for goods also called for larger shops and factories. That meant speeding up. If a man is making one hundred per cent profit on an order he wants to get the goods out. It is cheaper to pay the dollar an hour than it is to stop the plant or to stop building the plant.

"Of course we white-collar people, professional and salaried men, are ground between the two millstones. I don't see how we can help ourselves for quite a while yet.

"The tide will begin to turn when some of these foreign manufacturers, whose old markets we are trying to fill ahead of them, begin to get their stuff as well as ours out into the world. Just now we are looking outside our own country, and in some lines we are almost ignoring the American demand—rubber goods, for instance. We are feverishly eager to get ahead not only of Germany but of England, from South America to Sweden—all over the world.

"Very good; we keep this thing up until the water begins to stop whirling round in the whirlpool and to find its own level once more. The world demand begins to reach its balance once more. Other countries begin to turn out their goods. The profits of our manufacturer begin to lessen. After a while he finds he is just trading dollars. He goes to his laboring force and says: 'Boys, I can't keep it up. We'll have to reduce the wages or I'll have to close the place.' Then, just as the manufacturer groaned and took his medicine, labor will have to groan and take its medicine in its turn. It is the wisest laboring man who can look a little bit ahead, the same as it is the wisest business man who does so.

"No, labor has not reached any millennium. No miracle has been done, and no problem has been solved. The boot straps are still boot straps and not wings, and we're still on the same side of the fence. Labor is having a temporary heyday and that is all. Not all the world united can keep up these times and these high prices indefinitely. If there really were revolution, if there really were distribution of all the property in the world, as many of our red radicals would like, still there would be no millennium; and still no miracle would have been wrought.

"As to any unrest in American labor circles, as you hear it mentioned, there isn't any unrest. Our working people are not oppressed, none of them is hungry, they are all eating. They all want more money—that's all; but I don't call that unrest. As to high prices in labor, I can't say that I am not in sympathy with the laboring man to the extent in which his prices have only kept abreast of the natural law of supply and demand. He sells his labor in the market the best he can, the same as all the rest of us do. So long as he keeps his feet on the ground, and so long as he can reason about these things, and so long as he will look ahead for a couple of years and realize that by that time all the world will know that no millennium has been reached and no miracle has been done, then there is hope for the laboring man in America—such hope as no other country in the world offers to him. For the surly laborer or the visionary laborer or the radical laborer this country has no use and it will not long tolerate him. The country has got to go on, and it will go on."

I asked my friend what he thought about the injunction forbidding the coal miners to strike, and he paused a bit. "I always believed in making a thing stick," he said. "I don't like to start anything that I can't finish. If the Government does not make that injunction stick by some means—by any means—then the Government will invite yet more disrespect. This country is full of trouble makers. Then we should have bad times, very bad times. But I think the miners are mostly jockeying for position in these early days of the coal strike. Certainly it is no time for any man to be bigoted or bumptious on any of these problems to-day.

"The outlook? Not too good, to be sure. But if you think of what the world has been through we ought to be willing to allow the world a couple of years more to catch its breath and settle down again. Now here's something which will show you that the biggest men in this country are thinking of nothing but precisely such problems as these."

He took up from his desk the folder of a firm offering the five and a half per cent notes and bonds of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"I wish someone would tell me," he went on, "just how much it is going to take to finance Europe, and where she is going to get it. All our leading bankers and our economic journals and our finance experts are taking a shot at that guess, but I notice that they differ in their estimates from two billion dollars to seven billion dollars. I am curious to know—I am curious to know!

"Of course all of us have hoped and believed that some way would be found to finance our own American manufacturers so that they can make and ship abroad what the world has got to have now. The closer we get to that day of assured financing the closer we are to the day of normal conditions. Our prospectus here says that the advantages gained by the world war can be retained for this country only by the extension of credits on our part to maintain our foreign markets. It is a case of making hay all at once, now that the sun is shining suddenly so bright. It is haytime for the laboring men also. For a time the laboring man's prosperity, so called—he figures that it is prosperity—will continue. Of course sometime it will decrease very rapidly. I don't think that time is due quite yet."

Interviewing the Janitor

IN OUR building there is a janitor whom we will call Poli, a man of Hungarian birth whom thirteen years of American life has taught very little English, but whose perennial good will and readiness to work have very much endeared him to most of us for whom he has fetched ice and washed windows. Poli has said little, but sawed wood. The idea of a vacation never occurred to him for thirteen years, but when he sprang it he did so in very convincing fashion. He told the boss that he and his wife—who does the laundry work for most of those persons janited by Poli—had now accumulated a lot with a house on it, the said house being paid for and the upper story of it rented to a good paying tenant. Poli and Mina could, therefore, take a vacation with something of good conscience. In other words, he quit.

But the vacation habit was one that did not sit well with him. After a time he came back, and as another man had his old job he himself took a job running one of the elevators. Between flights up and down I held some converse with Poli the other day. It will be necessary for me to translate him, for at times it was hard for me quite to understand him, and I am not sure that he always understood me.

Poli was about thirty years old when he came to this country. His mother was a Hungarian, his father a German who had moved to Hungary, where Poli was born in a little village. When he came to America he went into a saddlery shop at eight dollars a week. He had to join a union or he could not have gotten a job. He paid his dues for a couple of years and got a raise of just one dollar a week. Then he swore off permanently on unions and on saddlery and became a janitor at thirty dollars a month. After a while he was promoted to a larger building owned by the same employer. It is located on the north side of Chicago, where very few Americans are found, and where Poli had very little need to speak the English language. Of course he speaks good German.

My janitor man told me after he started in at his new profession at thirty dollars a month he got no more for seven years. Of late he has had a raise or two, but the top of his salary was fifty-five dollars a month. Of course his window washing and an occasional tip somewhat increased his revenue. Though Poli never learned to speak very classic English he became American enough to raise his price for washing a set of windows to three dollars a throw; and many a time he picked up a quarter or half dollar for some odd job. Meantime his wife, a comely Hungarian woman, also was raising her price in the laundry art, until of late she has been receiving three dollars, her breakfast and luncheon, and her fifteen cents' car fare, for a day over the washboard, be the washing large or small.

Poli explained to me that the combined income of himself and wife, when they had their rent free, kept them going pretty

(Continued on Page 133)

Now Try Baby Lima Beans

Note How Delicious—
And How They *Cut Meat Costs in Half*

All menus and recipes compiled and tested by the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago—recognized authorities on foods.

LOOK at your bills and see what you spend for meat each month. Then see what you'd save by cutting those bills in half. This is worth while figuring, for if you buy as most families do, meat is your largest food expense.

The solution of those bills—the way to save one-half to two-thirds of them—is to serve attractive dishes that take meat's place.

Baby Limas Do It

Hundreds of thousands of women wanted these suggestions. So we had the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago, compile twelve menus and recipes specifically to maintain the nutrition but eliminate half the cost of meat.

Note the menus and recipes printed on this page. We will send you nine others free on request.

These meatless meals include attractive dishes made with *baby lima beans*—succulent, tender little limas which are rich in protein.

Protein is the main food element in meat. But the same protein in these baby lima beans costs but one-third to one-half as much as it costs in meat.

Lima Bean Croquettes
See menus and recipes in right hand column

The other foods of the menus furnish the needed fat, mineral salts and starch, so these menus form perfectly balanced meals.

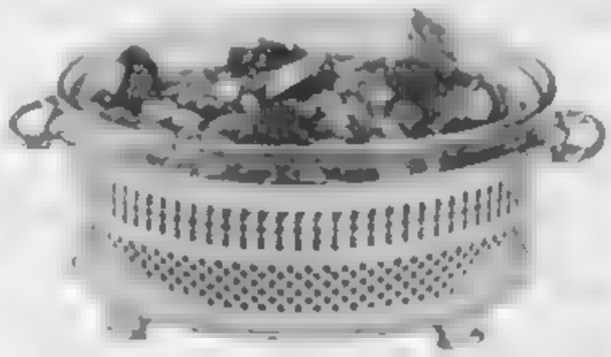
California Lima Bean Salad
See menus and recipes in right hand column

New, Delicious Flavors

Until you have tried baby lima beans, you cannot appreciate their dainty, nut-like flavors. Try them in these meatless meals and your whole family will be delighted.

You can serve one meatless meal like these daily seven days a week, because they are so attractive.

And that is important. Because it is only by serving low-cost foods *frequently* that you can make the *worth-while savings*.



Lima Beans en Casserole
See menus and recipes in right hand column

Try them now. See menus in the right hand column. Then send coupon for nine more.

Let this trial introduce—if you don't already know them—these delicious *baby lima beans*.

Meatless Menu No. 5

The California lima bean salad is the main dish of this luncheon; rich in protein with mineral salts supplied by the fresh vegetables used in combination. The rice in the soup furnishes the additional starch required and the necessary fat is supplied by the dessert

Rice Soup
California Lima Bean Salad
Chocolate [illegible]

Recipe for California Lima Bean Salad

2 cups cooked baby lima beans
1 cup diced celery
2 green peppers
3 or 4 large ripe tomatoes
Onion or chives
Seasonings
French dressing

[illegible] baby lima beans and celery [illegible] seasonings and [illegible] dressing. Arrange [illegible] a ring of pepper on each slice and fill ring with baby lima bean mixture

Meatless Menu No. 4

This lima bean dish is an excellent meat substitute: Spinach is rich in mineral salts, especially iron. The fruit salad and wafers supply starch, balance the meal and take the place of a dessert

Lima Bean Croquettes
Spinach
Fruit Salad Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup baby lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ cup rolled dried bread crumbs
3 tbsp. milk
½ tsp. salt
Pepper
1 tsp. sage
Onion juice
1 egg

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings, and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serves about [illegible]

Meatless Menu No. 7

Lima Beans en Casserole
Buttered Asparagus on Toast
Tapioca Cream

Recipe for Lima Beans en Casserole

2 cups dried baby lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
Milk
Butter

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain, add hot water using just enough to cover beans. Simmer until beans are tender and water is absorbed. Put into casserole, add seasoning, dot with butter, add milk to partially cover beans and bake in a moderate oven. Serves about 5

CALIFORNIA
SEASIDE
LIMA BEANS
LARGE LIMAS *BABY LIMAS*

Ask your dealer for California SEASIDE Lima Beans—either the large or the baby size. They are the "protein" beans that take the place of meat. Don't confuse with "wax" or "butter" beans. Genuine California Limas—SEASIDES—are thin-skinned, more tender (easier to cook) and have a sweeter, nut-like flavor. These two sizes of lima beans are in a food-class of their own.

They are grown in California, near the sea. The choice beans from the finest crops. Either size is equally good in all recipes that call for "lima beans."

You will always buy SEASIDE—genuine California *limas*—and use more of these meat-replacing dishes when you know how good they are.

California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. E, Oxnard, California

A Cooperative, Non-Profit Organization of Growers

MAIL THIS COUPON

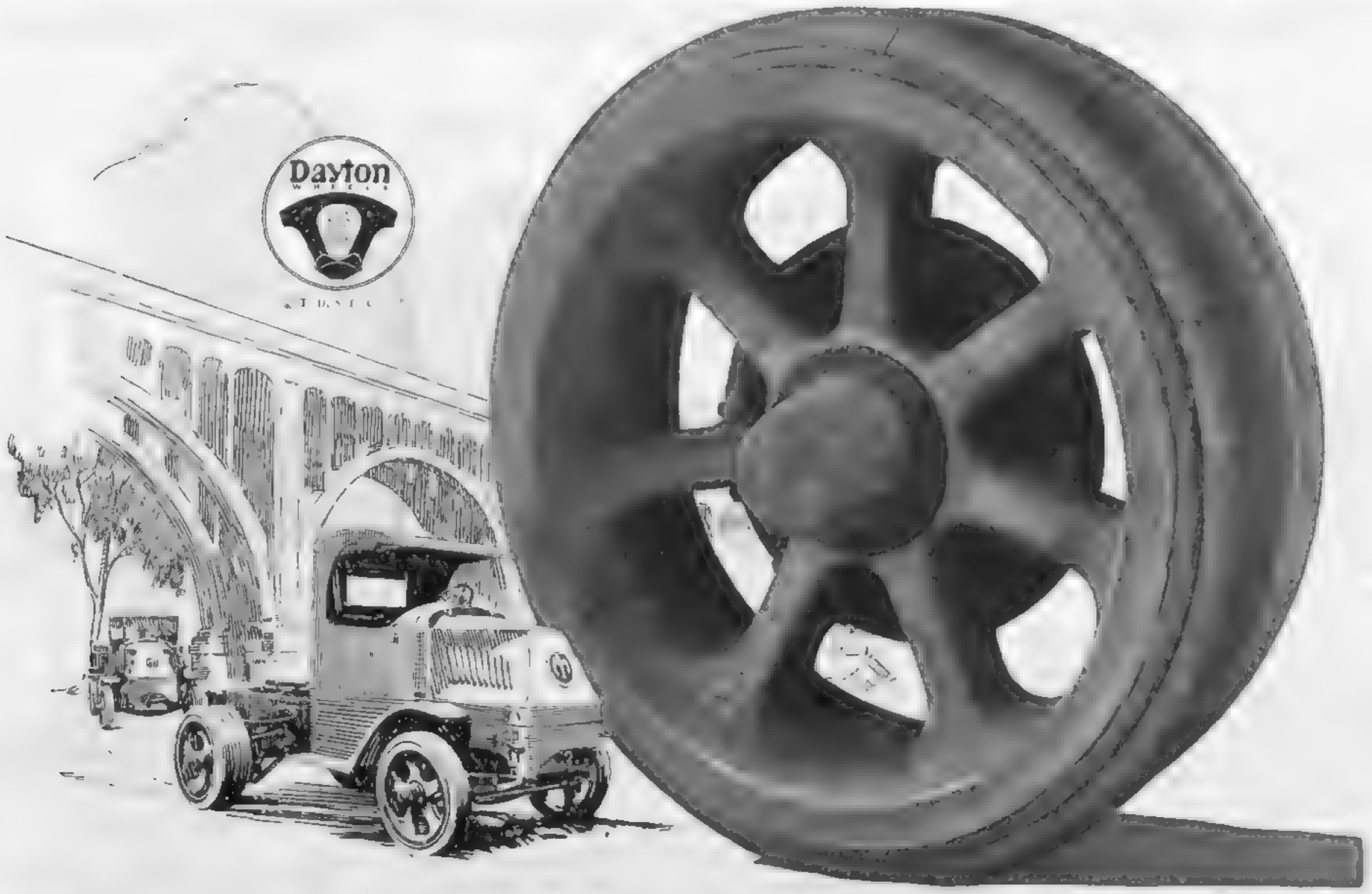
California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. E, Oxnard, Cal.

Send me the 12 balanced meatless menus and recipes for lima bean dishes.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]



Another Proof of Dayton Steel Wheel Merit

On the Mack—Where "Performance Counts"

THE high standing of Mack trucks, made by the International Motor Company, is everywhere admitted by men who know motor trucks. The International Motor Company—with which *performance counts* more than all else—is using Dayton Steel Wheels on its heavy duty trucks.

Could we submit any more convincing evidence of the superiority of Dayton Steel Wheels than their adoption by this and other leading manufacturers?

It is additional proof that Dayton Steel Wheels have established themselves as the truck wheel standard.

As an owner and buyer of motor trucks this is a fact that should interest you. If you have had trucks laid up and repair bills to pay because of defective wheels, you should be doubly interested.

For these successes by Dayton Steel Wheels are a sign by which you can find the way to truck wheel satisfaction.

Lightness that saves fuel, strength that defies wear, true roundness that adds mileage to tires, spokes that are always tight, hollow construction that radiates heat away from tires, resilience that helps to keep axles and motor safe from damage—these are some of the qualities, that have already secured the adoption of Dayton Steel Wheels by a number of the country's foremost truck makers.

In buying trucks henceforth do not be content with looking merely at the motor, axles and bearings. Ask about wheels also—and make certain they are Dayton Steel Wheels. Specify them for your trucks—and insist that your specifications be complied with.

There are many other reasons why it will be to your profit to have Dayton Steel Wheels on your trucks. Our folder gives them. Write for it.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago
Los Angeles

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels
PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

(Continued from Page 130)

well. To-day his wife is making more than he is—eighteen dollars to twenty-two dollars a week. Poli loves to see her work. Also he himself loves to work. It was work, and nothing but work, which gave these two thrifty folk their vacation in their own home. It cost them more than thirty-five hundred dollars, and to-day is worth probably more than five thousand.

I asked Poli if he was a citizen of this country and he told me that he had not yet taken out his second papers but was just going to do so.

"I've got a house now," he said. "I take my papers now."

"Do you like this country, Poli?" I asked him.

"Sure I like him," he said. "I going to stay here."

"Suppose you had stayed in Hungary, Poli," I asked next, "would you by now have had a house of your own?"

He smiled and shrugged after his own fashion. "Not much!" he said. "Chust live, no more."

"Then you ought to like this country."

"Sure I like him. I got house."

Then I asked him a question which I often feel like putting to every foreigner who comes here. I wanted to find out whether he felt grateful to America for what it had done for him. I wanted to find out whether there was any real patriotism in his soul for this country. I don't believe that he ever really understood me at all. In the Blackfoot language there is no phrase for good-by. In the French language there is no word for home. I am not sure, from my own limited acquaintance, that in the Hungarian language there is any equivalent for gratitude to a country. There may be, but if so I couldn't get it out of Poli. That he was glad that he had come here and that it was to his interest to stay here—all that was perfectly plain. But apparently he thought the books were balanced at that point, and was not indulging in any sentiment about it. In short I think that Poli's philosophy comes near to jumping with that of the old Roman cynic who said, "*Ubi bene, ibi patria*"—Where a fellow is getting his, that's his country.

"Now look here, Poli," I said to him, "you're a good man, and you've never made any trouble, and you've always worked and saved your money, and you've got a nice home here which you never could have had in Hungary—and yet you don't seem to think that you owe this country anything beyond that."

"But I vork," he answered mildly; "me and my vife—ve vork always hard."

I gave up that part of it. I asked him whether he was going to join the discontented laboring people and see if he couldn't boost his prices. He shook his head.

"I try the labor union two year and get one dollar more," he said. "No good. Beside"—and here was where the touch of Nature made the whole world kin—"vat's the use? Me and my vife ve get thirty, forty, fifty dollar, but ve not buy any house quicker. Once I get bottle milk five cent, loaf bread five cent. To-day I get bottle milk fifteen cent, loaf bread ten cent. You get hungry and you eat, ride along. Vat's the use?

"Vell, anyway," concluded Poli with his sunny smile and philosophical shrug, "I stay in America, I got house."

A Merchant Talks

A WELL-TO-DO and quiet-minded merchant of some fifty summers, who has made a good living for his family in one of the crack residence quarters of the town, had his morning paper in his hand when I spoke to him and asked him what was the news.

"On the whole, bad news," he replied. "Look here at the election returns of yesterday."

I wondered what he meant, for the results of the city election looked good to most of our better people. All the city improvement bonds had been carried, which gave promise for a day when Chicago might even yet cease to be a village and become a city.

"Don't the bonds suit you?" I asked of him.

"Sure they do," he replied. "That isn't what I was thinking about—I was thinking of the light vote that was polled. This was one of the most important elections we ever had in this city, but you might think that nobody registered and nobody voted. Not over a third of our full vote was polled—yet these were all things which concerned directly the comfort and welfare of everybody. If Chicago is a better city it won't be by the vote of the people but by the grace of God.

"And that's what's wrong with the country too," he continued. "There's where you can find some of the troubles. This is a republic still by the grace of God."

A Business Man Talks Damp

I ASKED a retired business man, a friend of mine, what he thought made the people of the country so uneasy to-day, why they were milling round and not settling down.

"You don't know?" he answered. "Well, I'll tell you where a good deal of it comes from—it's physical nervousness. Everyone has been keyed up on account of the war, but there's another reason. Did you ever have a chance to watch a man who has been cut off from his beer or his liquor when he has been used to it more or less? He's nervous, irritable, cross.

"Now here are a lot of laboring people of all classes who have been more or less used to a drink or two when they wanted it. They had certain habits of an evening or while on their way home—I am not pretending to say that they were good habits. Now they are cut off from that, the routine of their lives is somewhat upset—we won't pretend to say that it was a good routine. They get physically irritable and quarrelsome. They can't take a drink and forget their troubles for a little while and think they're happy when they are not—so they take a talk instead, and come out believing that they are very unhappy. In the past they had work and little more. Now they've got work and little else.

"I want to tell you you have got to figure now not only on a new world and a new country but a new set of people and a new set of personal habits. This is not the same population we had six months ago. Some things work out on paper which don't do so well in practice. I am not saying that prohibition is not a good thing, the best thing for the largest numbers, but what I am saying is that we have taken the clock apart and haven't yet been able to get all the wheels back in again. You were saying that someone told you this was a republic by the grace of God? Well, that's about it. It's hard to kill a man and it's hard to kill a country, but either of them can be shot to pieces aplenty."

A Trade Journalist Has His Doubts

I KNOW the editor of a certain trade paper, who always has been an optimist to the extent of believing that the labor unions could do no wrong. Between ourselves to-day, and in the back room, where none of the labor unions could hear him, he admitted that once in a while, like everyone else, he was guilty of a little bunk.

"Oh, you've got to admit to-day," said he, "that the labor unions are losing some of the sympathy they once had, because they are allowing themselves to be run by the radical element, who want destruction and not construction—at a time when all the world is crying out for construction after an absolute orgy of destruction. I can't go along with some of my worthy constituency on some of these things.

"We have a government by the people, but the trouble with America is that some of the people are not citizens at all. Often the radical labor-unionite is a worse tyrant than any capitalist. He not only wants something he never earned but wants it on a false basis. He doesn't want to get something for himself that he has earned, but he wants to take away something from some other man who has got it one way or another. He wants to lay the world in ashes, so that he can take his time forking round in the ashes and trying to see if he can find something for himself. These men are not leaders of labor—they are rag pickers on the avenues of progress.

"We have got a lot of people in America as citizens or as transients who are not as good as Fiji Islanders, because they won't work and they want to burn the house so that they can pick over the ashes. They are in the minority, but they make more noise and more trouble than any majority. Because they have got away with it for a while they're getting worse. Not that I believe they will get away with it right along.

"Sure, a minority can make trouble, and plenty of it. A company of mutinous soldiers can make trouble for the entire regiment. It can turn its back on the common enemy and leave the fighting men. Its members can stay in the trenches, not obeying the order to go over the top, and can let their comrades do the fighting and take the objective of the regiment.

"When labor unions in times like these—when the whole country is ordered to go over the top—can hang back out of the fight at the expense of the lives and comfort of all the rest of the world they are turning their backs to the enemy in as cowardly a way as if they were in uniform and had refused the order to go forward. Cut out all the rubbish about the rights of man—and the truth is that it is within the power of labor unions to show themselves as much mutineers, cowards and quitters as though they wore the uniform and had refused to fight.

"Oh, yes—that goes for the profiteers too. They also are in the minority. If we are going to have a country it's got to be one where the real thinking majority will rule, where the fighting men and loyal men and square men control things; and not the cowards and skulkers, who only make a minority.

"Across the sea England is watching us very eagerly, and so is all Europe. They say that America is at the most dangerous crisis of all her existence. In times like these there is only one way to win. We need more courage and loyalty, less selfishness and cowardice—that's what we need. If the laboring men of this country allow themselves to be classified in that kind of minority—as obstructionists and quitters—they are doing as much as they can to kill their cause forever. When they wipe out the rule of an intelligent majority they only invite again, sometime, somewhere, that same old rule of sheer brute force against which they claim to be fighting."

A Chat With a Harness Maker

LAST week I took to a harness maker a couple of hand bags that I wished fixed up. When I called for them I found a German workman in charge of the place. I myself am not in any fraction German, but American on both sides of my family for nine generations; but though I have no special use for the German language to-day I studied it many years ago in college, learning to say "*Prosit*" and "*Zwei dunkel*" as well as the next man. Indeed I have so far mastered the accent that this bird thought I was *angeboren*, as we say in Chicago; wherefore he spoke to me only in German.

Any man who says that a German does not stay German as long as he can, and in all the instances where he thinks he can, simply does not know the race; so he and I held our conversation in the *schoenste lengevitch*. He did most of the talking, and most of the understanding. When he got going strong—though he spoke really very good North German—I only got him once in a while on the high places.

I did not tell my new friend what I really wanted but casually asked him after a while how he liked this country and this city; how long he had been here, and whence he came. He told me he had come from Cleveland some years ago and had started up in business in Chicago when he had only "neun hundred dollar eingesteckt"; that is to say, when his savings amounted to only nine hundred dollars. About in there he got to traveling too fast for me, so I leaned against the bench and I looked intelligent, and once in a while when he stopped for breath I just dropped some comment like "*Ja wohl*" or "*Gewiss*" or "*Das versteht sich*"; though you can search me as to what he was saying most of the time. He may have been implicating me in some political plot for all I know. But every once in a while I got him, because he kept coming round to his favorite phrase, *einstecken*.

If you will consult your own German glossary you will find that this word means about the same as "in-sticking"—suggesting the idea of pushing something down into a sack, a sock, a kick, a poke, a purse or a stocking. Translated it means, in American speech, to soak, to shut down, to lay by, to freeze down or to place to the candy. I inferred that my German friend had put considerable of this world's goods to the candy since he came to America. He told me he had several children; I did not grasp just how many.

"Well," after a while I said to him with reproach in my voice, all in the *schoenste*

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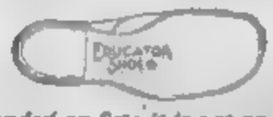

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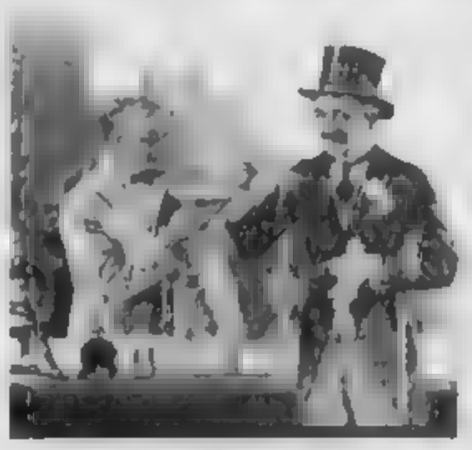

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come here to ask the Van Camp scientific cooks the secrets of this dish. But we never tell them. The formula is valued at $100,000.

It has long been a world-famed dish. A foreign chef who has delighted thousands with it brought the recipe to us.

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lengevitch, "I don't see how you, a good German like myself, can stay in America now that this war is over."

He cut loose again. There may have been a bomb plot for all I know, but I don't think so. I rather suspect there was a lot of philosophy, which I was sorry to miss. I know he said that except for his children he would of course go back to Germany. To this I said "*Gewiss*," and nodded gravely.

"Why not?" said he. "In many ways there is more liberty in Germany than there is in America." *Es giebt viel mehr Freiheit bei Deutschland als bei America.* I think he meant more especially in regard to prohibition, but not that alone. He told me something of the German business and social life, of which I already knew; of the tranquil evening with the glass of beer and some music—all gone now. Then I asked him something of Germany after the war, asked whether he got any news.

"I had a letter from my sister in Germany just the other day," he said. "She says that conditions are hard, that they don't have so much to eat as they would like even yet. But she says that the German Army does not feel it ever has been beaten, and that the German people do not feel that it ever has been beaten."

I gathered also that Woodrow Wilson need not now hope ever to be elected president of the German republic, because he had in a manner of speaking thrown Germany down. I inferred also that Germany did not passionately love England these days.

I asked him whether Germany could fight again inside of ten years. He shrugged and said she would be too poor.

"Oh, well, in thirty years ."

He shrugged again. I thought once in a while I heard again the word "*einstecken.*"

I did not ask this man whether or not he belonged to any labor union, did not ask him what he thought of the high cost of living. In fact I was studying him, certainly not altogether with love for his people, yet I hope not with unfairness to himself. He had done a very good job of work on the hand bags and his prices were not unreasonable, as those things go to-day. He had come to this country without a great deal of money, had started in business in a moderate way, had paid his debts and reared his family. I did not ask him whether he felt any gratitude toward America for what it had done for him. That hardly seemed necessary after hearing him say that if it were not for his children and their prospects here he would go back to Germany.

But he afforded me a not unprofitable half hour. Ought it to be wholly unprofitable to the reader hereof?

Interview With an Author

AT THE outset of this little study I promised that everybody but the writer should draw the conclusions. There is, however, perhaps no objection to my interviewing an author. Suppose we do that with a question and answer or so.

Q. From your observations among the mixed citizenry of a metropolis what seems to you to be the main purpose of the employing class?

A. *Einstecken.*

Q. What, in your belief, is the main purpose of the labor unions and the laboring man in general?

A. *Einstecken.*

Q. What, in your belief, is the future remedy for the people in America, including the white-collar classes?

A. *Einstecken.*

Indeed, speaking as among authors, of all those whom I have interviewed thus far I find only two informants who have suggested a real remedy for the pinch of the times. One of these was not the humanitarian, but the housemaid of the humanitarian, who refused to be bluffed further by the washerwoman. The other was not my highly intellectual self, but the lady of my own household who also declared herself as having a limit beyond which she would not go.

Personal work and personal saving, with courage to call any insolent attempt at profiteering on either side, from any source, and a calm confidence that before so very long times will again be normal in America—these seem to be the only remedies of any actual and immediate use so far discoverable in our village. Is it not about the same in your own?

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Here's a heavily loaded motor truck climbing a sharp grade on a road with a side slope of six per cent. That truck's axle is taking punishment—weight, traction, side strain—every burden is thrown on it.

A Sheldon Worm Gear Axle can stand this test of service indefinitely with practically no replacement or upkeep charges, because of the principle of Sheldon Construction.

It is the same principle of construction that is used in Locomotive and Freight Car Axles, which carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

The wheels and the "live," load-carrying, revolving axle, are fixed as a single unit and the bearings are widely placed, giving long leverage and wheel rigidity against every type of side pressure, sharp turns, skidding, car tracks, and curb-blows.

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Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Write for the booklet on Sheldon Axle Superiorities

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Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

THAT VILLAIN HER FATHER

Concluded from Page 16

And in their next hour alone together the guest asked him what the worry was.

"Nothing. I am a little—we must all think of the future, our children's future. A father has responsibilities."

"*A propos de*—what? Am I inquisitive?"

"Do I not confide everything to you? Some pest has made matrimonial overtures about his son. Preposterous!"

"The young man's position is not good enough?"

"Ah, his position is first-rate. I say nothing against his position."

"It is his character that displeases you?"

"No, as for that, he is steady and not unamiable"

"But what do you complain of?"

Vauquelin waved his hand vaguely.

"The proposal does not accord with my ideas. I have different intentions for her."

"Ah, yes, that Monsieur Duvivier! I thought perhaps that affair had faded out"

"By no means," affirmed Vauquelin, clutching at the excuse. "Precisely I wish her to marry Monsieur Duvivier. And that is a sound and laudable reason why I should resent being badgered by Brigard. I find such intrusions on my routine very offensive. Duvivier's mother and I are going to have a little talk together some time or other."

"But ——"

"What?"

"You decided to have a little talk with her nine or ten months ago."

"I must avoid precipitance. In such matters a father cannot act with too much caution."

"Blanche is a darling, but there are other girls in Paris. If you desire the match be careful you don't let him slip."

"Have no misgiving," said Vauquelin irritably. "I am quite content. Madame Duvivier will receive a visit from me—when Blanche is older, and we shall see what we shall see."

The captivating Georgette looked thoughtful. The more so after a chat with Blanche had drawn forth the nervous confession that she thought Monsieur Duvivier very nice.

And then when the volatile father had banished the menace of the future from his mind and was again basking in the sunshine of the present, what should happen but that Madame Duvivier inconsiderately broached the matter to him instead of waiting for him to approach her!

"Dear lady, my daughter is too young," replied Vauquelin promptly.

"How too young?" demurred Madame Duvivier. "She is one and twenty. I was but nineteen when I married!"

"Yes," said Vauquelin, "but my sainted mother did not marry till she was thirty-two and she always impressed upon me that it was the best age."

"Thirty-two?" cried Madame Duvivier shrilly. "Do you ask me to adjourn our conference for eleven years?"

"My honored friend, I do not make it a hard and fast condition," stammered the unhappy man, struggling for coherence. "It is possible there may be something to be said against it. But your gratifying proposal is so sudden—I had not contemplated the alliance—I need time to balance my parental duties against my reverence for my mother's views."

Now, Georgette, who could put two and two together as accurately as the Minister of Finance, had not failed to remark that the interview took place privately in the study and she noted that her host avoided her own eyes when Blanche inquired why Madame Duvivier had called at such a funny time. Moreover, feelers during the next music lesson found him evasive. In the days that followed, when Blanche developed a tendency to sigh plaintively and turned against chocolates, it grew clear to Georgette that this father must be shown the error of his ways.

"May I say that I hope the conversation with Madame Duvivier contented you?" she ventured.

"*Hein?*" said Vauquelin, starting.

"That the engagement will soon be announced"

"*Mon Dieu*, is it not extraordinary how people seek to rob me of my child?" he moaned.

"Does that mean that nothing is arranged yet?"

"Why not leave well alone? Are we not all comfortable as we are? I have made no definite reply to Madame Duvivier. I cannot be bustled. Have you ever thought that when I part from Blanche I shall be left here by myself?"

"Yes. It has even occurred to me that you too have thought of it."

"Naturally. It is not strange that I should tremble at such a prospect. To be solitary is a sad thing."

"It is for your own sake then, not hers, that you delay?"

"For the first time I find you lacking!" he broke out. "You do not seem to comprehend the workings of a father's heart."

"I have never had one."

"Don't split straws! When I lose her I shall be alone. You do not require to be a father to know that."

"You could always go to see her."

"*Flûte!*"

"And your grandchildren—respectful grandchildren that clustered at your knee."

"I will not anticipate grandchildren—I am not a hundred!" exclaimed Vauquelin angrily. "I repeat that the present conditions are entirely to my taste and I desire to prolong them."

"It is also possible you might remarry."

"At my age? Who would have me? Some ripe and ruddled widow."

"Girls quite young marry men much older than you."

"But not for love. Tell me, what would you put me down at—without flattery?"

"I should call you in the prime of life."

"The friendly phrase for senile! Depend upon it, people said that to Methuselah. Supposing—a man is never too old to make a fool of himself, you know—supposing, for the sake of argument, I felt a tenderness, a devotion for a girl scarcely older than Blanche, a devotion which I strove to think Platonic even while I wept under her window and which revived in me unsought the emotions—all the sentiment, the throes, the absurdities—of the youth that had gone from me before I knew how divine it was. Would it—could it—is it imaginable that she might not laugh?"

"She would not laugh if she were worth it all."

"To marry me for love—a girl? To see me romantic without thinking me ridiculous—to melt to my tears, not shrink from the crow's-feet round my eyes? I wonder'"

"If you choose wisely you will not wonder."

"In love who chooses? Fate decides. What would you call wisely? She should be—how old?"

"Old enough to know her mind. Young enough to attract you."

"For the rest?"

"She should have means, that you might never fear it had been yours that won her. She should have affection for your child, that she might know no jealousy of yours. She should take interest in your child's future, that if you were willful she might guide you. To revert to Madame Duvivier, I counsel you to write to-day that you consent."

Vauquelin stood gazing at her incredulously.

"Georgette! Georgette," he panted, "do you know you have given me your own portrait?"

"With my love," she told him, smiling.

"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from Page 21)

old and range-broke, but I was green enough those days to wonder why nobody ever knew the neighbors. There we were, cooped up—a hundred and sixty-eight flats of us, six buildings, seven floors, four to a floor. We might 'a' died, any of us, and the neighbors right across the hall wouldn't 'a' took notice of the funeral. I wonder how New York women ever have anything to gossip about?

"At first I used to try to talk to the neighbors in the elevator and every time I drew the glassy stare. Of course I found out about 'em. I was a grafter—and grafters always do. Just across the partition, third floor rear, east, was a little white man named Kendal. Something to do with the silk trade. Always looked worried and his wife similar. Even the two little girls seemed like they'd swallowed something that didn't agree with them. I tried to lighten up the lives of those two kids once in the hallway by the elevator and their mother came along and snatched 'em away.

"Fourth floor rear, west, was one of those drawing artists—name Bowles. His wife dressed in wall paper and their little boy was a sweet thing with a Dutch haircut—so refined I was afraid I'd taint him. The Smithsons—he worked for a bank and wore a white rim on the top of his vest—lived in the other flat on that floor. They hadn't any children. One day in the elevator I told him it was pleasant weather. He said he guessed so, and stared a hole in the lattice all the way up to our floor. The Perkinses, second floor rear, east, had four kids running from so high to so high. The oldest was a girl. We got acquainted one day at the front door, and the next time I spoke to her she said her mother told her not to talk to strange men. Anybody 'd thought they had my number in the Newton Arms. For human companionship and social intercourse I was down to talking with old ladies on benches in the park—and the movies—and the wad was slipping away.

"I'd have died, I guess, or gone back to the graft if it hadn't been for Mike and his kids. Mike's one of the janitors—fourth assistant to the main squeeze or something—at the Newton Arms. He's a Bohemian. That's some kind of Dago. His oldest kid is named Mannie—age six—and little Bertha's four. Mike's none of your fancy janitors that you read about in the funny papers—the kind with a touring car and sparklers. Mike would stack up as just a poor ignorant boob, I guess, but he's a pretty good fellow. His wife doesn't savvy English very much. Nights after he'd banked the furnaces I used to go down and talk with him. Once or twice I had supper with him too. That was before I found that Mike couldn't afford to feed anybody a supper. After that I'd drop in sometimes during the evening with a paper shell of beer I'd bought at the corner and Mike and I would empty schooners and punch the bag over things in general.

"I found Mike didn't understand his game at all, and even at that he was pretty badly whipsawed. A janitor's graft is tips. That's all right in a little apartment house where you are the only janitor and see the tenants right along, but not in a regular township like the Newton Arms. The windows were washed by a corps of professional window washers, who stood round looking wishful when the job was done until they got theirs. When anything went wrong with the furnace or the electric lights the tenants rang for the head janitor. He came up and saw what was wanted, then he turned the job over to some of the poor fishes like Mike, who worked under him, and returned to say that everything was all right—and collected.

"Of course if Mike had had any brains he could have broken through sort of attracted the attention of the tenants and hung round letting them understand how much he was doing for 'em, stoking fires down in the basement. I tried to make him see that, but he just didn't know how. The management of the Newton Arms gives those assistant janitors a place to live in the basement and just about enough pay to buy a steak once a week. They're expected to clean up on their tips. What Mike cleaned up after the head janitor and the window washers and the elevator men had got theirs wouldn't have soiled and subed a ten-cent piece. 'I get me another job next spring,' says Mike to me, 'but this place is warm for winter.'

"I got awful thick with the two kids. I used to take them out to the park and play with them almost every afternoon when I'd finished my daily task of finding that the help-wanted ads were phony. That boy Mannie is a little star. I've seen him tumble over on his face and get right up and laugh, when I knew he was hurt. I whittled him a wooden pistol out of a stick and taught him to get the drop. You'd ought to see him hold up his little thumb and finger—like that—and click his tongue and say, 'Bing! You're dead!' Funniest thing you ever did see.

"And Bertha was always cuddling up to me with her arms round my neck and asking me to tell her stories. She didn't do very well last winter. After Thanksgiving she was right sick—doctor figured it was a touch of pneumonia. I sat up with her for two nights—I'd found Mrs. Mike falling asleep beside her crib, waking every little while to cry and jabber in Dago. I asked Mike what was the matter, and he said she was worryin' part of the time for fear Bertha would die and the rest for fear they couldn't pay the doctor.

"After Bertha got better I made her a rag doll out of a black muffler, which I could spare, and a handkerchief that had seen better days and two shoe buttons and some ink. When she could get outdoors and I carried her up to the park she used to be hugging me with one arm and the doll with the other. I don't know how a couple of squareheads like Mike and his wife ever had such a cunning pair of kids. Bertha was pretty peaked for a long time. She'd got sick in the beginning because she wasn't dressed warm enough. I came through for a thick coat and a pair of mittens, and that didn't do my roll any good either.

"Well, Christmas was coming. Everybody, especially the women, out shopping, wreaths showing up in the windows, exhibitions of those fancy toys in the department stores. And one day, walking with Mannie and Bertha in the park, I was reckless and foolish enough to indulge in talk and conversation about Santa Claus. It appeared that in the Dago country where Mike comes from it's the Christ child who brings the Christmas presents. But prying and investigating into the juvenile mind I discovered that Mannie and Bertha hadn't ever heard about the straight American Santa Claus. I described him, carelessly dwelling and enlarging on the number and variety of toys he brought to good children. They went plumb loco over the idea, and I couldn't pry 'em off the subject.

"Mannie had got stuck on an air gun that he'd seen once in the hands of one of the Perkins brats and had developed leanings toward a toy automobile that you work with your feet. Bertha wanted a whole family of dolls and a kitchen outfit.

"Seeing as Bertha had begun to take an interest in something, which I figured was the state of mind she needed if she was going to get well, I was sucker and boob enough to take 'em to Wanacooper's for the Christmas exhibition of toys. It was awful the way their ideas about Santa Claus grew and expanded. By the time we were through Mannie had boneyed a whole toy railroad with electrical connections and Bertha wanted a big doll's house with lace curtains on the windows. Worst of it was they believed in Santa Claus and were dead sure he'd bring 'em just what they wanted.

"All my time in the boxes and the three-card-monte game it had been my business—in a manner of speaking—to make grown-up suckers believe in Santa Claus. I'd delivered the same variety of spiel—kind of instinctive—to that pair of kids and I'd done my job too goshawful well. I tried to hedge on 'em; sort o' inserted hints that Santa Claus might not come through to the extent they expected. When I got Bertha to the point where she sort o' entertained that idea she bust out crying, and I had to go right back and assure her that our American Santa Claus always did the right thing by good little girls—and she was a good little girl.

"That night I bought a paper shell of beer for Mike by way of loosening him up on the question of Christmas presents. He didn't have any ideas on the subject except that Mrs. Mike attended to that. I got Mrs. Mike into the discussion and found that she had done her Christmas shopping early. She showed me what she'd bought—a pair of warm stockings for Bertha and a wool muffler for Mannie. Stockings and mufflers! Between that and what I'd worked those kids up to expect, the contrast looked wide and far-reaching. Christmas was only five days away now. I sat up that night in the wagon bed I had for a room and figured that it was myself I'd buncoed. I had to come through and make good to those kids. I was down to eighty-three dollars and a gold-plated watch. Best I could figure it, my talk to prove there is a Santa Claus was going to cost me something like forty dollars net.

"Next day crossing the park I bumped into Cal Watkins. I guess I've told you about Cal Watkins. He used to be my steerer, working at three card monte in Pullman trains west of Omaha. When we've renewed friendship and acquaintance Cal represents to me that he needs seventy-five dollars until next morning—needs it the worst way. 'Not from me,' says I. 'In case the news hasn't reached you, I've gone straight. I'm not staking any green-goods game, neither am I sharing and participating in wire-tapping maneuvers.'

"'Where have you been hiding yourself?' says Cal entirely too prompt. 'Didn't you know I'd gone straight too? I've been working at a regular job on the docks until last week, when they laid me off. Now my wife's sick and I've got to buy a lot of fancy medicine and move her to the hospital. Those New York hospitals want cash in advance. My pay and a bonus are coming to me as soon as the office down on the docks opens to-morrow morning. It amounts to eighty-five dollars in all. I can give you back the money by ten o'clock.'

"Well, I came through, explaining to Cal that I'd like to lend it to him until he got ready to pay but that it would clean me out if I did. I made an appointment to meet him at eleven next morning in Schulz's Bar on Columbus Avenue. Minute he turned his back and made his get-away I began to get leery, and I wasn't a heap surprised that he didn't show up at Schulz's. When one o'clock came and he was still overdue I went down and stood by the bar entrance of the Hamblen waiting for some grafter I knew to come out. The first was Eddie Jordan. He was running a mining-stock swindle at the time and he knew Cal well.

"'I'm looking for Cal Watkins,' says I. 'Want to let him in on a little business proposition,' says I.

"'You're too late. He fell down on a game last week and bumped against the fly cops. He lit out for the West last night—Cincinnati, I expect,' says Eddie.

"I hold onto myself and ask kind of offhand, 'Did he take his wife along? I might talk over my proposition with her.'

"'Oh,' says Eddie, 'he didn't bring his wife this time. She's back on the farm in Missouri, I expect.'

"I've heard people talk about honor among thieves. There ain't any, and when a grafter gets on the wrong end of a crooked proposition he makes a country parson look like a wise guy.

"I went up on Broadway and pawned my watch. Best I could get was eight dollars. With the tail end of my roll that made fifteen dollars and something. My board with Miss Sprague was sixteen dollars a week, cash in advance, and the week was up next day."

Dan Murray stopped a moment in his narrative as though to fortify himself for what was to come, and he stole a glance at the girl. At least she was looking not upon the winter landscape and the park crowd but upon him. Nevertheless her eyes, now dry, had not softened, and the deep thrust of her wrists into her muff showed that her hands were still clasped.

"You can figure for yourself my fix," he went on. "But maybe you haven't figured it all. I guess I was trying too much. Anywhere along the line I could have got a job at common labor—hustling boxes in a department store basement or washing windows or scrubbing out saloons. But when I saw you after six months I was going to ask you—you know what. And I didn't want you to be Mrs. Window Washer or Mrs. Street-car Motorman. I wanted to go straight and get the kind of job you'd be proud of—something with a future. But when I figured it all out that night in the

(Continued on Page 141)

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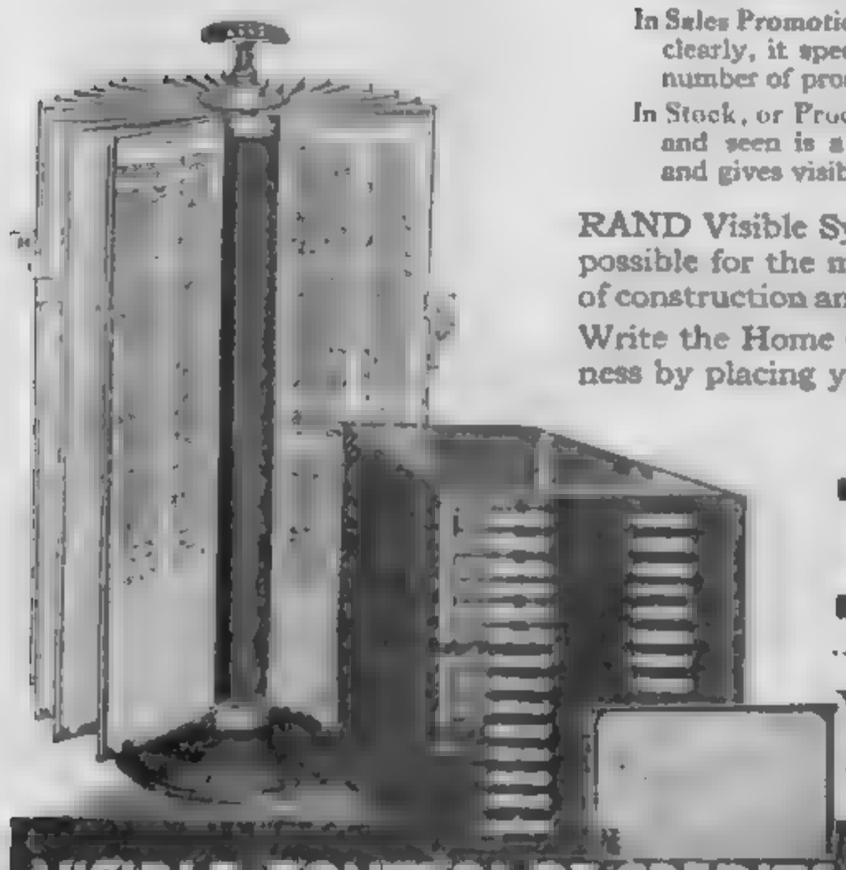

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VISIBLE CONTROL OF CREDITS · PRODUCTION · PERSONNEL · STOCK · SALES PROMOTION

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wagon bed I was afraid I'd have to hedge on half the program for a while. I decided I'd give the game just one week's more trial. I'd move into the cheapest room I could get and eat seldom until the fifteen dollars was spent. Then I'd go to the old employment office and shovel snow on the street, or anything until I got another start. Which I did next morning—moved myself and trunk to a six-dollar room on Eighth Avenue. It made the wagon bed look like the royal suite, that room.

"Somehow"—Dan digressed again as though hesitating to come to the point, and the poker expression which he had maintained throughout his narrative softened into a sentimental droop about the mouth—"you were the one thing I was sure of. I had you figured right, and I never let go. You might fall in love with some other fellow maybe, but I was dead certain even then that you'd hold him off for those six months until you'd seen me. If I hadn't believed that I'd have gone down to the Hotel Hamblen and asked in on the first open piece of graft. But you get awful depressed when you're hungry—and I was some hungry in the next week. A thing came into my mind that I'd never thought of before. I was afraid you'd die. Funny notion, wasn't it? But you don't know how it bothered me.

"For two or three days I forgot all about those kids of Mike's. Then came the day before Christmas. There wasn't much use of hunting a job that day—nobody was in his office. The people on the streets all looked lively and cheerful and busy—except me. Even the bums down at the Bowery Home were going to have a Christmas tree. As I've been telling you, I was a little too hungry, and when you get that way the human bean starts up queer wheels. I'd promised I wouldn't try to see you, but that afternoon I came mighty near standing by the door of your flat just to watch you come in. Along in the afternoon I couldn't stand it any more. I went up to the Newton Arms to see those kids. They were all I had—that I dared to see.

"I'd forgotten about my mix-up with Santa Claus until I rang at the front basement door and Mannie and Bertha came running out to meet me, all excited. Bertha talks awful queer and funny—you just have to laugh to hear her. She's learned English, but her baby talk is mixed up with that Dago language she gets from her mother. She's so het up at first that she can't do anything but jabber in Dago, but when she shifts gears to straight American she is conversing about 'Tanty C'aus'—that's the way she pronounces it—and the big doll she's going to find beside her bed when she wakes up in the morning; and what she's going to find is a pair of stockings.

"Mannie is more cagy in expressing his wants and desires. But he shows what he's expecting by asking a million questions about Santa Claus. Wants to know if he wears a plug hat and how he can get down that chimney if he's so fat and how he goes through the furnace door without burning himself when the fire's a-going. And I have to explain that Santa Claus can shrink and expand himself just as he wants and that he's got a patent magic fire extinguisher that he squirts all over himself and his pack before he starts out from the North Pole. You can just see that those kids can't wait until morning to wake up and find that I've made good with Santa Claus. And after paying rent in advance on Eighth Avenue and getting my washing out of soak and eating now and then, I'm down to three-seventy-five. What I can spare from that sum and amount won't make a dent in what Mannie and Bertha expect.

"We're standing there and I'm drawing the pipe freely on Santa Claus, not knowing exactly what to do, when a striped delivery wagon draws up and the West Indian elevator man comes out and helps unload a young department store of Christmas goods pasted all over with red Christmas stickers. Just then along comes a taxi and emits that Mrs. Perkins, who lives on the second floor rear, east. She's loaded with bundles—has to make three trips before she gets them all out. You can see by the size and shape that they're Christmas presents again—the head of a rocking horse is sticking out from the most prominent.

"I saw there was going to be a swell Christmas in the Newton Arms—everywhere but in the basement. And the reason there wasn't any Christmas in the basement was because none of those folks ever gave Mike any tips—which is the legitimate graft of a janitor.

"I got loose from Mannie and Bertha after a while and went and sat in the park. I was hungry, and when you get hungry you're awful depressed. I guess I'd been missing excitement too. This gay New York had been a dull place to me for quite some time. Thing I can't understand, though, was why I lost my grip on what you'd want me to do. I sort of conned myself, I guess, into thinking you wouldn't mind. Anyhow—I did it."

He stopped here and looked at her again. Still she gazed on him, and still those violet eyes, smoldering behind the long dark lashes, were noncommittal. But he stopped so long that at last she spoke as one who must to break an oppressive silence.

"Go on," she said simply.

"Well, I had the lay of the place long before. Grafters always do. It was easy, as outside jobs run. You didn't have to do any business with locks. The window latches were no good. The double fire escape ran all the way up the back of the house, and nights it was in black shadow. They kept a watchman, but I had his number. About midnight, when he was sure the head janitor would be in bed, he used to retire to the furnace room clear on the opposite corner from the tier of apartments where Mike lived and sleep until about four. The place was soft and ripe.

"Once, before I learned that the confidence game paid better and wasn't so risky, I did second-story work for a while—but I've told you that. I spent the early part of the night working with the file blade of my knife on a broken piece of spring I'd pulled off from that bed of mine in Eighth Avenue. It made a first-rate jimmy for a window latch.

"I robbed Mike first—got his electric torch and a gunny sack. Then I went through the back apartments on Mike's corner of the house. I began with the Perkinses, remembering the little girl who mustn't talk to strange men. There are four Perkins kids—two boys and two girls. Their presents were all stacked up round a big Christmas tree in the parlor—regular young emporium. I flash the electric torch a little and read the labels. Hattie—I expect she's the exclusive young lady—has drawn four dolls, running from a great big wax baby that opens and shuts her eyes to a little-boy doll.

"'All right, Hattie,' says I, 'I won't deprive you of your big wax baby, because you may have been expecting it. But you'll never miss the second best and it will look like a million dollars to Bertha.'

"Willie and Harry, the two boys, have each got an air rifle. But they've drawn a lot besides—rocking horses and drums and mechanical toys and little watches and things. I figure that Willie won't have his Christmas spoiled if his air gun is missing. To even things up I touch Harry for a six-inch clockwork automobile. It ain't the automobile you work with your feet, the kind that Mannie specially wants, but it will do fine for a substitute. Jane—the second oldest girl, I guess—has got a whole big doll's house. If I swipe that I take pretty near all Jane's Christmas, and besides it's too big. But she's got a lot of doll's dishes and kitchen things separate in pasteboard boxes. I touch her for one doll's tea set and add a box of candy to the pile in my sack and let it go at that.

"I call next on Little Lord Fauntleroy Bowles. He's got lots of presents—but they're mostly this highbrow, high art stuff. Howsomever, there's a little wooden horse that I figure will entertain Mannie, and an iron bank to teach the child to save his money and keep it away from janitors. I take 'em, committing bank robbery and horse stealing the same operation.

"Out of the next flat—they're new tenants and I don't know their name, but they've got a raft of kids—I appropriate a tin sword and a horn and a little man who boxes when you wind him up and a toy train of cars for Mannie's Christmas, and two little dolls that Bertha can play are twins. I throw in a couple of these fancy stockings of candy—they were hung all over the Christmas tree—and about decide I'll let it go at that. But on running over the loot in my mind I figure that I haven't been fair to Bertha—Mannie's got twice as many presents. So I take one last whirl at the Kendals and their two serious-minded brats—both girls.

"I find a lot of those stuffed animals, including a Teddy bear, which I know

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Bertha will just love to death, so I take it. Then there's a whole doll's chamber set, I figure for a while and decide to leave it—looked to me like the star present for one or the other of the little Kendal girls, and maybe if I took it her Christmas would be spoiled. So I swiped a picture book and a set of building blocks instead.

"I was making my get-away down the front hall when I said to myself that I was a little too particular for a burglar. Even if the Kendal kid did miss the chamber set her father could buy her another, which was more than Mike could do for Bertha. Besides, I fancied that chamber set—cutest little thing you ever did see. I started to go back for it, when I touched a loose board. It squeaked like a scared hen—I heard somebody turn over in bed and speak right out loud in the room to my right. I dropped flat on the floor and waited. Whoever woke up went to sleep again, but I dassent take any more chances with loose boards, so I left the chamber set. Anyhow, I had enough.

"Mike's children slept together in a cubby-hole back of the furnace. I broke in on Mike again, put Bertha's loot on her side of the bed and Mannie's on his. Then I wished a merry Christmas to all and to all a good night just like Santa Claus in the piece we used to speak at school."

And now he faced her.

"That's all," he concluded, "no comeback. I was considerably worried for a while—more worried than I ever was after I'd done a job for myself. I guess it was because I wasn't feeding very regular just then—and then you look at things differently when you've gone straight. I figured that when this burglary got reported the cops would hunt for the boarder who moved away from Mrs. Sprague's a week before the crime. I wasn't hard to find. I'd left my address so as to get my mail.

"But after three days I hadn't seen anybody with police feet snooping round my joint or shadowing me on the street, and I felt better. Then I got that movie job—extra at five a day—and drew my first day's pay on the dot. After I'd fed myself a real beefsteak I couldn't help calling on Mike. The children had gone to bed, but Mike was full to the cork with gratitude for the kind person who'd brought all the Christmas presents. He laid it to a social-settlement lady who'd called on 'em the week before. He couldn't figure exactly how she got into the house, but Mike took it on trust that she had. Mike was always ready to believe in fairies. I strung him along to find if the burglary had been reported. Mike hadn't heard of any burglary. I figured quite a while before I realized that the Perkinses and the Bowleses and the Kendals hadn't missed the stuff or, if they had, thought they'd mislaid it. That's New York.

"Anywhere else in these United States Mrs. Perkins would have taken an hour to say Merry Christmas to Mrs. Bowles and how did her children like those presents and she'd have remarked that a doll and an air rifle were missing from her tree somehow and she couldn't understand it, because she was sure she unwrapped that doll; and Mrs. Bowles would have said wasn't it funny she herself missed a toy horse and an iron bank, and they'd both have matched notes with Mrs. Kendal and everybody would have rung for a cop. Anywhere else they'd have found the janitor's kids playing with the loot and Mike would have got the third degree. But Mrs. Perkins didn't know Mrs. Bowles any more than if she'd lived in Brooklyn, and nobody had ever heard of Mike. There's no such thing in New York as neighbors."

He ran down again, stopped. But now Nellie's right hand was out of her muff. It dropped like a snowflake on a stone, into Dan's expectant hand. This time it remained.

The marriage-license bureau of New York does not keep open on Sundays. Moreover, in New York State the law enforces a certain hiatus between the license and the ceremony. However, in that remote historic period before the Great War, New Jersey was a better friend to Cupid. There, be it week day or Sunday, you had only to bring along the girl, the fee and an honorable intention—and walk out married. So Magistrate Rainer of Jersey City was not surprised that Sunday evening when upon returning from church he found a dapper, red-headed young man and a girl with a marvelous pair of violet eyes awaiting him on his piazza. While in his study he made out the necessary papers the elect of Cupid sat in the parlor—holding hands of course—and cooed softly between snatches of audible conversation. Though his waist measured now three inches more than his chest, though his hairs were scant and few, Magistrate Rainer retained beneath his judicial exterior the romantic heart. Those young lovers who came to his Gretna Green for sanction were to him a matter of secret but thrilling interest. So, as always, he delayed over the papers to hear the audible conversation amidst the cooing. And among other sentences which mightily stirred his curiosity he caught this in the voice of the girl:

"Dan dear, oh, *why* didn't you get that chamber set for poor little Bertha?"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

cars more than ten times a month would be benefited by purchasing a card. The method of collecting the fares would be to have the passenger deposit his own fare in the coin box, the conductor merely seeing to it that every passenger not having a card shall deposit a dime.

In Boston the municipal authorities and the traction officials devoted months to experimenting with different rates of fare on the city railway lines. With a five-cent fare the railway company showed a loss of $700,000 in one month. With a seven-cent fare the loss was $2,400,000 in four months. An eight-cent fare showed a loss of $900,000 in four months, while a nine-cent fare enabled the company to split about even on its operation. The investigation indicated that the Boston lines could not operate with profit on less than a ten-cent fare. This experience is one example of a case where expenses have mounted skyward and no fare possible of collection seems to be sufficient to meet the added cost of production.

The street-railway industry appears to be one business where the men in charge have been too prone to rely on increased fares and have neglected other means of increasing the net. It is encouraging, therefore, to note a change in this mistaken attitude of street-railway officials. If there is to be a permanent solution of the present trouble it will likely come through the exercise of greater engineering skill. What appears to be needed in many cases is a greater volume of traffic, which must result from more satisfactory service. Higher schedule speeds effected with safety will often prove more beneficial than a small increase in the fare that is asked. Business follows service and service means giving the public what they want when they want it.

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SOME NOTES ON INDUSTRIAL READJUSTMENT

(Continued from Page 4)

TRADE-UNIONS. The organization of workers to better the conditions of labor is undoubtedly a safeguard of equality of opportunity and in accord with basic principles. The essence of combination of workers is collective bargaining, and the recognition of the right to combine cannot be separated from the right to bargain collectively. Nor can the principle be accepted whole-heartedly without the recognition of the right of combinations to call men experienced in the problems of labor and skilled in negotiation to assist in such bargaining. But every form of combination, whether it be of mechanics, farmers, professional men or managers of capital, can be used for domination of the community. It must be obvious that when such combination is used to dictate social and political measures to the community it is violating the foundations of rule by the majority through representative institutions. When it is used to limit effort in individual workers, to paralyze the right of others to work, to produce suffering over other sections of the community—it is at once a violation of community rights and a negation of equality of opportunity.

The line between right and wrong is difficult to draw, and the national common sense is the instrument that will ultimately determine it. To enable this to function it has been proposed that when the trade-union membership of industries the continuous operation of which is vital to national life—such as coal, transportation, and so forth—becomes so large as to endanger the community interest by strikes or lockouts, then contentions should be settled by compulsory arbitration without strikes or lockouts; or, alternatively, they should be delayed by law until some independent body can determine the rights and wrongs and give public opinion the opportunity to exert pressure. It also proposed that unions should be held liable in damages for the failure to fulfill contracts once entered upon.

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS. The combination of capital for larger unit production and distribution is in itself economically sound up to some point of expansion. It is not, however, sufficiently recognized that overgrowth of such units leads them to bureaucratic administration and eventually renders them less efficient than smaller units. From a social point of view the moment they begin to dominate the community, either in wages or prices or production, or to prevent the growth of competition, they are in flagrant violation of the primary principle of equality of opportunity. As in labor combinations, the line where danger to the community begins is difficult to draw. Among other remedies it has been proposed to extend our antitrust legislation so as to place the profits, prices and wages of such concerns under government control the moment their outputs or service passes a certain percentage of national or local production in their particular commodity or their proportion of service.

No better example exists of the power of our institutions than the Sherman Anti-trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Commission. For instance, the halt called to the proclivities of the Standard Oil is often referred to in contempt of its results. But since that weakness was treated there have grown a dozen new competitive oil concerns of first magnitude, affording a vast field of initiative to men who had no equality of opportunity and could not have developed one under this old domination. Moreover, the public opinion that now makes such proclivities impossible is also securing the distribution of those fortunes.

NATIONALIZATION OF INDUSTRY. Nationalization fails on the issues on which all Socialism fails—that is, the destruction of the impulses which create efficiency either in employee or employer, and in the impulse to initiative which is necessary for improvement and extension. No scheme based on political appointment has yet developed the ability to replace competition in its selection of ability and character in management, and no government under the pressure of local political influences can properly conduct the risks of initiating extension and improvement. No student of government bureaucracies fails to find that in them the only safeguard against graft and favoritism is promotion by seniority. Thus, as the prime interest of the employee is never to jeopardize this certainty of promotion by risk in initiative, so there is an extinction of opportunity for extra ability and character that deadens the efficiency of the whole. Every attempt at nationalization yet, including our own, has resulted in decreased production or inefficiency, and the world has no margins for decrease if it would maintain its populations.

It does not follow, however, from private ownership, that such enterprises should be allowed to dominate the community; they must be held in control by the Government to see that they serve the community and do not violate the fundamental principles of equality.

PLANS FOR BETTER DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. The price we must pay for the invaluable principle that stimulation of the initiative, ability and character of the individual requires free play in compensation is that some persons will gain much more than their service to the community warrants. The atrocity of such accumulations out of the misery of a nation at war is unbearable. Moreover, the laws of the country already recognize that unrestricted bequest prevents an equality of opportunity. Often enough inherited economic power is misused. The line between the amounts needed to stimulate initiative and ability and the amounts of flagrant excess for services given is as hard to draw as the line in control of combinations. The amount of such illegitimate accumulations is often overestimated, for a rough approximation of the income-tax returns would indicate that the total income of millionaires would upon general division amount to less than thirty-five dollars per capita over the whole community. Nevertheless, there can be no equality of opportunity if the ownership of the tools of production and service is to become frozen to a narrow group of holders.

The present inheritance, income and excess-profits taxes tend to a better distribution of wealth. It has been proposed to extend these taxes in larger fortunes beyond their mere purposes of revenue, to accomplish better distribution and better equality of opportunity, thereby recovering to the community extravagant gains.

The inheritance tax is theoretically a direct transfer of capital to income in the hands of the state, and thus might be criticized as stifling the increase of capital. Practically this would be answered if the state applied such receipts to the extinction of national debt or to reproductive expenditure in the improvement of the national properties in rivers, lands, and so on. Such a curative of unfair distribution of wealth is no violation of the economic or social principles stated above.

The use of increase in income taxes to secure a better distribution of wealth breaks itself down at a certain point because it discourages initiative and effort more than does the use of inheritance taxes for such purpose. Beyond a certain point in care of dependents the human animal is chiefly interested in comfort in this life.

The use of excess-profits tax for this purpose or even for revenue—except as a war-emergency measure coupled with controlled prices—breaks down not only from the discouragement to initiative, but worse, because it stimulates rank waste and is in the main passed on to the consumer and contributes to the high cost of living.

COÖPERATION IN PRODUCTION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR. The increase in size of industrial units has resulted in such a degree of specialization and consequent repetition and in such remoteness of contact between the head managers and the employees as in a large degree to destroy the joy of craftsmanship and the mutual responsibility between employers and employed that exist in smaller units. The reconstitution of the coöperation in production and in craftsmanship has been attempted through various devices. Some of these are shop representation of the workers, thus stimulating their interest and giving a voice and coöperation in administration; by sharing profits; and with greater success by giving a participation in savings from decreased costs of production and increase in quality. All such plans must vary with different industries and localities, for

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there is no solving formula, but they are obviously directly in line with the right principle above mentioned so long as they are founded upon maintenance of the standard wage and no attempt is made—as has resulted in the hands of unscrupulous employers from piecework—to lower wages by scaling down from the most skilled instead of up from the least skilled.

If union labor would adopt the definite gospel of maximum effort and skill of each individual worker and the sharing of its results with the employer, then the largest part of the friction in obtaining its other objectives—conditions of labor, proper hours, remuneration, and so forth—would disappear. It is possible for it to recreate the whole spirit of craftsmanship by cooperation to attain greater efficiency—and to make greater gains for itself than any hitherto made.

CONTROL OF SPECULATION AND PROFITEERING. Certain speculative undertakings are necessary. For instance, our food is produced within a few weeks and somebody must carry the risk in distribution during the entire year. The initiation of practically any tool of production or service is a speculation. On the other hand, the individual who injects himself into the normal flow of commodities between the legitimate distinct stages of distribution is poaching on the community and returning no service for the toll he takes. Likewise, and equally injurious, is the individual who manufactures blue-sky paper or who dips into the stock market for a rise in price of stocks; his toll also comes from the community without return of service, and violates most of the safeguards to equality of opportunity. Where to draw the line between these extremes of rightful and vicious speculation is also difficult enough.

It has been proposed that a more vivid limelight on all promotions and on all dealings in stocks and commodity futures would temper the ambitions of persons to be beneficiaries from speculations. It is also proposed that a better control of interest rates would in a great measure prevent the diversion of capital to these purposes from its proper field of production and distribution. In any event, until our Government abandons its method of war finance by way of gigantic inflation of credit and consequent stimulus to speculation there will be little relief from profiteering and its bitter interpolation into the cost of living.

The elimination of these unnecessary dips into the cost of distribution of commodities can be ameliorated by combinations of consumers into coöperative distribution, more especially successful among staffs of large industries.

There are numerous other projects for betterment of industrial and economic relations before the community, many of which receive direct support from the principle of equality of opportunity and its economic safeguards. For instance, the spread of national employment agencies in the affording of greater mobility to labor and decreasing unemployment would increase production. The use of children in labor, with its attendant racial damage and loss of education, is a most flagrant violation of equality of opportunity.

The present economic ills have a supplementary characteristic: They are town phenomena as distinguished from the country phenomena; they are problems of large mining, manufacture, transportation and distribution, as distinguished from agricultural problems. The farmer possesses a direct interest in his production; in consequence he continues to produce at his maximum while the other sections do not. If the other sections of the community cease to produce to their maximum abilities or to take an undue toll for their services, then the farmer will be paying undue amounts for his supplies—he will be carrying an undue portion of the load of maintaining the standard of living. By the wide distribution of land ownership the farmers have grown to be the most stable and intelligent mass in this community, and the guardianship of their interest becomes the first line of economic defense. It is worth reëmphasis in any study of other types of production that the farmer's activity and character are maintained because of his direct interest in his product.

It will be observed that many of these projects and problems have the same general characteristic—that is, the difficulty of finding the line between a basic position of right and their development into the flagrant violation of right. That law or public opinion must regulate the flagrant out of existence is obvious. Where the flagrant begins can be determined only by common sense—and by experience. As we develop the solution of any given problem we usually progressively decapitate lesser flagrancies. In any event, democracy succeeds better and is more true to itself in these matters through regulation of economic forces than through attempts to manage them by entering into business itself.

The organization and processes of production and distribution are of centuries of development. This economic organism has come to have an extreme delicacy in its adjustments, in its response to stimulus to effort, to abilities and character of its members. The population of the United States keeps ready pace with our output. We cannot stand a reduction of ten per cent in our total production without the invasion of privation into our firesides. Therefore sudden disturbance is disaster. Yet the damming back the steady march of social evolution through neglect or obstruction is the sure road to sudden disturbance.

Author's Note—Since this article went to press Mr. Hoover has been made a member of the Industrial Council.

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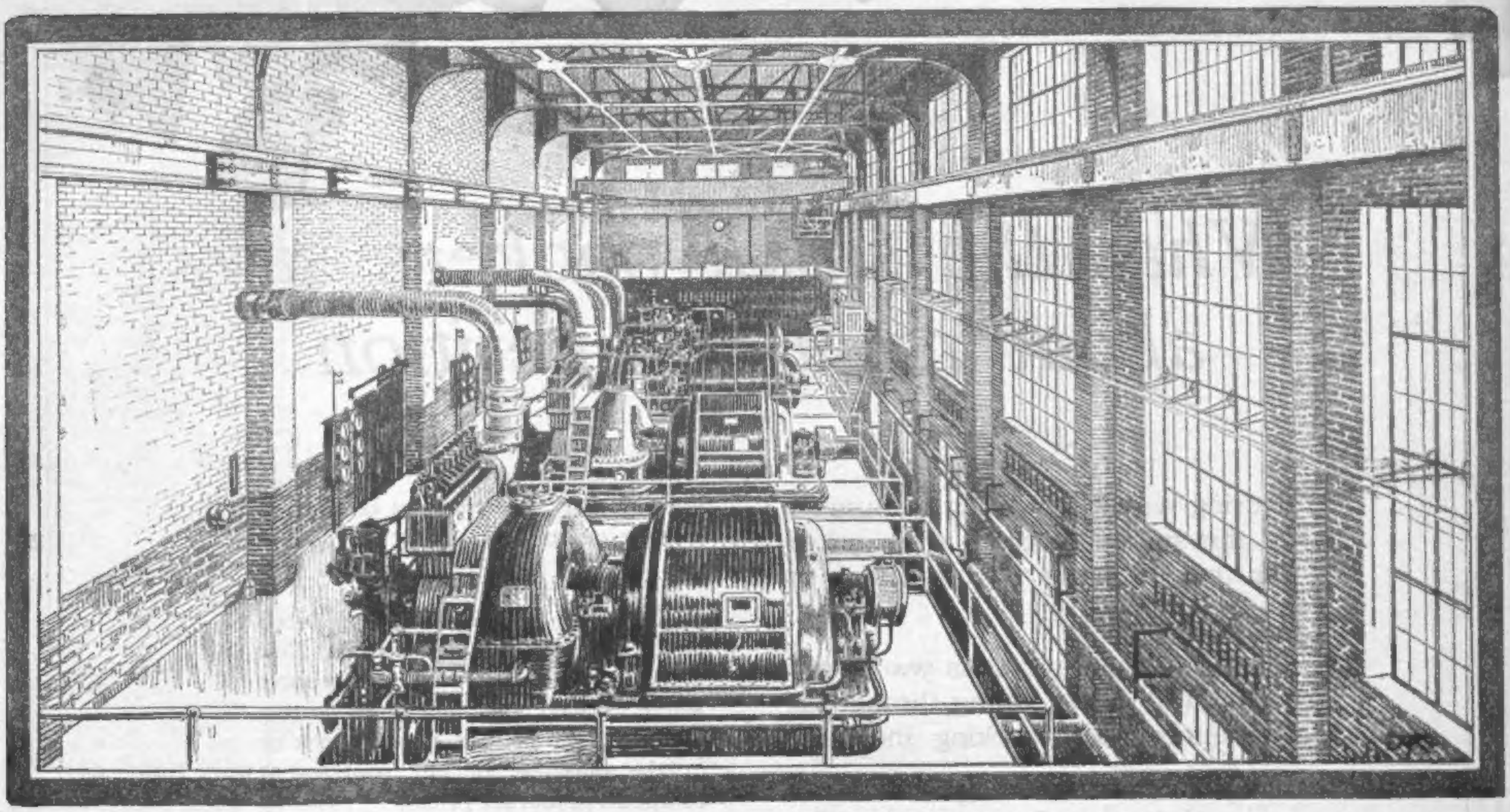

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What the small packers say about meat competition

During a recent hearing, a number of the smaller packers were asked for their opinions of competition in the meat industry.

The following quotations we believe are typical of the feeling throughout the entire meat packing industry:

Michael Ryan, President of the Cincinnati Abattoir Company, said: "I have been a competitor of the large packers for the last 40 years, and I have never found a disposition on their part to crush competition . . . . They have concealed nothing nor attempted any unfair practices."

T. Davis Hill, Vice-President Corkran, Hill & Company, Incorporated, Baltimore, asserted that: "The big packers cannot control the market for the reason that there are too many outside packers . . . . Some days the small packers make the market for the big packers. We have no fear of the big packers' competition . . . . The large packers have never tried to undersell us or drive us out of business."

G. H. Nuckolls, President of the Nuckolls Packing Company, Pueblo, Colorado, said: "So far as profits go, my company has made a larger percentage on its turn-over than any of the so-called Big Five."

J. C. Dold, President of the Jacob Dold Packing Company, Buffalo, New York, testified: "I recall no instances where we were ever hampered by any packer in the control of any stock or in the purchase of our supplies at competitive market prices."

John J. Felin, President John J. Felin Company, Packers, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I have known all the packers for years and have never seen any unfair dealings on their part. I know of no methods that have been adopted by any of them that were unjust, unfair and monopolistic."

There is probably no business in America more keenly competitive than the packing industry, and none that serves the public on a smaller margin of profit.

Swift & Company's profits during the first eight months of our present fiscal year have averaged two-fifths of a cent on each pound of meat and all other products sold.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders